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Cosmopolitan

November

35 Cents



Beginning - "The Party Dress"
JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S
Analysis of a Woman's Soul

The only complexion soap ever approved by the only real authorities on the skin . . . America's eminent ★ dermatologists

I ONLY wish I could go to every girl in America and say, "This is the most important news in all the history of complexions."

Camay, a soap as gentle as rain-water, has the official approval of the eminent dermatologists of America. No other soap ever before had such recognition.

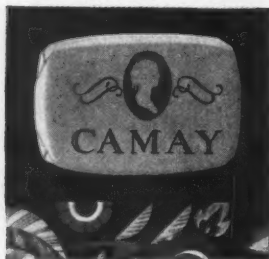
These physicians made numerous tests to convince themselves of Camay's mildness. They carefully examined its formula.

As a result, they gave their wholehearted approval—all 73 of them. Many added a personal word, such as this, from one of Chicago's leading dermatologists:

"Camay is bland, does not irritate the skin and leaves it smooth. Any complexion that cannot stand Camay needs a physician's attention."

A professor emeritus of dermatology in a large Southern medical college says that Camay "lathers beautifully and quickly, leaving the

CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE



Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for November 1929

skin with no trace of harshness or dryness."

But I know we're all feminine enough to want everything about us to be lovely, as well as efficient. And, if you don't agree with me that Camay is the loveliest soap you ever used, I want to hear about it—at once!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YAA-119, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

★What is a dermatologist?

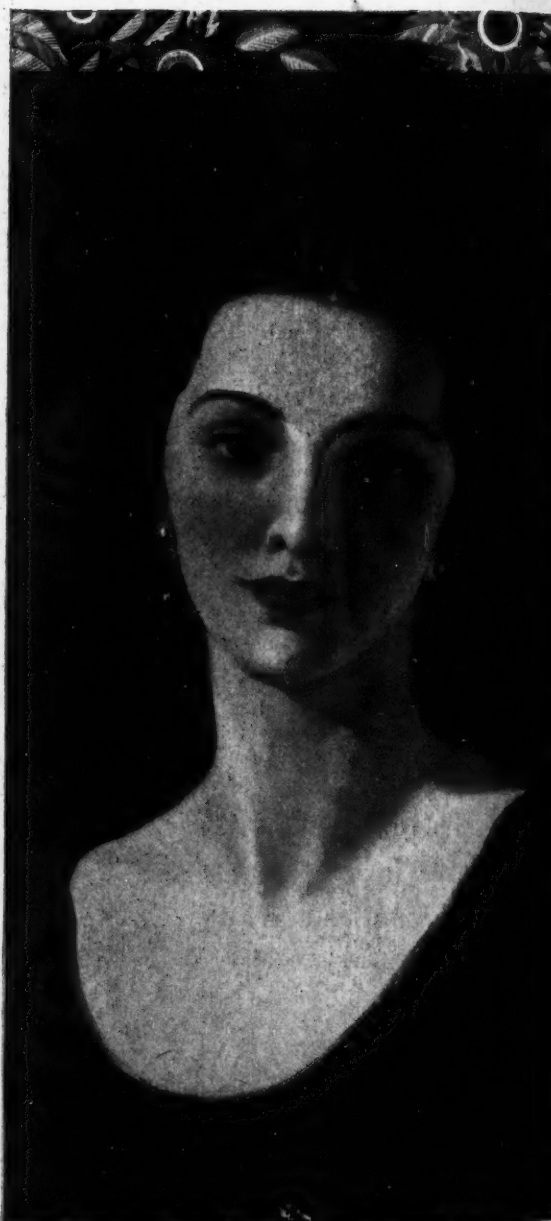
The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

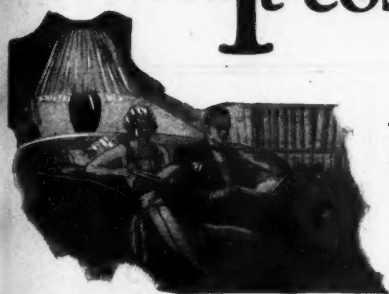
The reputable physician is the only reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Pusey
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)





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Hearst's International
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MAGAZINES
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The first of a Group of DRAMAS in Statecraft
by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill

DOUGLAS HAIG walked ashore at Dover after the total defeat of Germany, and disappeared into private life. There was an interlude of pageantry, of martial celebrations, of the Freedom of Cities, of banquets and the like; but in fact the Commander-in-Chief of the British armies in France passed, as he left the gangway and set his foot on the pier, from a position of almost supreme responsibility and glorious power to the ordinary life of a country gentleman. Titles, grants, honors of every kind, all the symbols of public gratitude were showered upon him; but he was given no work. He did not join in the councils of the nation; he was not invited to reorganize its army; he was not consulted upon the treaties; no great vicerealty was at first at his disposal; no sphere of public activity was open.

It would be affectation to pretend that he did not feel this. He was only fifty-seven—full of energy and experience, and apparently at the moment when he was most successful there was nothing for him to do; he was not wanted any more.

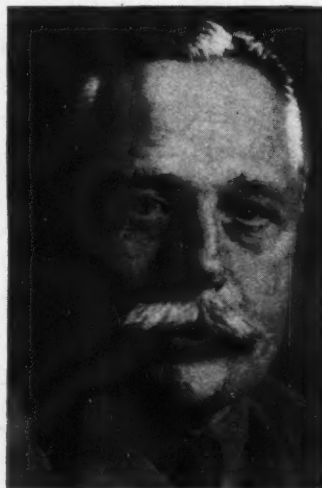
He must just go home and sit by the fire and fight his battles over again. He became one of the permanent unemployed.

So he looked around from his small house beyond the border and saw that a great many of his soldiers and brother officers were in the same plight so far as work was concerned, and that in addition many were stricken with wounds and many more were hard put to it to keep their homes together. To their cause and fortunes, then, he devoted himself.

This, though it cheered his heart, by no means—once the organization

was set up—occupied his time or gave scope to his abilities. So the years passed.

People began to criticize his campaigns. There was deep resentment against slaughters on a gigantic scale alleged upon some notable occasions to have been needless and fruitless.



Wide World

HAIG

However, Haig said nothing. He neither wrote nor spoke in his own defense.

The next thing heard about the Field Marshal was that he had fallen down dead, like a soldier shot on the battlefield, and probably from causes that had originated there. Then occurred manifestations which rose from the very heart of the people.

Then everybody saw how admirable had been his demeanor since the peace.

There was a majesty about it which proved an exceptional greatness of character. It showed a man

capable of resisting unusual strains, internal and external, even when prolonged over years; it showed a man cast in a classic mold; it recalled the heroes of antiquity and the pages of Plutarch.

Even I who saw him on twenty occasions—some of them potentially fatal—doubted whether he was not insensitive and indurated to the torment and drama in which he dwelt.

But when I saw after the war was over, for the first time, the historic "Backs to the Wall" document written before sunrise on that fateful April morning in 1918, and realized that it had been written with his own precise hand, pouring out without a check or correction the pent-up passion of his heart, my vision of the man assumed a new scale and color. The Furies indeed contended in his soul; but that arena was large enough to contain their strife.

And the greatest proof lies in the final phase of the war. The qualities of mind and spirit which Douglas Haig personified came to be known by occult channels throughout the vast armies of which he was the chief. Disasters, disappointments, miscalculations and their grievous price were powerless to affect the confidence of the soldiers in their commander.

Even the eleven years that have passed since the war ended have seen a silent but impressive enhancement in the fame of Haig. It is not for contemporaries to pronounce the successive verdicts of later generations; but already we may believe that he will rank with Wellington in British military annals, and we are sure that his character and conduct as soldier and subject will long serve as an example to all.

By CHARLES



C. V. ... What Could She

S DANA GIBSON



ne Have Seen in Him?

~ A New Novel by JOSEPH

The Party Dress

a Story as Fascinating
as "CYTHEREA"

AMONG all the pleasant established circumstances of Nina Henry's life she liked her bath the most. There were good reasons. One, perhaps the best, was the fact that she was forty-two years old. At twenty, or even thirty, she had never given bathing a thought. She simply bathed. It was something you just did. But as, imperceptibly, she grew older she began to enjoy and appreciate a bath more. Her baths were the only moments in the day when she could really relax. When she could think.

Nina recognized that her thinking was a slow and often confused process. If she was hurried she got mixed up. Wilson, her husband, especially mixed her up. He had a quick, a sharp and impatient mind. But in her bath he did not bother her. He could, Nina knew—she was not a prude about such things—but he didn't. That was, he didn't now. Gradually, like the passage of time, small formalities had come into their common life.

Nina Henry sat upright in a tub of moderately hot water, happier even than usual in her situation of mental and physical ease. Wilson could not harass her with his persistent questions; she was free from the bright and frequently disconcerting scrutiny of her children.

Acton, she reminded herself, was practically nineteen; Cordelia was seventeen. Well, it did not matter to her now. Not in her bath. Another reason why that gave her so much pleasure was the luxury of its details—the water, exactly hot enough, was perfumed by the very best, the most expensive perfume designed for that exact purpose. The low wide porcelain bathtub, the floor and walls about her beautifully laid with white glazed canvas, porcelain surfaces and gleams of silver-colored metal, were all superlative in kind.

Wilson Henry was very successful. She realized that the positive quality which, in the long run, made him so difficult, so exhausting, at home had a great part in their better-than-comfortable position. Particularly within the last year. Wilson had gone ahead really wonderfully.

This in itself gave Nina a sense of warm security. What used to be extravagance, what was extravagance for nearly every woman she knew, was not extravagant for her now. For example, her new dress! The French dress designed by Ishtarre. She got slowly, regretfully, out of the bath; and, drying her fragrant body, she

thought of another reason for her present pervading satisfaction—her figure, when you remembered that she was over forty, was not bad. Better than not bad, it was quite good. Her skin was white and flowerlike. Nina, with less satisfaction, gazed into a mirror, at her face.

Her eyes were still young, but her face, the truth was, was not. She didn't mean that it was haggard, but it just was not young. There were more than shadows, even when she was rested, under her eyes; her mouth had lost its early clear curves, and she was beginning to be in despair about her chin. Her chin itself, actually, was nice; it was firm, Nina felt, like her convictions; but underneath, it was soft and blurred. It already showed what must soon happen to her throat. To her. A swift regret, a heavy melancholy threatened her, but she resolutely drove them back. Nina had no intention of being sad then. Too much that was delightful was waiting for her no further off than in the next room, and with a soft blue pad of lamb's wool she decisively enveloped herself in a momentary fragrant cloud of powder.

WILSON had not come back from the golf tournament—it was Memorial Day—at the Eastlake Country Club; and, in no more than a pair of black mules, with straps caught on her rosy heels, Nina walked into Wilson's and her bedroom, and slowly proceeded to put on her stockings. She always consumed an unnecessary length of time in dressing. The garters that held up her stockings ended in little pink bows of ribbon. Her bras—her daughter, Cordelia, had brought Nina to that abbreviation of brassière—was a hand's breadth of Binche lace.

After Nina made up her mouth and gave her cheeks a faint dusting of rouge, she lingered before the mirror of her dressing table. She was deliberately putting off the extraordinary pleasure waiting for her in the closet where her dresses hung. She was glad, Nina thought, that she hadn't cut off her hair. It would have been too severe for her face.

At last she could wait no longer; she crossed the room and pressed the bell that sounded in the kitchen. Almost immediately there were footsteps on the stair, outside her door, and in a growing excitement Nina Henry called: "Rhoda, I want you to help me with my new French dress."

H H E R G E S H E I M E R

The dress was like
an effect of magic.
Nina scarcely rec-
ognized herself.
A renewed vitality
swept through her.



Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh

Lea cut in on Francis. "Against my better judgment," he said to Nina, "I am obliged to tell you that you are a sweet affair."



It had to be Rhoda; Harriet, Nina's other colored girl, was out; and she was, as usual, violently enthusiastic where any preparation for gayety and pleasure was concerned.

"Miss Nina," she exclaimed, "you going to wear your French new dress to the dance! That's right. I certainly would. I would for a fact."

Nina went into a deep closet, and almost religiously bore out a dinner dress of black tulle and satin.

"I must put it on very carefully, Rhoda," she proceeded. "The French make things to fit. There won't be much left over."

Rhoda, in a tone that might have supported a holy invocation, said: "Yes, ma'am!"

Nina Henry continued: "You know, Rhoda, that is the first French dress I've ever had. I mean really French. I've had French models, of course, but they were only copies, made to sell in American stores. This comes right from Paris. Mrs. Gow bought it for me."

It was, Rhoda said, bound to be fine if Mrs. Gow had any concerns with it.

"It had better be fine," Nina Henry told her. "It had better be. Mr. Wilson paid five hundred dollars for it."

Rhoda's surprise was wholly satisfactory. "Miss Nina!

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Nina was in a glow of triumph. What especially engaged her was the fact that men rather than women spoke of her dress and praised it.

Five hundred dollars. For that slimpy black dress. Miss Nina, that's an awful price. Mr. Wilson is surely good to you." Nina Henry agreed with her. "He is, isn't he?" Rhoda went on: "Never had my hands on a dress before cost five hundred dollars. Here, let me ease it down on you. It's a little tight to get in it." A sharp fear struck Nina—perhaps Ishtarre had made it too tight. If it didn't fit after all her waiting and trouble and expense she couldn't bear it. She grew irritable with Rhoda. "You mustn't pull it," she cried; "you are tearing the slip."

Rhoda stepped back from Nina. It did look neat, the

servant reassured her. Nina Henry said: "Thank you, Rhoda. That is all. After you fix the things for the cocktails you can go. You had better make some caviar sandwiches. Remember, little ones. Mr. Wilson will get the ice."

Her voice was calm, but she was so excited she thought it must tremble or fail her altogether. She wanted to be alone. Nina had had an amazing glimpse of herself in the black dress Ishtarre had made in Paris. It was, as Rhoda had hinted, plain, severe really—a tightly fitted satin bodice caught in points on each shoulder and a full tulle skirt, not so short as it might have been,

with a dip at the left side. That was how Nina Henry would have described it, but her words would have meant nothing. It meant nothing at all to speak of the dress as a dress. An affair of satin and tulle. It was like an effect of magic—Nina scarcely recognized herself.

SHE had not, she realized, done her hair, and she forced herself to sit again before the contracted mirror of her dressing table. Her hair, to her great amazement, went up admirably and at once. It was nice hair, ashen in color—what, she understood, the French called *cendré*—but now it had short ends, particularly around her forehead, that often made trouble for her.

Nina Henry studied herself with an acute feminine comprehension mingled with an intense emotional disturbance. That, she told herself, was ridiculous. But in the face of everything her excitement continued. This was not the first good or becoming or simply expensive dress she had owned. It was more expensive than any of the others had been; it was, as well, the most civilized dress that had ever gone on her back; but those phrases, too, really meant nothing. It was at once true and unimportant to say that it was the most becoming dress she had ever worn.

Ishtarre had not merely made her look her best; he

She gazed again quickly at her reflection, and the whiteness of her shoulders startled her. The simple complication of their curves and faintly shadowed hollows fascinated even her. Nina's varied sensations merged into a general feeling of satisfaction, a sense of power. A renewed vitality swept through her. She thought, I am not a particle old yet. I won't begin to get old for years. I have never looked better, I have never looked so well, in all my life. This is what I ought to look like. I will never bother with other dress-makers again. I'll begin and go to Paris every summer and get everything from Ishtarre.

It wasn't simply that her appearance, her face and figure were changed; her mind, her attitude toward the whole world were different. She was more secure. She was not harassed by a hundred small things. The women who bothered about the meaning of life, or who struggled against it, were either ignorant or idiotic. It was perfectly plain what life was about. It was about men and women. Men with women. Nina added, women with children. She did not, however, care greatly about that. Children were incidental. Perhaps they hadn't been once, but they were now. Or if they still were everything, all the purpose and meaning there were in life, that changed nothing. It simply made her



had made her seem different. Her face was affected, changed—her chin was sharper, her throat firmer, than they had been only the shortest while before. The flecks of green and brown at the irises of her gray eyes were brought out. Her whole face was more pointed, more vivid, than she remembered it. Her ashen-colored hair was filled with glints like cold burnished metal. Nina gasped a little. She didn't know if she liked it. She had looked into a mirror and, after more than forty years, found there a stranger in place of herself.

She turned suddenly, slowly with grace, before the glass, and the line that was her body swayed and balanced like a slender column of water in the air. Her hips, always gracefully slim, were now cunningly rounded, at once slight and insisted upon. Her waist was both firm and delicate. Her breasts were molded into a frank perfection.

She sat down. If that is what a dress will do to you, Nina thought, it is all wrong. It isn't fair. It's immoral.

conviction stronger. Then dresses from Ishtarre were more important than ever. How, without them, could you get the best, the most desirable, men?

Nina wished now that Wilson would come; she was entirely dressed, and she wanted to talk to someone. Anyhow it was nearly seven o'clock and they had to be back at the country club before eight.

Her sense of excitement and mental elevation increased. She moved away from the long mirror in the bathroom door gazing at her diminishing reflection. The qualities that had amazed and stirred her were, if anything, more potent than before. There was an additional pride, an arrogant swing, in her bearing. Even her walking was different—it was like the slow part of a Spanish dance. Nina Henry laughed happily at the nonsense in her mind, but she stamped her heel in a pictorial obedience to her spirit.

A voice behind her suddenly said: "What are you doing, Nina, if anything?" She replied: "Wasting myself on the air and then on you." That, Wilson Henry told her, was pretty fresh. He literally dropped into a deep chair. "I'm tired as the devil," he admitted.

Wilson was a heavy man, with a high-colored young-appearing face, and brown hair streaked with gray. He

looked tired, Nina reflected, exactly as a child would.

"Golf all day," he continued; "in the morning and afternoon. I can't do it any more. I can't for a fact. And what golf!"

Nina asked: "How did Mary play?"

Wilson replied: "The way she would, always straight and in the course. But you know without asking. Mary Gow is all alike. Always. Gosh, my legs ache!" Nina reminded him that it was practically the first golf he had played that year. "You haven't been exercising. You'll feel better when you have



Cora Lisher looked so very quiet and moral on the clubhouse porch.

had a bath and a drink." He told her that he had had the drink already.

He looked at her with an obvious appreciation. "Isn't that a new dress?" he asked.

"It's the newest dress you ever saw," she replied with spirit. "It's the dress Mary Gow brought me from Paris and it cost five hundred dollars. You've just got to like it."

Wilson Henry studied her with a lined brow. Nina turned in a circle before him. When he did speak he reminded Nina of Rhoda. "Do you think there is enough of it for five hundred dollars?"

Nina, resolved to be calm, spoke in a restrained voice. "It's the longest dress I've had on for years."

He did not mean that. "I mean there doesn't seem to me to be much to it, just a waist and skirt."

DRESSES, Nina reminded him, frequently were no more than a waist and a skirt. The lines in his forehead remained. "It's queer about it," he went on; "it isn't short, and it's not specially low, but it's the shortest and lowest dress I ever saw. If you see what I mean."

Nina did, of course, see exactly what he meant, but she had no faint intention of admitting it. "You are talking nonsense," she informed him. "I'm sorry if you don't like it. It cost so much."

"You'll have to decide what it's worth," Wilson told her, with a swift indifference. "I suppose I'll have to have my bath."

Nina gazed after him thoughtfully. Wilson was forty-seven—no, forty-eight; he had a nice body, freshly colored like his face, but his stomach was too big. He was now really fat. It spoiled his appearance.

They had been married twenty-one years; twenty-one years ago Wilson had been thin, thin and hard and enduring. He was working then in his father's lumber yard—a boy in beautiful condition. Tireless.

But now, when it was not (Continued on page 204)



A succession of lovely names, borne on Chalke Ewing's harsh dogmatic voice, flowed through Nina's half-conscious mind. She had a feeling that his words were a screen to hide far different things in him.



W. H. Taft, Chief Justice, Million-dollar

An Interview

FOOTBALL now is in big business. Last year Yale went over the top with a million-dollar season to her credit—and a net profit from football alone of \$543,084.76.

U. Harvard, with a much smaller stadium, made \$420,787.31 from her big-business football.

U. Princeton's net profit last year was \$298,880.

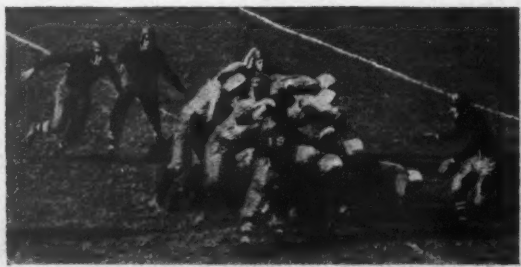
U. In the Middle West, Michigan did \$624,407 gross business with a net profit of \$415,328.

U. Illinois, without the ballyhoo of Red Grange, made \$356,263.51.

U. By and large it was a great season—with gross gate receipts of over \$50,000,000.

U. Here is a list of several important universities and the football business and net profit for last season:

	Gross Income	Net Income
Yale.....	\$1,033,211.98	\$543,084.76
Harvard.....	845,311.31	420,787.31
Princeton.....	413,620.00	298,880.00
Cornell.....	214,885.04	116,353.74
N. Y. University.....	216,000.00	86,000.00
Michigan.....	624,407.00	415,328.00
Illinois.....	501,555.42	356,263.51
Northwestern.....	502,760.23	193,638.10
Ohio State.....	618,000.00	316,000.00
Iowa.....	246,500.00	160,000.00
Indiana.....	163,166.93	138,765.91



Underwood & Underwood

ACHEERY log fire was crackling in tune with the rain pattering on the windows. Murray Bay was experiencing one of its rare early August storms. Outside, it was bleak and chilly; but here in the study it was warm and friendly and hospitable.

From the living room across the hall of the rambling old house came the pleasant sound of children laughing and playing. There was a homy atmosphere about it all.

No one could be a more cordial host than this distinguished gentleman who is known to his fellow citizens as the grand old man of America—William H. Taft, former President and now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. I might have been an old crony, the way we were swapping yarns and enjoying our own jokes.

Somehow we drifted into a discussion of present-day American college life.

I told him of a little excursion I made to one of our universities some three years ago. After an absence of almost twenty years I had returned to the campus of the University of Illinois—my alma mater—and there I found ten thousand students worshipping the athletic prowess and business acumen of one fleet-hoofed young man, "Red" Grange, whose income then was three times that of the President of the United States.

I explained that I had written an article for Cosmopolitan that had all but caused me to be read out of the party by indignant undergraduates and even more indignant young alumni.

The Chief Justice beamed his famous smile. "The other day in Washington, when I spoke at a convention of the Psi Upsilon Association, I also made a few remarks about American college life today," he observed. "I said then that as a man grows old and theoretically wise he feels like using some profanity at the misconception of life that so many of our young people gain out of their college experiences.

"They do not seem to appreciate at all the great chance for education that is given them, but instead are carried away by the lure of college athletics and other activities, which I believe I termed extra-curricular duties.

"THE more I think about it, the more I am convinced that there is something radically and fundamentally wrong with our whole college system today. The emphasis in college life is wrong. Scholarship has been pushed aside and dwarfed by a super-importance that has been given to athletics."

Slowly and carefully, as if weighing and propounding a judicial opinion, the Chief Justice studied aloud:

"My deep concern is the danger that in the student's mind a college education no longer means scholarship. In his conception it means success and attainment in other things, mainly athletics and the social side of student life.

"Scholarship has seemed definitely to assume a secondary place," he continued. "In most of our colleges

ice, believes there is a Menace to

Our Colleges in Football

by Frazier Hunt

and universities the winning of an athletic letter is regarded as more important than the winning of a Phi Beta Kappa key.

"After all, what is the true purpose of education? I take it that it is the preparation of the student for the duties of life, of citizenship. This seems to be forgotten in the modern college."

For some moments he looked out of the window, as if reviewing his own undergraduate years at Yale, and his ripe years there as Professor of Law. Then he resumed:

"Everyone sincerely interested in educational problems and the future of our country feels deeply this overemphasis of athletics and other outside, noneducational activities, and all are agreed that this condition constitutes a menace to our whole American educational system.

"These are not vague theories or hearsay. I have personal knowledge of what the real condition is.

"For one thing, athletics have assumed a tremendous business importance. Most of our great universities and colleges today have professional athletic business managers, trained publicity agents, high-priced coaches and, I am told, million-dollar football seasons.

"There is a definite professional side to all this that is not in keeping with educational ideals and purposes. The stadium overshadows the classroom—athletics have a dollar sign in front of them.

"College alumni are by no means free from their share of the blame that is attached to this condition. The Old Grad wants a winning football team, and his overemphasis of the importance of athletics makes a willing disciple of the undergraduate.

"Let me state again that this is the real seriousness of the situation; the cheers and drama and color of athletics have so outweighed scholarship as to create in the mind of the average undergraduate a misconception of the purpose of education.

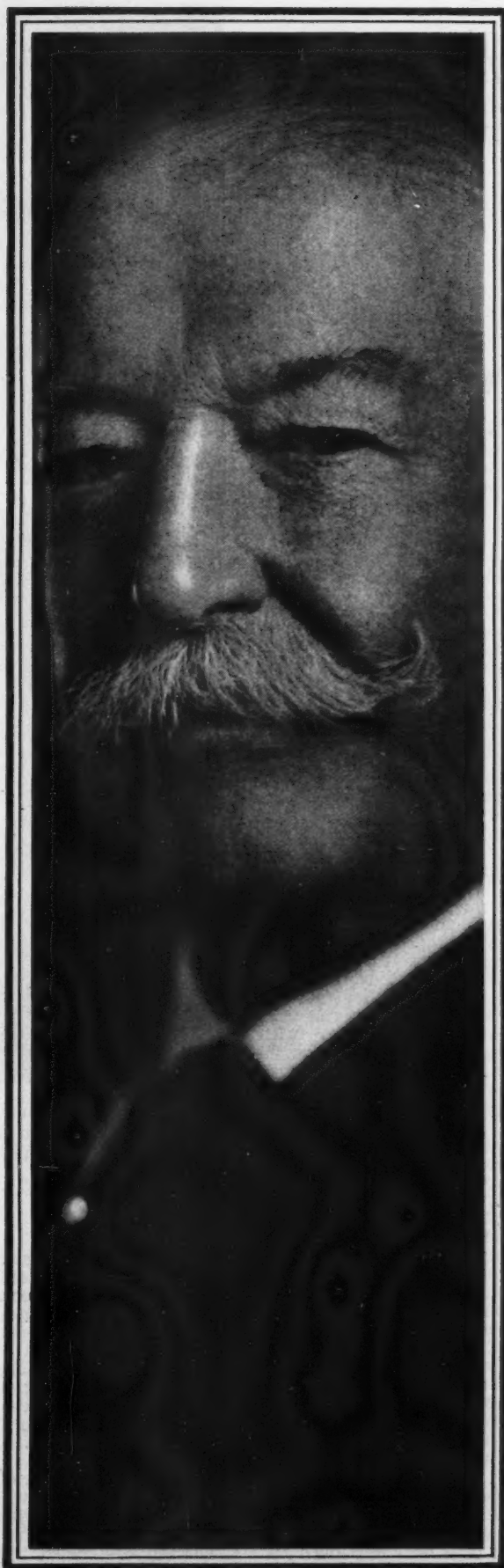
"In this connection we should remember that it is not the successful athlete who is most successful in after-life," he observed. "Tradition to the contrary, the better student becomes the better and the more successful citizen."

I asked him what could and should be done about all this.

"There must come a reaction against this state of affairs that will bring about a readjustment of values in the student's mind. The average undergraduate's view of the true purpose of education must be revised; scholarship must again take its place as the true goal of college life.

"Athletics must be given in college life something of the relative value that they hold in the life of the average citizen.

"I am not an extremist. I like and enjoy athletics and am much interested in the success of Yale in the competitions between universities, but it can be overdone and it has been."



By *Dixie
Willson*

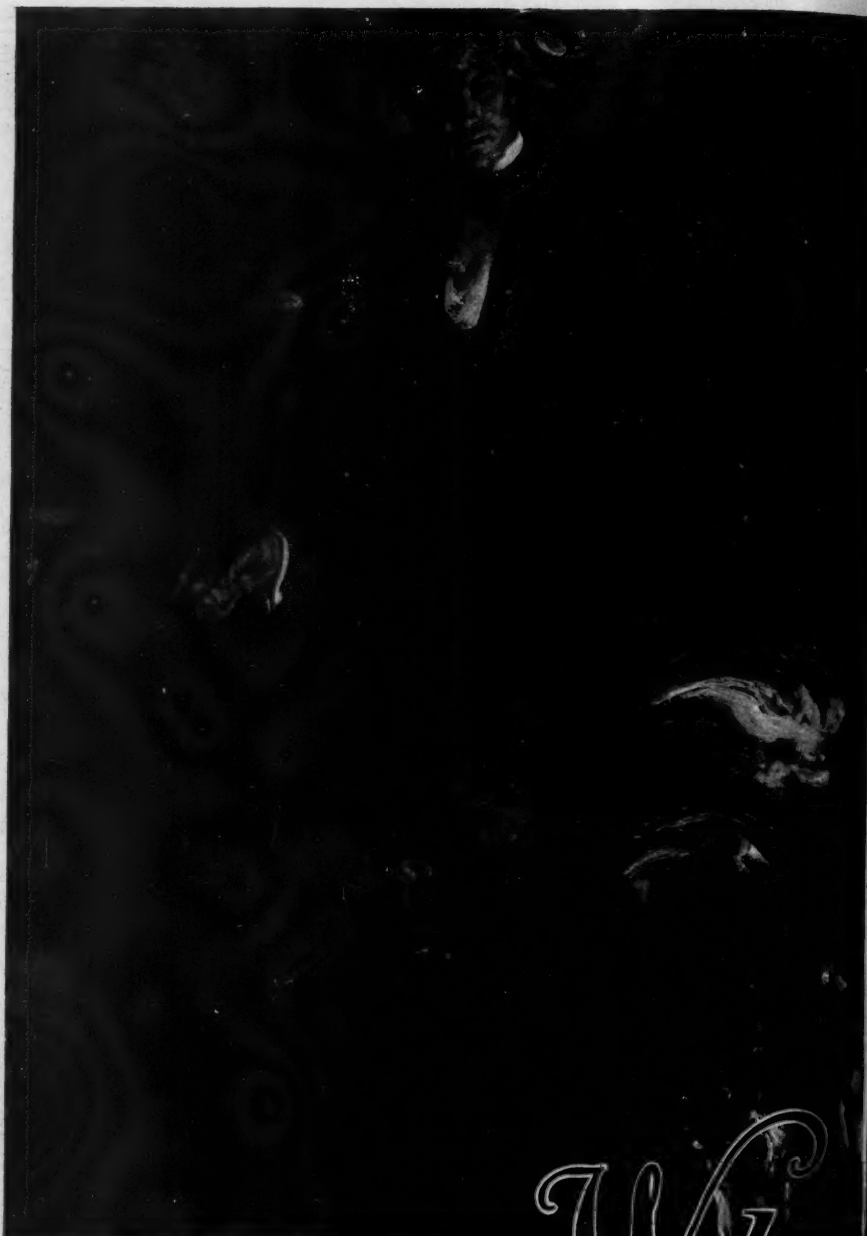
YARM STREET is made of Chinese alleys tangled together, narrow and cobblestoned—dingy fronts packed in with sagging stairways.

In the daytime, there it is—Chinamen inside their doors, talking singsong, scuffling out of one place into another; a laundry, steam standing around the door; little frames of colored beads to count with; holes in the wall for shops, with cases of thick, heavy cakes, sweet and overflavored; dim stores with dried food in glass jars, noodles, rice and bamboo; windows piled with goods in pink-red Chinese paper, yellow labels, straw bags of tea, black Chinese letters up and down everything, slippers hanging on gut like strings of fish. And then at night, flaring gaslights in among senseless, fluttering Chinese trinkets; signs of gods; bunches of brass-green coins; silk coats with embroidered patterns; colored lanterns ugly with painted faces, or beautiful with struggling willow branches and cherry blossoms.

A balcony of heavy gold, with dragon corners, is uncovered at night across the front of the Port Saavo. Music begins inside. Haze of incense gathers around the door, and people who are looking for Chinatown come there to sit at black teakwood tables, eat kumquats and chow mein, scald their fingers on cups of tea with no handles. They look out on a pack of Chinese children whom the management has paid to scramble in the street, and on flowers of Chinese girls, in silk coats and trousers and little flat embroidered shoes, black hair shingled in fashion, cheeks rouged, lips like poppies—and down along a couple of crooked blocks, where Chinamen with sateen coats and wadded queues sit outside half-open doors, the windows painted over yellow faces—street of a thousand secrets.

A blue lantern hangs out at Joe Yung's place—ring of dusty light, streak of yellow down three steps to the door, bare tables and wooden chairs, walls blotched with names and marks and pictures.

It is to Joe Yung's that sailors, rocking down the



Q "Dearest, I'm Glover McKay," he said.
"The man you shot is a man from Texas,
they say. Why did you want to kill me?"

Who

middle of the street, are going, perhaps to sleep on his floor all the next day.

Twenty blocks away, across a dirty wooden street, is the wharf, slimy green posts, rotten sides—the river crawling in, freight tugs sloughing, tramps of boatmen coming up like river muck, sailors starting out of Yarm Street, and Joe Yung's.

One night, past the music of the Port Saavo, along in the thin light of the dirty windows, a straggling sailor saw a white girl, frightened, walking, half running, close to the buildings, cheap sleeveless dress just to her knees, thick light hair pinned in curls around her head, a scarf, her hand catching it against her, her eyes darting from one thing to another.

She was a pretty girl, slim legs, silk stockings, high-heeled slippers.

"Where's Joe Yung's?" the sailor heard her ask a

Illustration by
Saul Tepper



Kissed Me?

Chinaman sitting in a shop door, bales of tea behind him, and racks of ginger jars.

The Chinaman looked at her, puffed his pipe, shrugged his shoulders and looked down again at a newspaper he had—Chinese letters jiggling in the gaslight.

The sailor pushed his hat back and spoke to her.

"Baby," he laughed, "if every guy in the world forgets where Joe Yung's is, I'll still know!"

And he caught her arm and swung her down the street with him, her heels tripping on the cobblestones.

Joe Yung was half white, big as a white man, face like a white man's.

The sailor led the girl down Joe Yung's three steps and inside. It was early—only a dozen there, greasy cards, bowls of soup; but already pipe smoke folded around the walls, spreading, clinging to the ceiling.

"Sit down, baby," the sailor grinned, and took

her across the floor and scraped two chairs out from a table.

"I want to see Joe Yung," she said.

"Joe," the sailor called out. "Skirt ta see ya!"

He took a book of cigaret-papers out of his pocket, a sack of tobacco, rolled a cigaret, lighted it and put it in her fingers.

Joe Yung, cap pulled over his eyes, shirt open at the throat, came across the floor from a table where five men were playing poker.

"Where's Jimmy Lord?" the girl said to him.

All the men in the place turned around to look at her—waited to play their cards, waited to chunk their bread in their soup.

"Jimmy Lord?" Joe said.

"Who wants to know?"

The girl pushed the cigaret the sailor had given her into the tallow of a candle that was burning upon the table.

"You heard who asked you," she said.

"Where is he? He hasn't been home for two days."

The sailor who had brought her shoved his hat back and leaned against the table. "I guess he ain't," he roared.

"He's in the jug!"

The girl flashed around to face him—caught her hands on the edge of the table. "What do you mean—jug?" she said sharply.

The sailor sat down in one of the chairs he had pulled out. "Ain't you never seen one, baby?" he asked, and winked broadly at Joe.

The girl looked up at Joe Yung, her hands opening and closing on the edge of the table. "What's he talking about?" she said, her voice quiet—steady. "Where's Jimmy?"

Joe Yung took off his cap and put it on again. "I do know who you are, miss, or what reason you got to be askin'," he told her, "but what he says is the goods. A man from uptown got the cops on Jimmy Monday night, and caught him with a box a jade and a load a happy dust done up in a bale a silk. I was sorry as the devil to see a kid like Jimmy get the works, but I told him a year ago he showed up too (Continued on page 102)

That Old Sweetheart

By Ring W.
Lardner



STELLA CRANE had a maid, but preferred answering the telephone herself when she was at home, which was most of the time. Calls came infrequently and were welcome—an invitation to go to the

theater with the Smalls, or to play bridge at Bess Cooper's, or to dine with the Fields. Aside from two or three of her husband's business acquaintances, whom he had had at the house for evening conferences, the Fields, Smalls and Coopers were about the only people in New York Stella had met.

There was nothing wrong with her or Ralph; they both dressed well and behaved respectably, and Stella played a fair game of contract. But they were not asked out much because Ralph, a patent lawyer, did a great deal of work after hours and was anything but hospitable. If you refrain from inviting people to your house, they are going to invite you less and less often to theirs.

It was hard on Stella, whose life in the city was not what she had expected. Her husband realized this and deluded himself and her with the promise that in the near future he would be able to afford more leisure, and then they'd repay their social indebtedness and make lots of new friends, and Stella would have no cause to complain of loneliness and boredom.

She answered the telephone because the maid had a tendency to confuse names as similar as Gillespie and Hammond; and on this particular morning, the vaguely familiar male voice at the other end of the wire began the conversation with the intriguing challenge, "I'll bet you don't know who this is."

"You sound like somebody," said Stella. "Just give me a second to think. I do know. Isn't it Will?" "You win! I had no idea you'd remember me after all these years."

"I'd have recognized you sooner if I had thought there was any possibility of your being here."

"Well, it took me a long time to get here, but I made it."

"And how long do you expect to stay?"

"Not more than a day or two. It's just a business trip."

"Well, tell me something about yourself. Are you married?"

"Not yet."

"I thought I'd have heard if you were," said Stella. "I guess you knew I wouldn't be."

"Why?"

"I don't have to tell you that."

"Oh, Will! You're the same old Will!"

"I wish I was."

"I'd like to see you."

"It's perfectly mutual."

"I'd ask you to dinner, but Ralph's in Washington and won't be home till day after tomorrow."

"I'm not crazy about seeing Ralph."

"I know, but—"

"Can't two old friends like us get together and talk? I'm not inviting myself to your place, but I wish you'd have lunch with me, and we could go to a matinée."

"It sounds wonderful!" said Stella. "Let me think."



Fifteen years ago, Ralph and Will had been rivals for her love; not exactly her love either, for Will had won that before Ralph appeared on the scene, and though she had married Ralph, because he was "new" and persistent, and chiefly because he was capable of supporting a wife, she had never been quite sure that she was as fond of him as of Will.

Since she had become Mrs. Crane, she had not been alone with any man except her husband, her dentist and the elevator operators in various buildings in which she had lived. Ralph was not of a jealous disposition; she thought he wasn't, anyway. She had never given him cause to feel jealousy, so she couldn't be sure.

She had heard him comment on wives who "went around" with other men and had gathered that he disapproved of them, but surely he wouldn't find fault with her even if the man happened to be an old flame and his former rival. Besides, how would he know? And she was lonely.

"Why, yes, Will. I guess it will be all right."

"That a girl! I'll call for you at a quarter of one."

"That won't be necessary," said Stella, thinking of the maid. "I'll meet you at one, wherever you say."

"You name the place. Remember, I'm a yokel."

of Mine

The Story of A Luncheon and a Matinée



Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

"Well, the Biltmore, in the lobby, if that suits you."

"Any place suits me. The Biltmore lobby, then."

"But have you changed much? Will I know you?"

"I'll wear shoes."

"Oh, Will! You're the same old Will!"

"What show would you like to see today?"

"Oh, anything. I haven't been to one for months."

"All right. I'll use my own judgment. One o'clock, then, at the Biltmore."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, dear."

Stella's heart skipped a beat. That "dear" didn't sound like old friends. It didn't sound safe, and she knew she was glad he had said it.

SHE dressed carefully and spent a long time in front of her mirror. It told her that although she had changed a lot since twenty-four, her age when she and Will had parted, she certainly did not look thirty-nine, not within four or five years of it. Her face was unlined and her figure still good, almost youthful, she thought, despite the ten or twelve pounds she had taken on as Mrs. Crane. There was not the same sparkle in her eyes, perhaps, and her smile was less engaging, more artificial; it was a smile she had cultivated for use when one of the Fields, Coopers or Smalls had related a rough story or joke which she hadn't understood or liked or listened to.

Of course she was not conscious of this or of the difference in her eyes. She felt she could still arouse a man's interest, particularly the interest of a man who hinted that he had remained single because he could not have her.

Will was more than a little excited. There had been fifty girls and women in his life since Stella had gone out of it, but none who had been able to hold him, none who had seemed as desirable as his sweetheart of fifteen years ago.

He believed she had still cared a great deal for him when she married Crane, and he believed that a woman who had cared for him once never could get entirely over it. Look at Fannie Towns, and May Judson, and most of the others! All he had to do was to whistle and they would come back.

Now he was going to meet the only one he had ever

really loved and wanted. She had been easily persuaded to see him, and her husband was out of town. The day would not end with the matinée.

He called up Endicott 9546. "Betty? This is Will again. Say, I'm sorry about tonight, but I just had a wire from Charlie Prince, from Buffalo. He's getting in at seven o'clock and wants me to meet him and stick around with him all evening. No, it's business; I can't get out of it. I'll call you tomorrow, and meanwhile, don't forget me."

He and Stella had no trouble identifying each other. Will immediately noted her plumpness, but was glad it was no worse. He observed, too, the new smile, but charged it to embarrassment. Stella saw that his hair was thin and his face bore the marks of dissipation. Otherwise, he was the same old Will.

He said they had plenty of time and she must order something special to celebrate the occasion.

"I don't feel like eating," said Stella. "I just want to talk and hear you talk."

"And I just want to look at you. That's feast enough for me."

But the waiter was hovering, and to get rid of him they had to make a choice.

"You haven't changed a bit," said Will, after ordering.

"I've changed more than you have. I'm heavier."

"Very little. And look at my hair, or what's left of it."

"I don't think you've lost much—not much."

"I'm not worrying about it, anyway," said Will, who worried about it a great deal. "It's too late for me to care whether I'm handsome or not."

"I think you're just as handsome as ever."

"That's all that matters."

"But I want to hear about (Continued on page 165)



Illustrations by
Harvey Dunn

In this Chapter of Emil *Lincoln, the*

KEEN was the disappointment, Mary's as well as Lincoln's, as he returned from the session of Congress. What had become of the Washington career that Mary had anticipated, that Lincoln himself had glimpsed as he made his first oration in the House? What hope could there be now in a return to the old life in Springfield?

Had he been defeated in a great battle, had he been in the position of a leader who with renewed courage prepares for a fresh struggle, it would have been easy for him to adapt himself once more to the narrowness of his old environment, to look upon life in this little town and the still primitive West as merely a pause between fights.

But his day seemed to be over: it had been a day of no particular note. To himself, perhaps, no less than to his fellow citizens, he may well have appeared to be nothing more than a private soldier who had been sent to guard an outpost for a time and was now withdrawn.

He no longer has a seat in the local legislature; his practice as a lawyer has been injured by his absence; instead of receiving considerable allowances for his services as Congressman, he has now to content himself with his small fees. And as far as his subjective state of mind is concerned, he has brought back with him

from Washington, not so much a picture of a wider world as the conviction that the capital is a swamp and that political life is a marsh in which only honest folk get hopelessly bogged.

It is natural, then, that he should try to secure a post which will provide a more expanded environment without burdening him with the cares of Congressional life. Immediately after his return to Springfield, he makes moves to get the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, for this is to be given to a Whig, and probably to an Illinois man. But he fails to get the appointment and shortly afterwards, when the President offers him in compensation the office of either governor or secretary of Oregon, after brief reflection Lincoln refuses the offer.

MARY's wishes play a part in this refusal. Her view is that if they move to those western wilds to accept a position there, however good, there may be no possibility of a return to Washington. Events justify the wisdom of her decision, for herself, for him and for the nation.

And she has helped Lincoln in another way—by contraries! Had their life together been harmonious, he would have been inclined to spend more of his time at



Ludwig's Biography You Understand *husband*

home. Since it is inharmonious, he becomes more and more disposed to go on circuit as a lawyer, for this wandering life is more congenial to his gypsy temperament than a strained domesticity in stiffly furnished rooms, with regular meals, social duties and careful dress. When a Chicago colleague offers him a partnership, he rejects the proposal on the ground that he is consumptive and for that reason a sedentary existence would be the death of him.

Life as a lawyer on circuit is less remunerative, but there are compensating advantages. Half the year, during the spring and autumn months, he is on the road. He is not forced to spend day after day sitting at his desk in the same house, in the same street.

He is freed from the burden of having to keep regular hours and he is not pestered at meal times with chatter about children, cooks, relatives and shopping. There is no occasion for him to tidy himself up in the evening, to brush his stovepipe hat, retie his necktie and go to some party where he has to talk to the ladies about the latest fashions in basket chaises in Europe, or about slavery.

How much pleasanter it is to drive from one little town to another through the lovely flower-decked prairies of Illinois! Three or four drive together, in

some old rattletrap of a carriage, or, better still, ride on horseback in company with the judge and one or two other lawyers.

Towards noon, court opens, and the farmers who have suits to bring appear: there are disputes about land; assault cases; a man may be charged with the theft of a hog. The lawyer's business is to wash the sinner as white as possible; to put up the best case for the debtor, or perhaps to help the creditor to his due.

AFTER a few hours of this, they adjourn to the inn, Lincoln carrying his old green straight-handled umbrella, tied with a piece of string; in the other hand, his documents in a carpetbag. At supper, the litigants talk about crops, farm stock, land values.

Lincoln hears at first hand from the farmers what the needs of the countryside are, whether railroads or waterways are better, and what the effects of the protective tariff are in actual practice. Now Lincoln clears up a dubious point by telling an anecdote, whereupon people from the other tables crowd round to listen.

He has been on circuit there before, this long, thin fellow, "Honest Abe." They know how amusingly he can talk. The judge, prosecutors and defendants, witnesses, those who have been at odds all the afternoon,

Was Lincoln an *Infidel*? Here You Find



throng round this extraordinary man whose fund of witty sayings seems inexhaustible.

Having grown up in such close touch with the common people, and being bound by ties of blood to men like these, Lincoln shares their feelings intimately and continually learns from them. In successive journeys of this kind, he becomes well known throughout the length and breadth of Illinois, laying the foundations of a popularity without which he would never have secured his great victory of ten years later.

As to mealtimes and what is served to him, he is as indifferent as he had been twenty years earlier when in some such little country town he sawed wood or peddled buttons. Just as in those early days he would lie down on the counter of his shop in order to read, so now his partner (who sometimes accompanies him on circuit) describes him as lying in the bed the two men share, with his long legs projecting beyond the foot, reading Euclid till two in the morning, to the accompaniment of the snores of the occupants of the other beds in the room.

Or he sits up until midnight playing chess with the judge. Then, seated on the edge of his bed in a yellow flannel nightshirt which is always too short for him, he engages in a protracted discussion on slavery. At length the other man falls asleep, awakening in the morning to see Lincoln sitting deep in thought, ready to resume the argument with the words: "Let me tell you that this nation cannot continue to exist half slave and half free."

All his companions like him—especially Trumbull, Browning, young Swett and Judge Davis (a fine figure of a man, like a Frans Hals picture), his fellow travelers on these journeys for years. But no more than Lincoln himself do they realize that in due time they will be involved with him in a much more formidable movement, and will then render him loyal service. For

politically they are all of much the same way of thinking, and influence one another in interminable discussions, and finally come to form the nucleus of a new party which ultimately will be constituted in Illinois.

Only when Judge Douglas comes along are there likely to be dissensions. It is just as well that he is now a senator and prefers to pass his time at the Capitol or the club in Washington rather than to rough it in the primitive inns or on the primitive roads of Illinois.

At present the careers of these sometime rivals seem to be diverging. Douglas is giving himself up more and more to politics, whereas Lincoln, between the ages of forty-one and forty-six, devotes himself mainly to law, although he does not abandon politics completely.

"PERSUADE your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

"Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this.

"As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for your client."

These extracts from the notes for a law lecture disclose a theoretical outlook which Lincoln incorporates still more vividly in his daily practice. Though he is never passionately devoted to the practice of the law, from his early days he is animated by a keen sense of justice, so that his adoption of a legal career is not a mere matter of chance.

His Own *Statement* of His Simple Religion



Yet there is nothing of the prophet or the preacher about him. The hardships of his early life, his struggles for a livelihood, his wanderings, his service, the lack of any protectors, have strengthened him in the school of the world without blunting his sensibilities. In his practice as a lawyer, he turns his knowledge of men to account, mingles wit and sarcasm to undermine the credibility of a witness, of a prosecutor or a defendant. "You are called J. Parker Green. What does 'J.' mean?"

"'J.' means John."

"Is that so? But why don't you call yourself 'John P. Green' just like other folk?"

This sally makes the jury smile, and while Lincoln is playing pitch and toss with the witness' two Christian names, his victim's prestige is being undermined.

If he has no detailed knowledge of the law books, this is all the better for his diction, inasmuch as what he has to say is free from the sophistries of legal terminology. He never splits hairs. His clear and pithy sentences, carved in wood like his features, are those of a countryman and appeal to the countrymen who make up the jury.

In the simplest and most natural way in the world there are fused in his character the lineaments of the poet with those of the righteous man, and those of the logician with those of the moralist. Lincoln would have been an ideal judge. In the end, he became judge for the nation.

The result of his peculiarities was, as all his colleagues declare, that he made a poor advocate when, during the course of the proceedings, he came to feel that his client was in the wrong. Should he be sure of this when first approached, he would refuse to undertake the case.

A lady sends him a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, asking him to act for her. He returns it with

the remark: "I have not a single nail on which to hang your claim."

When a man of whose criminality he is convinced seeks his help, Lincoln hands the case over to a colleague, saying: "This man is guilty. I cannot defend him. You can."

Another time he has a talk with the opposing counsel before the hearing of the case, makes up his mind about the matter, and says: "As I see that my client is in the wrong, I shall advise him to withdraw the suit."

Though his humor sometimes leads him to great lengths, there is always a moral boundary which he will not overstep. It seems as if, like a thoroughbred horse, he is shying against an unseen obstacle . . .

Within the last three weeks there has been a party almost every night, and some two or three grand fêtes are coming off this week. I may surprise you when I mention that I am recovering from the slight fatigue of a very large, and I really believe, a very handsome and agreeable entertainment, at least our friends flatter us by saying so. About five hundred were invited; yet, owing to an unlucky rain, three hundred only favored us by their presence.

This is Mary, writing to her sister, and it gives a clue to the general tenor of her thoughts and cares, her wishes and triumphs.

DRIVING in her own carriage—the carriage Lincoln has bought for her, though he never uses it himself—to pay a round of calls in the little town, she can tickle her fancy with the thought that, on however small a scale, she is keeping up a Parisian style.

Lincoln is earning more money now and has paid off all his debts, so she has a second story built to their house. That renders the place more presentable. Besides, owing to the growth of Springfield, it is now in quite a central location, (Continued on page 126)

And that is what Mr. Bieber left!



“What’s that?” Gubman cried, bursting into the room. He thought someone was aspersing the genuineness of his own Stradivari.

I REALLY believe when they combined the Panharmonic Orchestra and the Gotham Symphony Orchestra and dropped Leopold Bieber that it broke his heart,” said David Besso as he sat in what under happier circumstances had been the *Bierhalle* of the Tonkünstler Verein on East Eighty-sixth Street, and Max Gubman, the concert master of the new Panharmonic Orchestra, shrugged his shoulders with almost too much resignation.

“A man can easy die from a broken heart when he’s also got kidney and liver trouble with just a touch of paralysis, y’ understand,” he replied, “which in my opinion, Besso, the Gotham Orchestra carried that old codger along six years after he was absolutely useless, and at the funeral already, we give the widder two hundred dollars and the adagio from the ‘Eroica.’ So what more could we do?”

“At the same time, it’s hard on his family,” Besso said. He was a young man with thick dark hair and gray eyes, and in figure he was slender and wiry, so that, had Max Gubman but known it, he appeared to much disadvantage in Besso’s company, and you may be sure that had Max been informed of it he would

have avoided Besso, for Besso was only a second violin.

Ordinarily it is a condescension for the concert master merely to nod to a second violin, except at rehearsal, but there was something about Besso which apparently even Max found attractive, and he was therefore willing to proffer David some sound financial advice.

“A fiddler has a hard time *anyhow*,” he declared, “so he shouldn’t ought to live always on the top of the wave like Bieber did, because I can remember when a fifteen-cent cigar was high-priced, y’ understand, and at that, Bieber smoked them like he would be a merchant and not a musician. Many a time I says to him he should save his money and buy anyhow a little equity in a cold-water walk-up.

“I even offered him as long ago as when property was low around Sutton Place, that him and me should buy one of them small brownstone flats near the gas works, and two years ago I sold it for sixty thousand.”

Max Gubman made no secret of his prosperity. He was estimated, by members of the Panharmonic Orchestra on its out-of-town trips, when pinochle palled, to be worth at least a quarter of a million dollars, but nobody claimed that his prosperity had interfered with his technique. He was an excellent artist and concert master, if a trifle obese, nor did he seem to be at all handicapped by the loss of a great deal of his hair.

Some people believe, principally from observation, that so far as playing the violin is concerned, a bald-headed man is in no better case than a one-armed man, but Max was a living negation of this superstition.

IN FACT, only his premature baldness had prevented Gubman from being a successful virtuoso, while David Besso, with abundant brown hair, at the age of twenty-five, when a virtuoso is usually endowed with a tour of fifty engagements, two fur-lined overcoats and a Stradivari violin, still played at one of the second-violin desks on an instrument worth no more than four hundred and twenty-five dollars.

“You should save your money, Besso,” Gubman continued, “while you’re a young man. Look at me! All my life I worked hard, and I didn’t marry nor nothing, and now I am fifty-four, I can already afford to pick and choose, whereas with you, Besso, I can already see it in your eye that the first thing you know you are going to make a fool of yourself and your career.”



“The great Toledano kissed the astonished Besso on the forehead.

by Montague Glass

Illustrations by
J. Henry



"My poor husband left a Stradivari violin," Mrs. Bieber told Gubman, "so naturally this young feller here wants to marry my daughter."

"How so?" David asked, and once more Gubman shrugged his shoulders.

"You should ask!" he exclaimed. "When I was up to Mrs. Bieber's house last Sunday night, you was there. Wednesday afternoon, right after rehearsals, again you was there, and I'll bet you'll no sooner leave heré than you'll be once more by the Biebers', and I'll tell you plain and straightforward, Besso, Mrs. Bieber don't like it."

"Did she say so?" David inquired.

"Not in so many words," Gubman replied, "but as an old confrère of her husband's, Besso, naturally she has a whole lot of confidence in me, and she says to me: 'Gubman,' she says, 'if that feller Besso thinks he is going to marry my Helene,' she says, 'I got bigger ideas for her than a second fiddler,' she says."

"A *Konzertmeister* perhaps," David suggested, and Max Gubman immediately grew purple in the face.

"*Grober Jung!*" he exclaimed. "When I am trying to do you a favor and let you know where you get off, you insult your own *Konzertmeister!*"

He struggled to his feet, leaving Besso to pay for the coffee which was the Volstead substitute for the harmless beer of the club's early days.

"This afternoon three-thirty is the rehearsal for the first time with Toledano the Milanese," Gubman said sternly, "and see that you are on time. You ain't so strong with the orchestra that one word from me wouldn't queer you for next season."

Besso's only retort to this threat was an irritating smile, made doubly so because it disclosed a perfect set of teeth, and what with the smile and the teeth—for Gubman seldom smiled and his teeth were neither expensive nor natural—the concert master became utterly infuriated.

He broke into a flood of German which contained as many offensive allusions to second violins as a concert master could think of on the spur of the moment, and it must be remembered that as chief of the first violin players in a symphony orchestra, the concert master usually can summon to his assistance quite a profane German vocabulary in dealing with a second violinist. David, however, understood only enough German to follow the directions of a German conductor. He was of English birth, Italian parentage and Sephardic descent, and therefore Gubman's long and insulting address had little effect on him.

"Set it to music with the right bowing, and I'll play it for you, Gubman," he said.

"And remember," Gubman added, "I am *Mister* Gubman to you."

"I'll call you *Herr* Gubman, if that'll make you feel any better," David called after him, as the offended concert master strode away indignantly. At least, Gubman meant to stride indignantly, but the most he could accomplish in the way of a stride was a sort of waddle.

"I tell you, the biggest trouble which musicians has to contend with is that they eat too much," said a voice at the next table. "When the Italians say *un appetito come un' sonatore*, an appetite like a musician, they speak more as a mouthful. A stomachful, you could call it."

The gentleman who made this observation sat with a cup of coffee in front of him, which he stirred almost incessantly. He was trying to make up his mind to drink it upon the score that it would do him good. He had been seen horribly intoxicated in that very room only the night before, and practically everybody he had met that afternoon had advised him to have a cup of coffee as it would do him good.

Now he himself absolutely (Continued on page 173)

The Pied Piper of

JIMMIE GATES, slow-limbed, soft-voiced, hard-eyed, overseer of Circle Ranch, sat in the shack he called his office and made out the pay roll for his "boys." A speckled and cloudy mirror in front of him above his desk showed him through his open door a view of bare and soaring rocks against the carmine sky of sunset.

Through his brain went, unheeded, the sounds of evening: cicada, thrush and linnet, a running river, pine branches lending the breeze a speech, horses rattling down a cobbled path, voices talking at a distance with the contented soberness of day's end.

Jim wanted to be done with his job and to add his own slow conversation to the comment of coral and bunk house. He bent closer to the figure-fretted page.

A throaty voice strange to his ears spoke. "Say, now, look-a-here, mister."

The mirror showed Jim a tattered boy leaning against the lintel of his door.

"You haven't got a job fer me, now, hev you?"

Jim Gates, without troubling himself to turn, again consulted his mirror.

"Give a boy a job, you gotta hire two men to keep him at it," said he. "Circle don't hire boys. Just one job vacant—gal's job, dishwasher. Good-by."

He went on with his figuring. The evening comments continued, soft and small.

After five minutes: "I kin wash dishes, mister," said that voice.

"By heaven!" shouted Jim Gates and wheeled. "Get out of here!"

The persistent little intruder clung to the door-side with both hands, as though to resist flight, and Jim faced a pair of dilated azure eyes.

"Why in—thunder didn't you say you was a gal?" he inquired.

One knee, its slim brownness visible through a rent in the dilapidated overalls, was turned in against the other and there was a troubled motion in the long round throat above the faded open collar of her shirt. The creature's body was half smothered in a man's ragged coat, once a Mackinaw. She now pulled off her dingy sombrero and pushed back the mad black hair of a golliwog.

"I kin wash dishes," she said, smiling at Jimmie Gates.

"All right. Go look up Mrs. Laney. Get her to give you a dress. We don't let our gals wear pants. What's your name?"

"Twilo Bodine."

"Where you come from?"



By Katharine

Illustrations by

"Out yonder." A vague gesture seemed to include the "everywhere."

"On foot?"

"Yes, sir."

Jim stared. "We get a-plenty of male hobos," he said, "but you're the first hobo gal I've ever seed yet." He

Circle Ranch

*A Love Story
of the
Golden West*



Newlin Burt

Joseph M. Clement

hesitated only for a minute. "All right. Get along."
He did not know why, child as she looked, she seemed so strange and compelling a presence on his doorsill, why he wished to be so swiftly rid of her. She went, soft-footed, and dropped out of his cognizance into the life of kitchen and of garbage can.

In a faded gingham dress, relic of some former dishwasher, she toiled. What the haughty Korean cook disdained to do, what the second cook refused to do, what the waitresses, pretty and high-headed, forgot to do, these things did Twilo, working with the inhuman tirelessness of a machine.

There was in her ways a mingling of patience and of desperation, and in her face, of rebel and of slave. Rebellion of some sort must have sent her out into the everywhere and slavery was only the livery of her release.

She had no time and no inclination, it appeared, to amuse herself with the other workers. Her greatest relaxation, it would seem, was to watch from her kitchen window, while she dried her plates, that most remote being, the master of Circle Ranch.

A TALL man of more than forty years, eagle-eyed, beak-faced and Indian-brown, with a feather of gray across his lean dark head, most beautifully clothed in English riding togs, who moved about across her vision, interminably trailing guests. Women in riding clothes—and Twilo wondered why hired girls could not "wear pants"—men in tweeds or putties, fat men and lean, tall men and small, women with cropped heads or women with knots of auburn, gold or brown upon slender napes.

Twilo listened to their passing voices and their laughter. Sometimes she caught snatches of their talk. These words and phrases would haunt her like the rhythms of a foreign tongue, so that she murmured them over to herself.

"I haven't the vaguest notion!"

"But darling, what do you think I am!"

Emphasis where emphasis seemed uncalled-for gave a queer importance to these speeches.

Past Twilo's window at dawn and at dusk there went another sound that unconsciously intrigued her memory, slipped in and out of chatter and clatter, like a silver thread: the assistant roustabout's whistle on his rounds with water and with wood.

A melody, haunting and unknown to her; a rise and fall delicately searching; a whistle, silvery and sad. She would look down gravely into his grave and music-smitten face as it went past her.

He did not smile nor did she. Drudge to drudge their souls saluted, too patient for a mutual contempt. "Yes, here we are, so young and so enslaved."

Twilo felt pain as he went by, felt pain as he went by again. But his melody lifted up her heart and let it fall.

The ranch took holiday on Saturdays. Most of the boys and girls rode out before noon, but Twilo had no horse. She packed herself a little luncheon.

Up the river, an easy distance for tired feet, she had watched a reach of water always bright about an elbow of dark pines. She would go there and lie on her back for all the afternoon and evening and hear the water. It would be cool and clean and quiet.

To her kitchen-draggled senses, that world she stepped into was blinding new, vast, vividly unknown, a crazy quilt of pied delight. She had forgotten the taste of sunlight and the smiting strength of high air. The big pines, when she reached them, made her a temple of purple columns and a tent of indigo shade.

She stripped and dropped her body for an icy instant into a sudden pool hindered from its travel by a root. Afterwards, dressed in her faded livery, she lay supine and let her eyes climb up the swinging stairways and along the swaying corridors of branches to the blue.

There she lay, most utterly content.

The master of Circle, with a fishing rod in his hand and a trailing woman three hundred yards downstream, came close to her. He had never looked at her before.

"Where do you come from?" he asked. "Don't move."

She fell back as if in simple obedience. "I'm Twilo."

"Twilo?"

"I'm the dishwasher—the hobo gal."

"Er—the dryad tramp." He sat down on the log beside her. "Tell me about yourself," he suggested, rolling his cigaret, not smiling.

THERE passed through her head one of those phrases. "I haven't the vaguest notion," she began, and startled him so that he spilled his makings; startled herself, too, into a momentary silence and a blush. "I—I mean— Well, sir, there ain't a thing to tell."

"What there is to tell—please tell me."

"I—run—away."

"Why? And from whom?"

She merely looked at him.

"And now?" he said, and felt bewildered.

"I'm dishwasher. I draw your pay. And I've been saving it."

"What for?" He could not imagine her in need of anything.

She seemed to listen. Then he too heard below the stream bank someone who whistled softly to himself.



"You're expecting one of the 'boys'?" asked Hastings.
 "No, sir," said Twilo.
 "But that's my tune."

"I haven't the vaguest notion," Twilo murmured, smiled with a certain wildness. "Something," she said, and moved a brown hand, "something—like that."

The silver whistle weaved.

"You are most astoundingly, most perilously beautiful," said Hastings, and added her name softly, "Twilo."

AN INNER voice mocked Twilo's moment of vacuity. "But *darling*," it said, "what do you think I *am*!" She did not say it aloud, but a queer mock-flash of worldly wisdom twisted her lip and shot a gleam into her eyes.

"You're expecting one of the 'boys' to lunch here with you? The fisherman?" Hastings asked, flushed.

"No, sir. That's the roustabout's boy. He never speaks to no one. But he must 'a' knowed I'm here."

"I'll bet he—knowed."

"Fer that's my tune." She lifted her azure silent laughter to him and whistled with a rose mouth.

"The 'Blumenlied,'" said Hastings. "Let's see this whistler."

He strode over to the river bank. At a distance the lonely lad whipped the water with a skillful grace.

Hastings stood, undetected, above him. "Hi!" he called.

Round wheeled the stripling, looking up. A face thin, eerie and remote. Hastings felt chilled. The grove behind him and the river edge below seemed strangely perilous to man.

"Good fishing?"

"Yes, sir."

A murmuring voice, a greenish, level look. Hastings moved downstream to where that trailing solid sports-woman of his waved him her summons. He was no poet, though troubled at times with sudden sensitiveness: a practical rancher, he called himself, but there was something queer about the river bank today. Those two . . .

He remembered something he had read somewhere: "Children, leprechauns and women beautiful and young, these be foreigners all." There had been a wild green wisdom in the young fisherman's eyes—leprechaun eyes. Hastings shook nonsense out of his mind and waded back to sport and human comradeship.

He found that Mrs. McCrae had stopped fishing. She sat on a fallen cottonwood, her handsome chin on her handsome hand, and looked up at him with a new and somewhat impersonal eagerness.

"Randy," she asked, "who is the young man fishing there above us?"

Hastings glanced towards the slim figure moving at the moment out of sight, and glanced back. Gertrude McCrae's eyes, dark and young for her forty years of full experience, were bewildered as if by something she could not understand.

"I didn't know that any living creature could be so beautiful," she said.

Hastings stared and laughed, more loudly than he had meant to laugh. "That boy?" he said. "Why, that's my roustabout's assistant. He brings you the bucket of hot water for your tub, carries in the logs for your fire, cleans fish and feeds the pigs."

She stared ahead of her, her face curiously flushed. "Where does he come from?"

"I haven't a notion."

"Don't you know anything about the people who work for you?"

"Not many questions asked in the West—not in hiring for such jobs as his or— But you must have seen this lad a hundred times."

"I've never seen him,"

(Continued on page 108)

Miss Earhart's ADVENTURE on the Floor of the Sea

WHEN we flew across the Atlantic, much water was beneath us—although, as it happened, not often visible. Since then I have had a good deal of flying, with varied experiences, over land and over sea. But now I have experienced something new. I have been under the water, *looking up!*

In a Loening amphibian plane we flew to Block Island and there I found myself a guest on a submarine. As luck would have it, one of its sea valves was leaking, and so a promised submersion was not possible. Would I like to try diving as a substitute? Would I, indeed!

I didn't know what the first step in diving was until I was introduced to the "iron doctor." It is, I found, to be compressed. As a diver descends below the surface of the water, the pressure upon every square inch of him increases with the depth. Only a person who can withstand these additions to the normal atmosphere can dive. In a small air-tight chamber I was subjected to a test of about twelve and one-half pounds, which would be the pressure felt approximately twenty-five feet down.

In the water, as at an altitude, the ear becomes a barometer for difference in pressure. Some people's ears "pop" even in going up quickly in an elevator. And at greater pressure reductions or increases, the sensitive drum may cause its owner to be painfully aware of change. Swallowing or blowing while holding the nose clears the normal passages so that the discomfort is alleviated.

OF COURSE, at extremes of height and depth there are other reactions than that of the ear. Curious mental lapses occur, such as reading figures correctly backwards, and there are acute physical ones, too, as the limit of human endurance is reached.

After the "iron doctor" had passed me—I appeared sound in wind, limb and ears—they brought out the diving apparel. It begins basically with underwear.

"Here's the lingerie," said Commander Sloan Danenhower, passing me a package of navy wool underclothing, with socks to match.



Wide World

Danenhower is captain of the submarine Defender, the smallest sub in the world, and the only privately owned one. An ex-naval officer, he has devoted the last twenty years to submarine and salvage work.

Those thick wool garments looked woefully heavy on that summer's afternoon, but the commander explained their usefulness. It gets chilly below water and the thick wool eliminates the chafing of the diving equipment.

IN THE privacy of the submarine's dark and rather greasy depths, I made the change. Over the blue undies I donned my "monkey suit," a cover-all gaberdine garment which one often uses in flying. At top and bottom, emerging from the zipper-fastened collar and trouser bottoms, appeared fringes of the gaudy woolens. What I looked like I don't know. At best I felt like a Teddy bear with blue trimmings!

Frank Crilley, my mentor, gave me a hand up the iron ladder to the submarine's deck, where my toilet was to be completed.

"Better use these," He offered me a new pair of tennis shoes. "Christen them."

Crilley explained it was wise to wear sneakers over the socks to keep the heavy shoes from chafing. Crilley, by the way, is one of the world's famous divers. He has been down to three hundred and six feet, the record for depth, and has to his credit some spectacular underwater feats and gallant rescues. In the F-4 disaster in Honolulu in 1915 a diver became entangled in the lifting wires, and Crilley volunteered to bring him up. For accomplishing it he was awarded the Congressional Medal.

Over the blue woolies goes a one-piece rubberized canvas suit. Wide rubber bands snap on the wrists and an iron collar encircles the shoulders. The well-known collar button is (Continued on page 98)

At Last—a First-hand Account of the Most
His own Story of how he handled the Crisis

The Boston

By Calvin

ALTHOUGH I had arrived at the important position of President of the Massachusetts Senate in January of 1914 I had not been transported on a bed of roses. It was the result of many hard struggles in which I had made many mistakes, was to keep on making them up to the present hour, and expect to continue to make them as long as I live. We are all fallible but experience ought to teach us not to repeat our errors.

My progress had been slow and toilsome, with little about it that was brilliant, or spectacular, the result of persistent and painstaking work which gave it a foundation that was solid. I trust that in making this record of my own thoughts and feeling in relation to it, which necessarily bristles with the first personal pronoun, I shall not seem to be overestimating myself, but simply relating experiences which I hope may prove to be an encouragement to others in their struggles to improve their place in the world.

It appeared to me in January 1914 that a spirit of radicalism prevailed which unless checked was likely to prove very destructive. It had been encouraged by the opposition and by a large faction of my own party.

It consisted of the claim in general that in some way the government was to be blamed because everybody was not prosperous, because it was necessary to work for a living, and because our written constitutions, the legislatures, and the courts protected the rights of private owners especially in relation to large aggregations of property.

The previous session had been overwhelmed with a record number of bills introduced, many of them in an attempt to help the employee by impairing the property of the employer. Though anxious to improve the condition of our wage earners I believed this doctrine would soon destroy business and deprive them of a livelihood. What was needed was a restoration of confidence in our institutions and in each other, on which economic progress might rest.

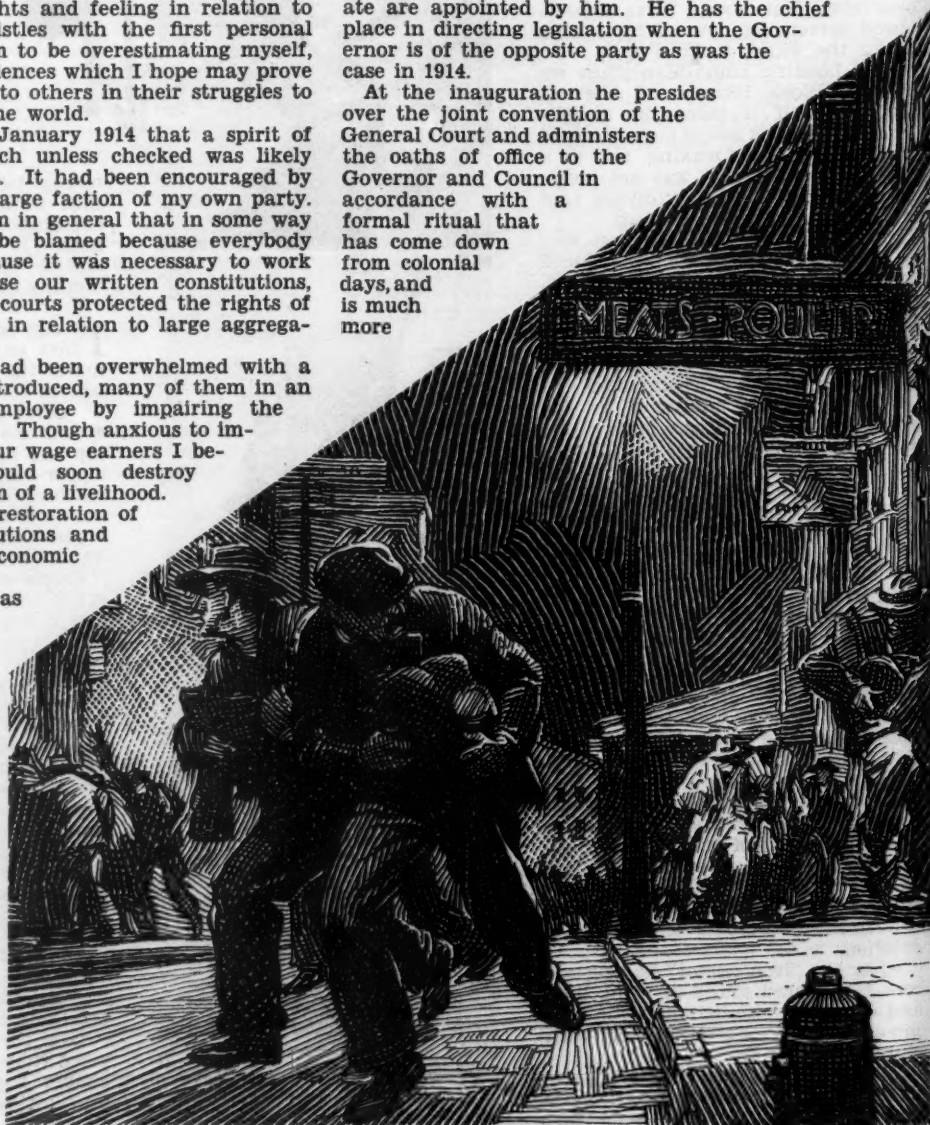
In taking the chair as President of the Senate I therefore made a short address, which I had carefully prepared, appealing to the conservative spirit of the people. I argued that the government could not relieve us from toil, that large concerns are necessary for the progress in which capital and labor all have a common interest, and I defended representative government and the integrity of the courts.

The address has since been known as

"Have Faith in Massachusetts." Many people in the Commonwealth had been waiting for such a word and the effect was beyond my expectation. Confusion of thought began to disappear and unsound legislative proposals to diminish.

The office of President of the Senate is one of great dignity and power. All the committees of the Senate are appointed by him. He has the chief place in directing legislation when the Governor is of the opposite party as was the case in 1914.

At the inauguration he presides over the joint convention of the General Court and administers the oaths of office to the Governor and Council in accordance with a formal ritual that has come down from colonial days, and is much more



“Around midnight bands of men appeared on the street who

Disputed Point in Mr. Coolidge's Career—
which was to make Him known to the Nation

Police Strike

Coolidge

ceremonious than the swearing in of a President at Washington.

It did not seem to me desirable to pursue a course of partisan opposition to the Governor, and I did not do so, but rather cooperated with him in securing legislation which appeared to be for the public interest.

The general lack of confidence in the country and the depression of business caused by the reduction of the tariff rates in the fall of 1913 made it necessary to grant large appropriations for the relief of unemployment during the winter. But I could see the steady decrease of the radical sentiment among the people.

In the midst of the following summer the World War enveloped Europe. It had a distinctly sobering

effect upon the whole people of our Country. It was very apparent in Massachusetts where they at once began to abandon their wanderings and seek their old landmarks for guidance. The division in our party was giving way to reunion. Confidence was returning.

The Republican State Committee chose me to be chairman of the committee on resolutions at the State convention which met at Worcester, largely because of the impression made by my speech at the opening of the Senate. I drew a conservative platform, pitched in the same key, pointing out the great mass of legislation our party had placed on the statute books for the benefit of the wage earners and improving the welfare of the people, but declaring for the strict and unimpaired maintenance of our present social, economic and political institutions.

WHILE I did not deliver it well, in print it made an effective campaign document. After starting in the contest with little confidence, our strength increased, so that our candidate, Samuel W. McCall, received 198,627 votes and was defeated by only 11,815 plurality. All the rest of our State ticket was victorious.

The political complexion of the Senate was completely changed. From a bare majority of twenty-one the Republican strength rose to thirty-three and the opposition was reduced to seven Democrats.

My district returned me for the fourth time and I was again made President of the Senate by a unanimous vote. My opening address consisted of forty-two words, thanking the Senators for the honor and urging them in their conduct of business to be brief.

As a presiding officer it has constantly been my policy to dispatch business. It always took a long time to get all the Committees of the General Court to make their reports, but

I was able to keep the daily sessions of the Senate short.

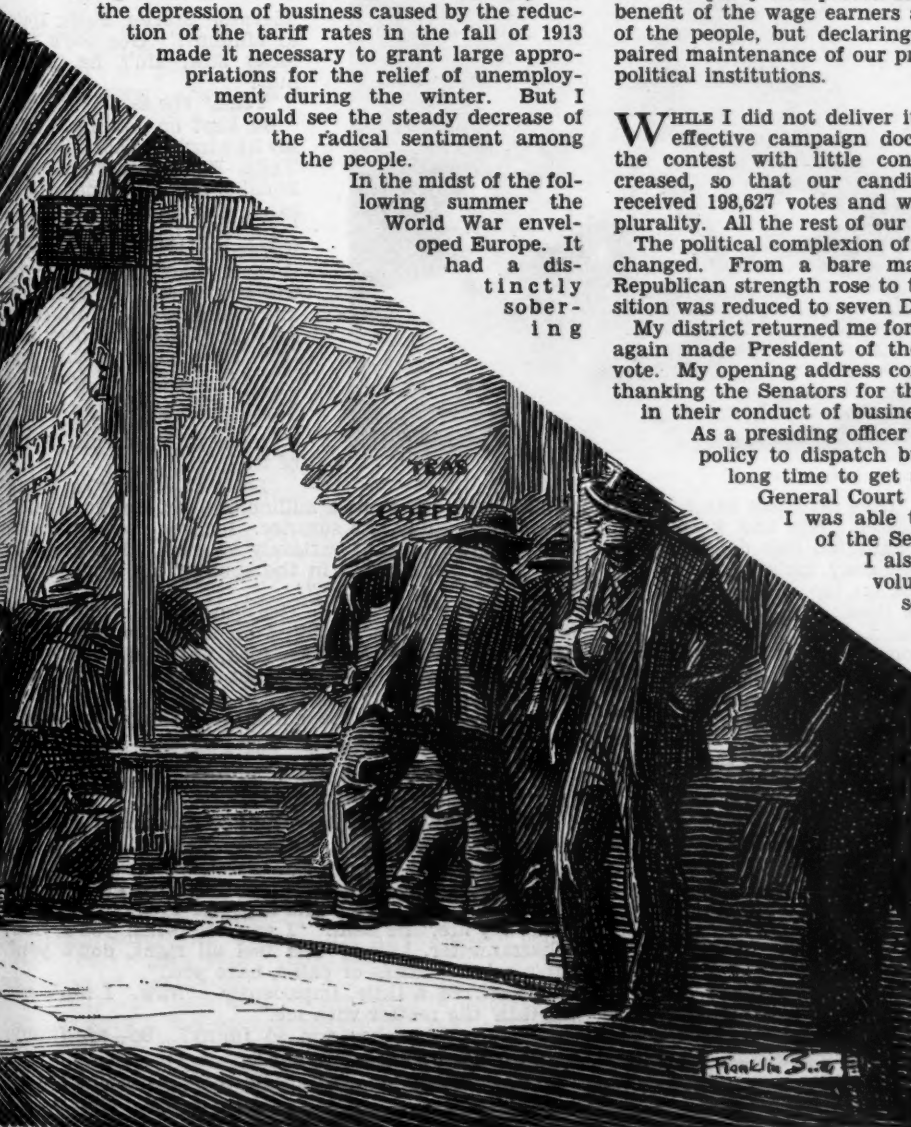
I also wanted to cut down the volume of legislation. In this some progress was made.

The Blue Book of Acts and Resolves for 1913 had 1763 pages, for 1914 it had 1423 and for 1915 only 1230 which was a very wholesome reduction of more than thirty per cent.

Confidence was returning. People were coming to see that they must depend on themselves rather than on legislation for success.

Massachusetts was beginning to suffer from a great complication of laws and

Illustration by
Franklin Booth



broke many shop windows and carried away quantities of the goods which were on display."

Evening at



'Elevator Starter Falls Heir to Million!!' Gee, he's the lucky stiff, ain't he, Lulu, huh?"

"Yeah," she said.

He kept on talking. "I'll say he's lucky. Look, it says: 'Felix B. Hammer of the Equality Life Insurance Company, where he was an elevator starter for sixteen years, learned today with surprise that he had fallen heir to the vast estate of Hammer and Hammer—' Huh. Says here they looked all over before they found out this was the guy. Can you imagine that? Gosh, Lulu!"

"Yeah," she said. She stared at the wax fruit. More of it:

"Look, it says: 'On being asked how it felt to be a millionaire, Mr. Hammer said: 'Well, it certainly is a surprise. I never thought I'd be a millionaire. But it certainly is great. I'm goin' to buy a nice little house in the country an' settle down with the wife an' kiddies.'"

"Great, ain't it, Lulu? Gee, just imagine gettin' a million dollars, like findin' it on the sidewalk. Some fellers certainly have got the luck, eh, Lulu?"

Her eyes closed; opened again slowly. "Yeah," she said.

The way she said it made him lower the paper to look at her. He had a thirty-year-old face that you couldn't have picked out in a crowd; not till you knew him pretty well. Lumpy face, with big horn-rimmed spectacles on it. The quiet type.

He said: "Whassamatter, Lulu? You sound sorta—sorta low. Whassamatter?"

"Oh, I ain't low," she said. He watched her lick her lips and swallow. She kept her eyes on the fruit. "Yes, y'are," he said. "I can tell when you're low. Whassamatter, Lulu? You feel all right, don't you? Ain't got any aches or pains, have you?"

She stirred a little, impatiently. "Naw. I ain't got anythin' the matter with me."

"Well, what makes you so funny? So—so—funny, eh? You certainly act funny."

"Oh, I ain't actin' funny. I'm actin' just like I always act."

He knew better. "No, y' ain't. I bet there's somethin' wrong with you, Lulu. What's the matter, Lulu? You

MAN and wife . . . They sat there like a couple of dead ones. They had eaten. She had washed the dishes. She had put the imitation lace doily back on the center of the fake mahogany table. She had put the bowl of wax fruit back on top of the doily. The smell of fish was still with them; but cigar smoke was slowly getting the upper hand.

Small room. Square. Something wrong with it. The walls hit you in the face. Blue wall paper with gold stripes. Dead-white woodwork. Green plush sofa with brown stripes. Two chairs like it. Maple sideboard. Floor lamp with a gold stem and a red silk shade with a fringe. The radio. The rug: bright red flowers on a yellow background.

It was meant to be gay. It wasn't. It set your teeth on edge. So did the rainbow curtains.

In the center of the ceiling was a cluster of bent leaves made of brass, with four bulbs stuck into it. This arrangement flooded the room with harsh light. They could have taken snapshots by it. They liked lots of light. They had an idea it made the room more cheerful.

He sat in one of the plush chairs, behind the evening paper, smoking the cigar. She sat hunched over the table: elbows on it, hands pushed into her frowzy blond hair. She stared through the bowl of wax fruit with a cold, glassy stare. She looked unpleasant, even with her mouth shut. But good-looking.

It was quiet for quite a time. Then he cleared his throat. He said:

"Say, Lulu. Look what it says here in the paper.

Home

by Joseph Moncure March

who wrote "The Set Up"

and "The Wild Party"



Illustrations by
David Robinson

act sorta sore about somethin'. You ain't sore about anythin', are you, Lulu?"

No answer. Somewhere under the table a soft tapping began.

"I ain't done anythin' to make you sore, have I, Lulu?" he asked.

"No!" she snapped. "No! Fer Pete's sake, no!" She stopped looking at the fruit suddenly; bared her teeth; glared at him.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Huh. You ain't sore. Not at all, you ain't sore. Like fun you ain't. You're awful sore about somethin'. What are you so sore about?"

"I'll be sore in a minute, all right, if you keep on askin' me am I sore!" she said.

"Well, you needn't get excited about it. I only asked 'cause I wanted to find out why you were so low, see? You didn't think I asked 'cause I wanted you to get sore, did you? You don't think I like you to get sore an' bite me, do you? Gee whiz!

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow? You certainly actin' awful queer, you are. Whassamatter? Gettin' tired of bein' married to me, or somethin'?"

After too long a silence, she said, "No."

"Well, you act awful tired of somethin', is all I gotta say. You sure do!"

Her head flew up. Her jaw set. "Well, all right, if you wanna know so much: I'm tired of sittin' here all the time, an' not doin' anythin', see? I'm sick an' tired of it!"

"Oh—yeah? Seems to me we ain't always sittin' here. Seems to me we went to the movies night before last, but mebber I'm crazy. Seems to me we go out all the time. But mebber I'm crazy. Mebber we just been sittin' here since we got married!"

"Yeah, sure! We went to the movies night before last. Sure! Hot stuff! Boy, we certainly step out! Class to us, ain't there?"

"Yeah? So there ain't enough class to me for you, eh? I ain't a fast-enough stepper for you? Say, you certainly get under my skin, all right! What didja marry me for, if I wasn't class enough for you, huh?"

"Aw, keep your shirt on! Trouble with you is, you don't know nothin' about women. Think a woman can live this way, never goin' out? Never goin' outside the house 'cept to the grocery store an' back again? Huh?



Have I been to a place where I could dance, once this year? Once? I ask you! Have I been to a good show? Nix! Do we ever go see anybody? Naw!

"Gee, I might as well have popped myself off as got married like this! Gee whiz! What didja think I was goin' to do the rest of my life? Sit here all day an' wait fer you to come home from the office an' feed your face an' read the paper an' go to bed? A swell time, if you ask me!"

"A—ah! You make me sick! You know we ain't got a lot of money. How can we go bustin' around in these flossy places? Gee whiz! You just ain't reasonable, that's what's the matter with you.

"I s'pose you think I don't like to step out, eh? I s'pose you think I like to work all day in the office, an' then come home an' have you tear into me like this, eh? You're a fine wife, you are! Yeah, you're a great little help, I must say! It ain't enough I gotta work like a dog all day at the office, but then I gotta come home an' go on a bust every night to keep you from yowlin'! Gee whiz, you make me sick, see? You make me sick!"

"You—you didn't used to t-talk I-like this. Uh—oh, my gosh! Uh—uh—uh!"

Her arms automatically arranged themselves on the table for a good cry. Down went her head into the crook of one elbow. Her shoulders began to jerk.

For a minute he watched her with glittering eyes. Sneering a little. But after a minute his expression began to change. It turned pacific, and tired. He

dropped the paper. He got up heavily. He edged around the table, and bent over her.

"Aw, say, Lulu! Aw, please! Don't do that! Gee whiz, Lulu: say, I'm awful sorry."

She sobbed. He tried again.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Lulu. You know I didn't mean anythin' like I said, don't you, Lulu? Gee, I'm just terrible sorry, kid! I wouldn't do anythin' to hurt your feelin's, Lulu. Aw, Lulu. Look at me, Lulu darlin'. I'm just terrible, I guess. I don't blame you for what you said. Gee, you poor kid, you must be havin' an awful time bein' married to me. Come on—let's go out somewhere, right now, Lulu! Whaddaye say, eh? Come on: let's go out an' paint the town red! Whoop-ee!"

He fingered her hair gingerly. She shook the hand off. "Oh, well." He was hurt. Then: "Oh, come on, Lulu—forget it, will you? Stop cryin'; ain't I said I was awful sorry? Come on, Lulu: I'll do anythin' you say. Whaddaye wanta do, eh?"

"N-nothin'—uh-uh-uh . . ."

"Sure you do. How 'bout a nice little show, eh? Well, gee: I guess it's too late for a show now. How 'bout a nice little mov— Say, I tell you! Why don't we put on our glad rags an' step out to some little old night club, huh? How's that strike you, Lulu? Come on, kid—let's go! Get the old tux out an' grab a cab an' go down! How's that, Lulu?"

"I d-don't wanta go anywhere—uh-uh . . ."

"Sure you do, Lulu."

"Th-think I can go anywhere like this? After cryin' this way?"

"Aw, you look fine, Lulu. There ain't anythin' the matter with the way you look. There ain't a one of 'em has it on you for looks. Nobody'll notice you've been cryin'. Come on, Lulu: what say?"

"N-naw. I don't wanta go to a night club. How can I go, anyway? What have I got I could wear to a night club? I ain't got a thing I could wear."

"Sure you have! How about that pretty little blue thing, eh? You look swell in that, baby. Put on the little blue thing."

"What? That filthy old rag? Me put that on to go to a night club? Say, you must be crazy! I wouldn't wear that to a dog fight, see? I've had that thing four seasons! I ain't got anythin', I tell you. That's all the good it would do me if I wanted to g-go . . ."

She blew her nose. She retreated back into the crook of her elbow. She sobbed again.

"Well—" he said. "Gee whiz, I didn't know you didn't have any dress, Lulu. Why didn't you tell me sooner? You're makin' me out an awful sort of guy. Go out first thing tomorrow an' buy yourself a new dress, see? A real flossy one."

A short, doubtful silence. Then:

"What's the use if I did buy a new dress? What good'd that do me? I ain't got a pair of shoes or stockin's I could wear with it, see? I need a new pair of shoes more than I do any evenin' gown. I ain't got a decent pair to my name. I ain't got a decent pair of stockin's to my name. Not one. I ain't got one pair without runs in 'em."

"All right. Gee! Get yourself some shoes an' stockin's, too, Lulu. An' anythin' else you want. Maybe some of those fancy undies, or somethin'."

"We ain't got the money. You know we ain't."

"AW, THAT'S all right. I'll find the money, Lulu, don't you worry about that. You go buy yourself anythin' you want. I want you to have everythin' you want, see? Gee, I can get the money, all right. Why, sure! For all you know, some guy I never heard of may die an' leave me a million dollars, just like he did this elevator starter. Never can tell. Forget the money, kid!"

She lifted a puffy wet face to his. "Jim—you really mean—can I really get a new gown tomorrow?"

"Sure. First thing tomorrow!" He smiled down at her.

"Aw, Jim! Jim, you're such a darlin'. Honest, Jim, I never knew such a darlin'. You're awfully sweet, Jim. I'm terribly sorry I said all those nasty things. I didn't mean 'em, honest. You're swell, Jim."

Her hand went up; fondled the lapel of his coat; tugged at it.

"Put your face down here," she said. His face went

down into her neck. She pushed her fingers slowly through his hair. "There—there—my darlin' Jim. Gee, I'm glad I married you! I don't know what I would of done if I hadn't married you!"

"You really mean it, Lulu? Aw, baby darlin', you're so sweet! I ain't good enough for you. You ought to have some great big butter-an'-egg man on Park Avenue, 'stead of me."

"Stop it!" She gave the tip of his nose a little love pat. "Put your face down. There!"

He put his face back into her neck. They were silent.

On the mantelpiece, an elaborately wreathed brass clock upheld by two smirking brass mermaids began to assert itself noisily.

Eight-thirty going into eight-thirty-five, said the clock.

Dance music from a radio in the next flat filtered through the flimsy wall.

Far away a fire siren screamed, and bells clanged. A distant elevated train rumbled.

Overhead a pair of heels kept up a brisk staccato. They crossed the ceiling hurriedly. They stopped. They returned. They crossed again. They stopped. They trembled each time the heels passed over them.

Door slamming somewhere.

Child crying and crying and crying.

Fire siren screaming: closer; fainter; closer; fainter; going around the block looking for fire . . .

The dance music stopped. A booming muffled voice took its place. Talk, talk, talk—the voice stopped with a squawk. A soprano began to sing shrilly.

HE RELIGHTED his cigar; blinked; stretched his legs; yawned. After he had finished yawning, he smiled timidly at her.

She propped two pink satin pillows with torn lace edges against one arm of the sofa, and dropped her head back against the pillows. She did not return his smile, because she had not seen it. She was staring at nothing.

"Feel all right, Lulu?" he asked suddenly.

"What?" she said, startled.

"I said, did you feel all right?"

"Sure," she said. "Sure. I'm all right. What made you think I wasn't all right?"

"Oh"—he flushed a little—"I dunno. I just wondered. That's all. Your bein' so quiet, lyin' there, thinkin' like that. I thought maybe you might be—I thought maybe you—I just wondered if you were all right, see?"

"Oh," she said: vague. She watched the opposite wall intently for a while.

"You know," she said suddenly, "I think I'll get a green one. Green. Lots of chiffon in the skirt, an' sorta low in the back. Like they're wearin' them this season."

"Fine!" he said. "The sky's the limit!" He puffed the cigar, smiling between puffs.

There was an interval. Then he said: "Still wanta go somewhere, Lulu?"

"Naw. I don't wanta go anywhere. It's too late. It's almost time to go to bed. We better not go anywhere."

She examined the back of one hand indifferently.

"Maybe flame-color would be better," she said.

"Yeah," he said. He looked longingly at the paper; cautiously at her. She seemed not to notice.

"Sure you don't wanta go anywhere, Lulu?"

"Naw," she said. "Don't bother me. I'm thinkin'."

"Well, then," he said, "guess I'll take off my shoes an' be comfortable."

She didn't answer. He took them off. Sighed heavily.

He bent forward and picked the paper off the floor. He rearranged the pages carefully, and when that had been done, he started to spread them open.

"Wanta turn on the radio, Lulu?"

"Naw," she said.

"OK," he said agreeably. He settled himself deeper into the chair. "Gee!" he said with warmth. "Gee! This is certainly somethin' like! Eh, Lulu?"

"Yeah," she said.

"Yeah, sure is," he said. "Nothin' I like better'n a nice quiet evenin' at home . . . Gee, Lulu, look what it says here in the paper! . . ."

By Marie Van Vorst

Illustrations by
John La Gatta



THIEF *in* Love

THANK heaven, only three more days to Gibraltar! Armagh stumbled up to the deck uncertain whether to go into the smoking room and join his group, who were waiting to play bridge with him, or to step nonchalantly over the rail of the ship into the milky sea.

If he had consulted the sentiment ever growing stronger in him against the little group with whom he was at present identified—Prince and Princess Guglielmo Cesarini and the inevitable Nicholas Steinertz—he would have chosen to go over the rail, but a new interest had awakened in him the last few days on board, and he was decidedly ready to chance things as far as Gibraltar.

He had hurt his leg badly in a fall on the polo field on Long Island before boarding the ship, and had passed the early part of the voyage in his steamer chair, humorously and idly watching the passing crowd. The boat was full of pilgrims going down to Rome for the Jubilee and it amused him immensely to watch them. Hadn't he had a little pilgrimage of his own for twenty years!

He was glad to find that his leg would let him exercise and he decided to walk a few times round the deck before joining his party to play bridge, stopping first before the windows of the smoking room to look in through the blurred panes at his unconscious party of friends. His eyes rested not too kindly on Prince and Princess Cesarini and Count Nicholas Steinertz—bulbous old hound!—waiting for him over cards and cocktails.

Armagh was daily conceiving a more intense dislike

of this man from whom he seemed never to be able entirely to escape. He had avoided him successfully for two years and when, a month before, he had run up against him in San Francisco he had accepted the meeting with weary indifference. It was destiny. However, he rebelled down in their cabin at the bottom of the ship and wondered why he did not throttle the big Austrian and coolly ooze out of the porthole, free at last to swim away into a new element!

When he was not looking at Steinertz he had to listen to him! There was not any game adapted to the life of the unscrupulous adventurer that Nick Steinertz did not put over and get away with; he was the leader, and Armagh had followed hypnotized and in his more emancipated moments asking himself why he breathed the man's atmosphere, or how Steinertz had succeeded in undermining conscience and soul.

SMOKING, musing, his slender figure in its long sleeveless cloak passed into the shadow, into the moonlight, shone upon by the lights of the ship's windows. Once again, as though brought back to it by some undesirable spell, he stared at the human forms which seemed to him like fish in an aquarium; less interesting, however, than the piscatorial creatures. Francesca Cesarini, with her long Tuscan face, blackened eyes like caverns, her red mouth stale with kisses, whitewashed cheeks, demanding, sensual personality, had cloyed on Armagh before they had left New York. Now the Cesarini frankly nauseated him.

Steinertz had known the Cesarinis in Carlsbad before

the war, and when Armagh found him in San Francisco he was thick with the Italians. The princess immediately attached Jim Armagh to her. They played bridge and poker together, and the two men found themselves going East with the Italians, part of their luxurious suite, and with no definite plan for stopping off.

"What if I call myself Lord Armagh?" the young man had wondered sardonically. Back in Ireland there once had been a title. "I bet it's as good as Nick's, anyhow." But the memory of his mother made him discard the idea. She would have risen from her grave.

Armagh could not imagine the princess without her pearls, a long string of rainbow-tinted globules of fish-skin texture, internationally celebrated jewels. She treated them as an ordinary mortal treats her beads, running the million-dollar pearls through her highly manicured fingers!

Now, as Armagh stood looking at her through the window, he noticed she was not wearing her pearls. No doubt she had left them downstairs with Augustine, a Frenchwoman fully to be trusted. Armagh had seen the princess on other occasions slip her necklace off, drop it in her lap or on the floor when she rose, as she rose now, leaving the group, evidently in high tension, as she went across the room restlessly and returned aimlessly, waiting for Armagh to come in. He knew it too well!

Curse women, and men too! His leg had begun to pain him. He threw himself down in a vacant chair under the smoking-room window. Only three more days, and Gibraltar; then Naples, and Steinertz tearing at him, egging him on, spurring him on. He hunched there in the shadow. A few days before, he had fallen asleep just there in this chair and it had blown up cold, and when he awakened he found himself covered up warmly by a comfortable rug. Glancing over to the corner under the staircase, he saw that a rug was gone from one of the chairs. He had folded the plaid which so warmly covered him and restored it to its place.

DURING his lameness he had studied the passengers to whom these chairs belonged. He liked to look at the girl, a slender brown thing, unselfishly attached to a fleshy old lady whose paid companion she seemed to be. There was a dog too, a filthy creature like a bundle of yellow yarn, with a ribbon round it, a panting, staring object. Armagh was tempted to pick it up and drop it gingerly over the rail.

He was skeptical regarding women, and more or less bored with games of passion. Of course the girl, a magnetic, appealing creature, was conscious of his interest. It amused him, looking at her through half-closed eyes, to imagine that she did not belong to the passenger list, but had come up out of the sea wrapping herself, as she had a way of doing, in a rough brown mantle like an Oriental burnoose.

Now Armagh gathered himself together and reluctantly went into the smoking room. It did not make the princess more attractive to him to realize that she had dressed tonight expressly to please his taste, in a gown the color of a scarcely ripe lemon, suited to her exotic type. She turned and saw Armagh. She put up her hand to her bare neck to touch her pearls and exclaimed:

"*Dio mio! My pearls, my pearls! Dio mio!*"

"Your pearls?" said her husband coldly. "Another shock, Cecca. One day they *will* be gone!"

Steinertz said hurriedly: "You wore them at lunch, you wore them at lunch," and looked keenly at Armagh.

But the princess sank back into her chair with a little laugh, her tension snapped. Armagh had come. It was all she wanted. Cool, distinguished, cynical and unwilling, he was there . . . What were pearls!

The door of the card room on the windward side of the ship opened smartly, letting in a sudden rush of air across the smoke, and a girl in a brown cloak, the wind behind her driving forward her loosened hair like the bright strands of the hair of angels in a Florentine fresco, came in, hesitated, not certain that this was the place she was looking for, then crossed over quickly to the Cesarini table, holding out a thickly woven gold bag to the princess.

"I think you dropped this on the deck as you passed."

To these aristocratic, snobbish people the girl, if not dust, would have been nonexistent except that she brought back a treasure. The princess stared at her and cried out, snatching at the purse, exclaiming wildly:

"*Dio mio, Dio mio!* But thank you, thank you very much!"

She did not look at the girl. She was staring down at her bag. Before anyone else had spoken the brown figure of the girl had disappeared through the opposite door. Steinertz stared after her and exclaimed:

"George, Jim! What a ripping body!"

The princess showed her teeth like a happy dog.



“My pearls, my pearls!” cried the princess. The

There they were, the double string: milky, thick, marvelous. She looked up at Jim.

"Lucky!" she said. "I am always lucky, Jim."

"Lucky!" said her husband disagreeably. "You are the most careless woman in the world. You would leave them anywhere. You should not travel with real pearls, Francesca. There is nothing too sacred for you to lose."

LEAVING the prince to scold his careless lady and plan to take her pearls himself definitely to Rome from Naples and lock them away, Armagh, enchanted to escape, slipped out and limped around the deck for the first exercise since he had boarded the boat. He wished the brown girl would join him! He wanted to talk to her. He had wondered about a dozen people on board, but about no one so much as this girl. To look at her one would think there were real girls left in the world!

His father had kicked him into the streets after his mother's death, when he was barely fourteen years old, and as he sent the boy out to meet life had not taken the trouble to disguise the fact that he had doubts of his being his own son. This idea was so horrible to

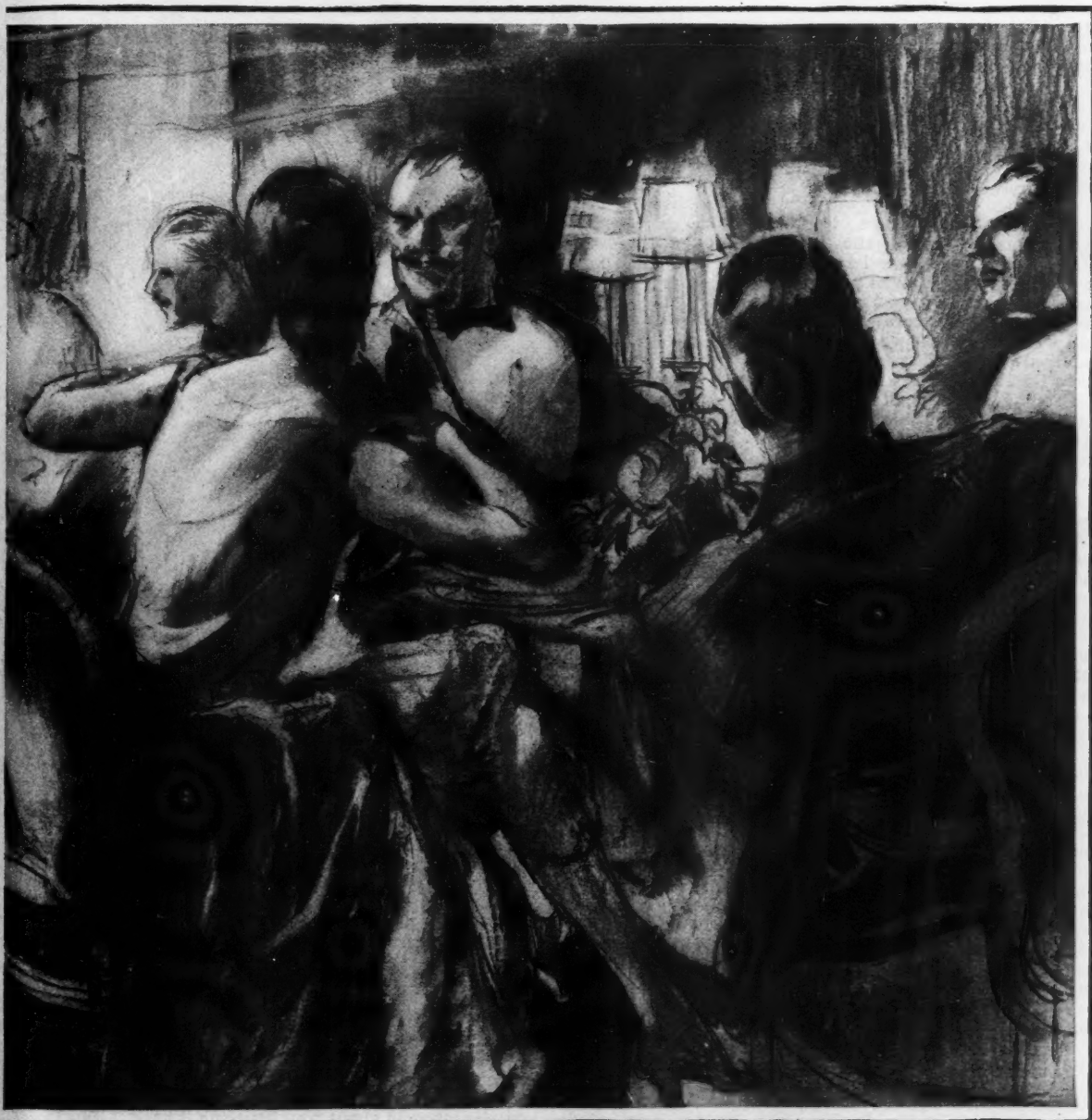
the sensitive boy that he could have killed this man.

With only the clothes he had on his back and fifty cents in his pocket, he had watched the trolleys go by on Dearborn Street, entirely alone in the world. He made his first dollar in a cycle shop, and rode wheels for sporting events, taking championships, and opened his own banking account.

Now he limped up the steps to the top deck, deserted at this late hour, into the honeylike moonshine. Beneath him lay the moving caravansary deluged in light. His mind dived into personal reminiscences not in the least degree pleasant!

Such excursions were a real punishment to him, only endured at special times when something decent crossed his path. If he had only started out with a proper education, with a proper family, would things have been different? No; Steinertz would have been handicap enough. But he did not want to put his troubles on anyone else's shoulders. The wrong way had had a fascination for him, and going along as ordinary people do would have been unendurable.

Steinertz had "shown him (Continued on page 112)



girl with the hair of angels came in, hesitated. "I think you dropped this on the deck," she said.

A Mystery Novel
in which You
are the Detective

Ladies'

NO one except the author of this novel and the editor of *Cosmopolitan* knows the identity of the murderer of Jamie Darricott. The manuscript of the last installment which reveals the name of the individual is locked up in the office safe. Every member of the editorial staff has made his guess; the advertising and circulation men have their theories. No novel published in *Cosmopolitan* for years has created so much interest inside the office as well as outside.

The Story So Far:

WHO killed Jamie Darricott? Was it one of the Fendleys, each of whom had ample cause to wish him dead? Was it one of the many crooks hanging about the premises of the hotel where the Potiemkin Ball was in progress when the murder occurred? Was it Peyton Weldon, who loved Rachel Fendley and hated Darricott for his attentions to her? Was it Sibyl Page, with her bruised and wounded arm, the last person known to have been with Darricott before his spectacular death? . . .


Vividly Sibyl remembered her first meeting with the murdered man, just after her arrival in New York from a hunting trip in Africa. At that meeting Jamie had persuaded her to remain overnight in order to "see" New York with him before she returned to her home in the South. She had yielded to his request in spite of herself, for Jamie had an unexplainable fascination for women.

However, Jamie's plans for showing her the city were subject to change without notice. Indeed, after their encounter with Helena Fendley, Rachel's mother, with whom Darricott had broken an engagement for that evening, it seemed to Sibyl they were entirely encompassed by Fendleys. As a matter of fact they spent most of the night giving chase to Rachel Fendley and Peyton Weldon, following them from night club to night club, for the girl was growing steadily more intoxicated and Darricott wanted to persuade her to go home.

In the end, they induced Rachel to leave Weldon and go with them, but when they tried to take her to her own home, she became hysterical. They went instead to Darricott's apartment. Subsequent events were a nightmare to Sibyl until the girl was finally quieted down for the night.

Afterwards, with Rachel asleep in Jamie's room, Sibyl and Darricott talked until dawn. Sibyl was at once attracted and repelled by the man. All her better instincts rebelled against his mode of life; yet in spite of that she felt drawn to him; had, in fact, responded ardently to his kiss in a taxi some hours before . . .

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As Sibyl whirled, Darricott's delicious voice purred: "I brought up my card myself—to save precious time."

Now, when Jamie told her of his manner of living, she almost hated him. A woman paid for his luxurious apartment. He took money from this woman; even had stolen a necklace of hers which he had tried to pawn. When he had found it was paste, he had taken it back to her and thrown it at her. He had asked her to give him her real diamond necklace to prove that she loved him! He had needed the money. Instead of throwing him out of her house, the woman had clung to him and begged him to let her buy the necklace from him as if it were his. She had given Jamie a check for ten thousand dollars.

Sibyl was horrified, but before she could speak Rachel's cry rang out:

"That's Mother you're telling about! I heard the whole story, and I remember when she was so worried because you'd carried off her paste necklace. I remember how she bragged about your bringing it back. She never told me about the money she gave you . . . Oh, what a

Man

By
Rupert
Hughes



Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

woman! No wonder I'm such a rotter. What a filthy world it is! I don't want to live in it any longer. I won't!"

She ran to the balcony door and ripped it open. Darricott caught her and dragged her back. She struggled, sobbing weakly, but succumbed at last and went back to bed. Exhausted by the dramatic events of the night, Sibyl too fell asleep.

In the morning as Sibyl and Darricott sat over coffee and eggs, Rachel suddenly appeared, fresh as a daisy.

"Your angel child wants a jink," she announced.

Darricott reluctantly brought out a bottle of cognac and was hesitating over pouring out a second drink for the girl when the doorbell rang. For a moment he stood petrified. Then: "If it's Weldon, we'll teach him to wait for an invitation," he said, picking up a cane as he moved toward the door.

Meanwhile, Rachel snatched the bottle and hurried toward the bedroom door, but paused to see who the visitor might be. The door opened and Sibyl heard a strange voice say:

"I've come for my sister."

The cane slipped from Darricott's hand. Rachel alone seemed unabashed.

"Hello, Anthony," she laughed.

"You're just in time for a drink."

Then Sibyl heard the brother's enraged cry:

"You blackguard! You foul beast!"

WHEN Darricott fell back and let his weapon drop, Sibyl did not impute his retreat to cowardice but rather to an awe of the sacredness of the brother's mission and the hopelessness of justifying before him the presence in his rooms of Anthony's sister clad in her host's pajamas and brandishing a bottle. For Darricott to have struck Anthony down with his cane would have been infamous. But Anthony collected himself to leap on Darricott, kill him and turn his soul over to the waiting fiends.

A cry escaped Sibyl, a cry of horror at the purpose in his eyes and of horror at the destruction of so precious a creature as Darricott.

No blow that Darricott could have dealt would have stopped Anthony quicker than Sibyl's voice. The mere presence of

another girl in the room instantly convinced him that his suspicions were false.

His wrath lost impetus, though he glared at Sibyl as if resenting her interference in his noble task of ending Darricott's evil career—and he would have prevented a vast accumulation of scandal if he had done there and then what apparently had to be done sooner or later.

His bloodshot eyes fastened on Sibyl only a moment, however, before he was convinced that she was no fit guardian, for she stood before him garish in the morning

gray, her arms and shoulders bare, her breasts emerging halfway from the soft folds of silk in which they nested, and her flaring skirt suggesting the hula costume that inspired it.

Sibyl understood what he was thinking and was ashamed of her share in the shameful spectacle that Anthony found before him.

His rage at Darricott came back upon him with redoubled fury, and he crouched for a spring.

Now it was Rachel who checked his pounce, for she warned him:

"Anthony Fendley, you lay a finger on Jamie, and I'll crack this bottle over your fool head! If it hadn't been for Jamie you might have been calling for me at the little old jail house and explaining to the reporters how I got there.

"If it hadn't been for him I'd probably have murdered young Mr. Weldon, and a good thing, too—better than marrying him and murdering him later. But Jamie stopped me, got me out of there. He tried to take me home, but I wouldn't hear to it. So he brought me here to keep me out of sight.

"Everything was perfectly according to Emily Post, for Miss—Miss—gosh, I can't remember that woman's name. She put me to bed and watched over me. That's why she's caught out in her dinner gown. She sacrificed her sleep, and so did Jamie. They've both been perfectly wonderful to me, and if you were a real brother instead of a bum saint you'd be on your knees to both of them."

Anthony made a last effort in self-defense. He pointed at Rachel's pajamas and the bottle in her hands. She had an explanation for those, too; and was handsomely ready to sacrifice herself and the exact truth for the sake of her idol.

"Well, if you must know, your little sister started to undress as soon as they got me here. Miss—Over There—had the decency to shut me in that room and find one of Jamie's sleeping suits and put it on me and watch me while I snored. As for the little bottle, I had such a gosh-awful need of a bracer when I came out of the ether, that I stole it. Jamie was just trying to take it away from me when you bust in. Any more questions, chief? No? Then apologies are in order."

Anthony was not quite convinced and not at all comfortable. "I'm ready to go as soon as you are," he said. "If I've done anybody an injustice, I'm sorry."

"If!" cried Rachel. "Well, an 'if' is a lot from you. But don't think for a moment that I'm going home with you and let you make an entrance with erring sister and a couple of hallelujahs."

"Please come home, honey. You can't stay here, and I'll get you back before anyone misses you."

"How did you find me, anyway?"

"Peyton Weldon called me out of bed. He telephoned me that Darricott had run off with you."

Rachel sneered: "How like Peytie to put it up to you. He always hires somebody else to do his dirty work when he can."

"I imagine that Weldon had been drinking, too," said Anthony. "He just said that you were here. He didn't mention that Darricott had with him Miss—Miss—"



"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jamie, introduce her!" Rachel exclaimed. "And give me her name in writing."

"Miss Page," said Jamie. "This is Mr. Anthony Fendley."

"How do you do?" said Sibyl demurely.

"How do you do?" said Anthony with a bow to the voice, but a suspicious glance at the costume. "If I had known Miss Page was with you," he told Rachel, "I shouldn't have been so alarmed. I telephoned this address but I was told that nobody was here. I thought there might be an unlisted number, and I thought I knew where to find it."

Rachel broke in darkly: "I know. In Mother's private address book. Was she in yet?"

"Not yet," Anthony sighed. "I called the private number and got no answer. Then I started around the town. I've spent the night looking everywhere. Then I tried the number again and heard your voice."

"Did you see Mother anywhere?"

"Yes. She was at the Lido, but she was all right—she seemed sad, but she was with a crowd."

"Mother is always unhappy in a crowd," said Rachel with a reproachful yet appealing glance at Darricott. There was something about this brother and sister that left them as forlorn and pitiful as two Babes in the Wood, lost and afraid and doomed. Rachel had a tender impulse, which she expressed in her way. She went closer to Anthony, poured a little brandy in the glass she still held and offered it to him, saying:

"You're all in, old-timer. You need a nip no end."

Anthony stared at the liquor, then at her. His first impulse was to strike the glass from her fingers, but he realized how foreign a gesture that would be, and caught his head in his hands as if he would crush his skull in on his thwarted brain. Either because she was really hard or had to be to keep from a ruinous softness, Rachel laughed.

"All right. If you don't want her I want her."

She drained the glass herself, then surrendered it and the bottle to Darricott, who was beginning to chafe at the heavy drafts the Fendleys were making on his hospitality. He also took thought for Sibyl, who was wavering with exhaustion. Darricott's impatience took the form of an invitation which sometimes gives the necessary jolt to callers who have no self-starter.

"Sit down, won't you?" he said.

"Thanks," said Fendley with a minimum of gratitude; "I'm just waiting for Rachel to come along."

"Rachel's not coming along," said Rachel. "Miss—Pagie is going to take me home."

Sibyl had an intuition that Rachel was even less inclined to leave her alone with Darricott than to accept her brother's company, but she tried to cooperate in the first task of eliminating Anthony. She said:

"I'll be leaving soon and I'll be glad to drop your sister at her house."

"In that case—" Anthony began, gave another glance of doubt at Sibyl's costume and did not finish what he did not (Continued on page 229)

That sneaking venomous Darricott, thought Fendley. It was his youth, his charm that had led Helena astray. He must not leave this ruined home unscathed.

*In Which
You
Learn
Once More
that
Boys will be
Boys*



JEEVES *and the* *love that purifies*

THERE is a ghastly moment in the year, generally about the beginning of August, when Jeeves insists on taking a holiday, the slacker, and legs it off to some seaside resort for a couple of weeks, leaving me stranded. This moment had now arrived, and we were discussing what was to be done with the young master.

"I had gathered the impression, sir," said Jeeves, "that you were proposing to accept Mr. Sipperley's invitation to join him at his Hampshire residence."

I laughed. One of those bitter, rasping ones.

"Correct, Jeeves. I was. But mercifully I was enabled to discover young Sippy's foul plot in time. Do you know what?"

"No, sir."

"My spies informed me that Sippy's fiancée, Miss Moon, was to be there. Also his fiancée's mother, Mrs. Moon, and his fiancée's small brother, Master Moon. You see the hideous treachery lurking behind the invitation?"

"Obviously, my job was to be the task of keeping Mrs. Moon and little Sebastian Moon interested and amused while Sippy and his blighted girl went off for the day, roaming the pleasant woodlands and talking of this and that. I doubt if anyone has ever had a narrower escape. You remember little Sebastian?"

"Yes, sir."

"His goggle-eyes? His golden curls?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know why it is, but I've never been able to bear with fortitude anything in the shape of a kid with golden curls. Confronted with one, I feel the urge to step on him or drop things on him from a height."

"Many strong natures are affected in the same way, sir."

"So no *chez* Sippy for me. Was that the front door-bell ringing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Somebody stands without?"

"Yes, sir."

"Better go and see who it is."

"Yes, sir."

He oozed off, to return a moment later bearing a telegram. I opened it, and a soft smile played about the lips.

"Amazing how often things happen as if on a cue, Jeeves. This is from Aunt Dahlia, inviting me down to her place in Worcestershire."

"Most satisfactory, sir."

"Yes. How I came to overlook her when searching for a haven, I can't think. The ideal home from home. Picturesque surroundings, company's own water and the best cook in England. You have not forgotten Anatole?"

"No, sir."

"And above all, Jeeves, at Aunt Dahlia's there should be an almost total shortage of blasted kids. True, there is her son Bonzo, who, I take it, will be home for the

By P. G. Wodehouse



"Sebastian got a nail in his shoe. It hurt to walk, so I gave him a piggy-back," said Thos., smiling that bally saintlike smile of his.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

holidays, but I don't mind Bonzo. Buzz off and send a wire, accepting."

"Yes, sir."

"And then shove a few necessities together, including golf clubs and tennis racket."

"Very good, sir. I am glad that matters have been so happily adjusted."

I think I have mentioned before that my Aunt Dahlia stands alone in the grim regiment of my aunts as a real sort and a chirpy sportsman. She is the one, if you remember, who married old Tom Travers and, with the assistance of Jeeves, lured Mrs. Bingo Little's French cook, Anatole, into her own employment.

To visit her is always a pleasure. She generally has some cheery birds staying with her, and there is none of that rot about getting up for breakfast which one is so sadly apt to find at country houses.

It was, accordingly, with unalloyed lightness of heart that I edged the two-seater into the garage at Brinkley Court, Worc., and strolled round to the house by way of the shrubbery and the tennis lawn, to report arrival. I had just got across the lawn when a head poked itself out of the smoking-room window and beamed at me in an amiable sort of way.

"Ah, Mr. Wooster," it said.

"What ho," I replied, not to be outdone in the courtesies.

"Do you know Lord Snettisham?" Aunt Dahlia asked.

"I've met him, racing," I answered.

"He's here, and Lady Snettisham."

"And Bonzo, of course?"

"Yes. And Thomas."

"Uncle Thomas?"

"No, he's in Scotland. Your cousin Thomas."

"You don't mean Aunt Agatha's loathly son?"

"Of course I do. How many cousin Thomases do you think you've got, fathead? Agatha has gone to Hamburg and planted the child on me."

I was visibly agitated.

"But Aunt Dahlia! Do you realize what you've taken on? Have you an inkling of the scourge you've introduced into your home? In the society of young Thos., strong men quail. He is England's premier fiend in human shape. There is no devilry beyond his scope."

"THAT'S what I always gathered from the form book," agreed the relative. "But just now, curse him, he's behaving like something out of a Sunday-school story. You see, poor old Mr. Anstruther is very frail these days, and when he found he was in a house containing two small boys he acted promptly. He offered a prize of five pounds to whichever behaved best during his stay."

"The consequence is that, ever since, Thomas has had large white wings sprouting out of his shoulders." A

shadow seemed to pass across her face. She appeared embittered. "Mercenary little brute!" she said. "I never saw such a sickeningly well-behaved kid in my life. It's enough to make one despair of human nature."

I couldn't follow her. "But isn't that all to the good?" I asked.

"No, it's not."

"I can't see why. Surely a smug, oily Thos. about the house is better than a Thos. raging hither and thither and being a menace to society? Stands to reason."

"It doesn't stand to anything of the kind. You see, Bertie, this Good Conduct prize has made things a bit complex. There are wheels within wheels. The thing stirred Jane Snettisham's sporting blood to such an extent that she insisted on having a bet with me on the result."

A great light shone upon me. I got what she was driving at.

"Ah!" I said. "Now I follow. Now I see. Now I comprehend. She's betting on Thos., is she?"

"Yes. And naturally, knowing him, I thought the thing was in the bag."

"Of course."

"I couldn't see myself losing. Heaven knows I have no illusions about my darling Bonzo. Bonzo is, and has been from birth, a pest. But to bet that he would nose out Thomas in a Good Conduct contest seemed to me simply money for jam."

"Absolutely."

"When it comes to devilry, Bonzo is just a good, ordinary selling plater, whereas Thomas is a classic yearling."

"Exactly. I don't see that you have any cause to worry. Thos. can't last. He's bound to crack."

"Yes. But before that the mischief may be done."

"Mischief?"

"Yes. There is dirty work afoot, Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia gravely. "When I booked this bet, I reckoned without the hideous blackness of the Snettisham soul. Only yesterday it came to my knowledge that Jack Snettisham had been urging Bonzo to climb on the roof and boo down Mr. Anstruther's chimney."

"No!"

"Yes. Mr. Anstruther is very frail, poor old fellow, and it would have frightened him into a fit. On coming out of which, his first action would have been to disqualify Bonzo and declare Thomas the winner by default."

"But Bonzo did not boo?"

"No," said Aunt Dahlia, and a mother's pride rang in her voice. "He firmly refused to boo. Mercifully, he is in love at the moment, and it has quite altered his nature. He scorned the tempter."

"In love? With whom?"

"Lillian Gish. We had an old film of hers at the Bijou Dream in the village a week ago, and Bonzo saw her for the first time. He came out with a pale, set face, and ever since has been trying to lead a finer, better life. So the peril was averted."

"That's good."

"Yes. But now it's my turn. You don't suppose I am going to take a thing like that lying down, do you? Treat me right, and I am fairness itself; but if there is going to be any of this nobbling of starters, they'll jolly well find I can play that game, too."

"If this Good Conduct contest is to be run on rough lines, I can do my bit as well as anyone. Far too much hangs on the issue for me to handicap myself by remembering the lessons I learned at my mother's knee."

"Lot of money involved?"

"Much more than mere money. I've bet Anatole against Jane Snettisham's kitchenmaid."

"Great Scott! Uncle Thomas will have something to say if he comes back and finds Anatole gone."

"And won't he say it!"

"Pretty long odds. I mean, Anatole is famed far and wide as a hash-slinger without peer."

"Well, Jane Snettisham's kitchenmaid is not to be sneezed at. She is very hot stuff, they tell me, and good kitchenmaids nowadays are about as rare as

original Holbeins. Besides, I had to give her a shade the better of the odds. She stood out for it."

"Well, anyway, to get back to what I was saying, if the opposition are going to place temptations in Bonzo's path, they shall jolly well be placed in Thomas' path, too, and plenty of them. So ring for Jeeves and let him get his brain working."

"But I haven't brought Jeeves."

"You haven't brought Jeeves?"

"No. He always takes his holiday at this time of year. He's down at Bognor for the shrimping."

Aunt Dahlia registered deep concern. "Then send for him at once! What earthly use do you suppose you are without Jeeves, you poor ditherer?"

I drew myself up a trifle—in fact, if I recollect rightly, to my full height. Nobody has a greater respect for Jeeves than I have, but the Wooster pride was stung.

"Jeeves isn't the only one with brains," I said coolly.

"Leave this thing to me, Aunt Dahlia. By dinner time tonight I shall hope to have a fully matured scheme to submit for your approval. If I can't thoroughly encompass this Thos., I'll eat my hat."

"About all you'll get to eat if Anatole leaves," said Aunt Dahlia in a manner which I did not like to see.

I was brooding pretty tensely as I left the presence.



JAMES HUNTSMERY FLAGG

I have always had a suspicion that Aunt Dahlia, while invariably matey and bonhomous and seeming to take pleasure in my society, has a lower opinion of my intelligence than I quite like. Too often it is her practice to address me as fathead, and if I put forward any little thought or idea or fancy in her hearing it is apt to be greeted with the affectionate but jarring guffaw.

IN OUR interview she had hinted quite plainly that she considered me negligible in a crisis which, like the present one, called for initiative and resource. It was my intention to show her how greatly she had underestimated me.

To let you see the sort of fellow I really am, I got a ripe, excellent idea before I had gone halfway down the corridor. I examined it for the space of one and a half cigarets, and could see no flaw in it, provided—I say, provided old Mr. Anstruther's notion of what constituted bad conduct squared with mine.

The great thing on these occasions, as Jeeves will tell you, is to get a toe hold on the psychology of the individual. Study the individual, and you will bring home the bacon.

Now, I had been studying young Thos. for years, and I knew his psychology from caviar to nuts. He is one of those kids who never let the sun go down on their

wrath, if you know what I mean. I mean to say, do something to annoy or offend or upset this juvenile thug and he will proceed at the earliest possible opp. to wreak a hideous vengeance upon you.

Only the previous summer, for instance, it having been drawn to his attention that the man had reported him for smoking, he had marooned a cabinet minister on an island in the lake at Aunt Agatha's place in Hertfordshire—in the rain, mark you, and with no company but that of one of the nastiest-minded swans I have ever encountered. Well, I mean!

So now it seemed to me that a few well-chosen taunts, or gibes, directed at his more sensitive points, must infallibly induce in this Thos. a frame of mind which would lead to his working some sensational violence upon me. And if you wonder that I was willing to sacrifice myself to this frightful extent in order to do Aunt Dahlia a bit of good, I can only say that we Woosters are like that.

The one point that seemed to me to want a spot of cleaning up was this—viz: Would old Mr. Anstruther consider an outrage perpetrated on the person of Bertram Wooster a crime sufficiently black to cause him to rule Thos. out of the race? Or would he just give a senile chuckle and mumble something about boys being boys? Because, if the latter, (Continued on page 137)

Sebastian, with great presence of mind, dodged behind the chair and in one second Mr. Anstruther had become the wettest man in Worcestershire.



These folks really

*And yet the President of PERU,
Our Neighbor Next Door, says:*

"I AM honestly convinced that the anti-American propaganda which flourishes in some of the geographical divisions of the South American continent is not a spontaneous propaganda but is *inspired and financed by certain of your business rivals in other parts of the world*—in short, by those who are jealous and resentful of your growing commercial relations with these republics down here below the equator. Here in Peru we are greedy to have better acquaintance with you North Americans."

LIMA, where have you been all my life? Behold, here is a jewel box of a city. Whether you are a student of the olden civilizations of the New World or a mere casual sight-seer, Lima has, in compact forms, all that a city should offer you, all the beauty you could ask for, all the quaintness and picturesqueness, all the physical and spiritual essentials, and enough historical background to satisfy anybody.

As to its lately remodeled sections, it is an admirable conglomerate of modern ideas and modern ideals and yet is in all ways individualistic, this last

being due, I should say, to the fact that of the major South American capitals it remains the most Spanish-ized both as to architecture and as to the modes and moods of the people.

Go into its newly transformed parts, and what with the impressive government buildings and public buildings, the sweeping, beautifully paved boulevards, the nobly planned system of squares and parks and parkways and the swarming automobiles and taxicabs, there is about it a suggestion of Washington.

Then step around the corner and you might fancy yourself in Seville or Cádiz—women in mantillas slipping in and out of some crumbly old church; *cholos*

*Illustrations by
Reynaldo Luza*



Like Us

By Irvin
S. Cobb



leading laden donkeys along narrow, rutted streets where the house eaves in perspective seem almost to meet overhead; sidewalk markets; shop fronts with gay and curious wares; priests and soldiers; ragged aborigines and dapper municipal guards; a volume of rippling Latin voices mingling with the harsher patois of the *barbaro*—the Indian out of the interior.

Mostly, though, and especially with regard to its central portions where the principal shopping district is and the chief civic improvements of the last decade present themselves, Lima has rather the savor and the aspect of Paris: a Paris in miniature, a charming bijou of a Paris, let us say, but glory be, a Paris in which there are no swarming beggars, no greasy degenerates with vile photographs for sale, no rat-eyed "guides" importuning you to go with them to witness spectacles of unutterable depravity, no taxicabbists who insult you if you fail to tip them thrice as much as anybody else tips, no shopkeepers who fawn on you if you purchase and sneer at you if you decline to purchase.

The tradespeople, like all the rest of the people of Lima that I encountered, were courteous and gracious. They'd rather lose a trade than lose their dignity; and therein, you will allow, they are not at all like Parisians.

Now then, picture this altogether fine little combination of Paris and Washington—with that piquant dash of Seville thrown in for seasoning—as embowered in a gorgeous semitropical setting nine miles back from the salt water, with the towering ramparts of the Cordilleras, which are the most westerly chain of the intertwining Andean ranges, rearing themselves behind her.

Think of her as crowning a gently sloped plateau whereon rain, as we know rain, almost never falls, but where irrigation ditches carrying the volumes of impounded mountain streams produce from a sandy volcanic loam so much of lush, rank richness that the long-staple cotton grows on trees instead of on plants, and the sugar cane is thick and tall like bamboo, and the flowers, including the imported flowers of the North Temperate Zone, attain to an unbelievable size and luxuriance, and, in addition to an enormous variety of native fruits and vegetables, such familiar delicacies as strawberries and green corn and watermelons may

be had practically the year round at exceedingly low prices.

See Lima in the midst of her summer, which is our midwinter, when the flowering locust trees, which line the streets and the roads everywhere, are just beginning to spill their wistaria-like blooms so that the grass beneath every tree is deeply carpeted with blossoms that have fallen, and each vista is flanked with great clumps of blossoms that have not yet been shaken off; and the honey-colored Peruvian sunshine is gleaming through the masses of it all, embroidering the whole visible face of the earth with alternated bandings of royal purple and the purest, yellowest gold.

SEE Lima, in that regally brocaded dress of hers, as we did, and murmur to yourself, as we did: "We North Americans are supposed to be the most insatiable flit-abouters of the universe—forever poking into far corners of the planet on the quest after what is worth while and what is delectable. And here is this town of Lima lying, so to speak, at our very threshold, and yet for every one of us who has looked on Lima there are thousands who have been to Paris and have done London and have seen Berlin or Rome or Florence or Vienna."

Lima, what do you mean by it—hiding yourself away like this? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Or maybe we're the ones who ought to be ashamed!

A stop at Lima is surely the climax of the journey down the West Coast, but what befalls before then and what follows afterward have much to allure the newcomer.

The sea voyage is unlike any other I've ever taken. If from Panama you sail late at night, as we did, you arise next morning to find yourself out of sight of land. You are gliding over a placid sunlit course, with the flying fish flashing in and out of the lazy waves alongside like flights of silver teaspoons, and maybe a sea lion or two to show its twisting body like a huge, slick worm.

If you have the same luck we had, the Pacific will live up to its name and general reputation during the entire trip. That suits this subscriber. The poetic rooter who stood on the side lines urging the deep and dark blue ocean to roll on was not related to our family. Any time the waters take his foolish advice my ballast begins to shift and the water-tight compartments seem to give way, and it's ho! and away to (Continued on page 222)

A TEAR for a Lost Art

"NOVEMBER THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED—This morning traded Harry Maxon three Julia Arthurs for one Della Fox."

That is an entry in a boyish hand I came upon in a seared diary the other day while weeding out an attic-moldy humpbacked trunk.

To the younger generation it means nothing, save perhaps a fiendish record of some transaction in white slavery.

But to us antiquarians, daily and hopefully scanning first pages for news of success in gland experimentations, it magically rolls back the years. The notation was made at that period of adolescence when grandma whispered over the back fence to Aunt Amelia Stark, concerning my sudden abstractions: "I think he is girling."

In those dear, dead days the first show of what the movies now call the "love interest" was expressed in an avid participation in the cigaret collection craze that swept America's Boyville like fire in dry grass.

In emptying the pockets of my Sunday suit the day before, grandma had come upon, along with a sling shot, a jew's-harp, a horseshoe-nail rheumatism ring and a barlow knife with a dingus for cleaning out a horse's hoof, three shocking miniature photographs of scantily attired hussies.

One revealed a ballet-skirted lady performing the split, another a buxom harridan shamelessly clad in tights and puffing a cigaret, while the third was a devilish damsel curled up in a contortionist's knot and peeping coyly out of the picture through her legs, or rather limbs, as they were known in that chaste era.

A girl of those days who did not avoid passing the hotel on the way from her home to the post office was considered fast, and similarly, the cigaret picture stamped its owner as a sin-soaked roué. Mothers called to their daughters to come in off the front porch when he was passing along.

The cigaret picture was free with every package of five-cent cigarets of a certain brand. There was scarcely a boy in that epoch, which the late and lamented Richard V. Culter immortalized as the Gay Nineties, whose life was not consecrated to adding to his gallery.

Cigarets were for our elders—the youngsters emulated them only in corn-silk imitations behind the barn—but we scoured the back yards for old bottles, salvaged titbits from junk heaps, mowed the lawn and otherwise slaved in the cause of the Great Art. We bought package after package of five-cent cigarets just for the pictures.

And what a galaxy! Names of illustrious stage stars come tumbling out of memory's storehouse like water over Niagara—the Davenport Sisters, Camille D'Arville, Corinne, Mrs. Brown Potter, 64

Lillian Russell, Frankie Bailey, Daisy Murdock, Florrie West, Rosita, Mlle. Olga, Mabel Love and Isabelle Urquhart!

Now and then, with what seemed like ironic cruelty, the cigaret manufacturers interspersed their art offerings with prosaic pastels of the reigning baseball stars—a sissified concession to the milksop trade.

I recall squandering my last dime, earned in sacrificing the Saturday school holiday to help unload a dray of anvils at Kerr's hardware store, for a package of Turkish cork tips. I had hoped to draw a photograph of Sylvia Gerrish and thus complete my sextet of bewildering ladies in bespangled tights.

I skipped home in a paroxysm of delight with the treasured pack concealed appropriately in the left inside pocket of my coat. Out in the dim light of the coal house, far from the inquisitive eyes of Aunt Kate and grandma, I feverishly broke the government stamp, opened the cardboard box—and there, to my utter dismay, was a picture of Orval

Overall, the great pitcher of the Cubs.

There was nothing to do but grin and bear it like a little man. But to this day it stands out as one of the bitterest disappointments of the pubescent period. It is the chief reason why baseball never has inspired in me more of an emotional reflex than a yawn.

In my youthful circle of cigaret picture collectors I was distinguished for my Della Foxes. The feminine figure had not yet attained its whiplike grace. Beauty was somewhat elephantine. And to my amateur eyes the plump Della was the loveliest creature I ever beheld. She was my first stage love.

Although I worshiped only from afar I had constant reminders of her pulchritudinous presence all about me. My collection included her in fourteen different poses, aside from the pink clipping of her from the Police Gazette which I slyly pasted on the back of the mirror—the one hanging over the tin washbasin outside the kitchen door.

Under the slim mattress of my cot—I slept in the room with grandma until I donned long trousers—was secreted Della Fox in tights kittenishly arching a bow, standing imperiously with a shepherd's crook, reclining on a stage rock, in a Spanish laced bodice daintily holding her skirt edges at arm's length, in glittering black jet looking over her shoulder and holding a silk hat aloft, and in many other postures now difficult to recall.

I thought of Della Fox by day and dreamed of her by night. Apples were no longer slicked up to be placed on teacher's desk. Local girls at whom I had cast sheep's eyes became suddenly freckled,





MABEL LOVE

Shed by O. O. McIntyre

awkward and small-townish. I sent a quarter to Box 112, Dept. J, Toledo, O., in answer to an advertisement, "How to Attract Women!" I began carrying a pocket comb and

went to dancing school without a protest.

It was in the midst of this frenzy of a new art that Della Fox came to our town to appear with DeWolf Hopper in "Wang." How I lived through the interval from the first poster announcement in front of Ikey Kaufman's theater until she stepped from the three-twelve Hocking Valley afternoon train offers a study in human fortitude. Outwardly I was calm; inwardly I seethed.

I confided my overwhelming admiration to Bert France, the stage electrician, and he promised to smuggle me back stage for a close-up of my dream lady. I went through all the primping ablutions of the beaux of the time, even larding my hair and sprinkling my coat lapels with *eau de Cologne* from sister's atomizer.

I was sixteen and mostly wrists, knuckles, teeth and the customary adenoids, but never since have I felt so much the debonair worldling. For what seemed an interminable number of years I stood in a flurry of fear off stage—waiting.

Then the Big Moment!

A dressing-room door opened and there SHE stood, gorgeously arrayed in pink flesh tights, her bare neck and arms powdered to a snowy whiteness. In her hand was a lighted cigaret—the one she puffed while singing about "a summer night, a babbling brook." Remember?

My heart executed several loop-the-loops and stood still. She was moving toward me for her entrance. Through the blur it struck me her expression had somehow lost its photographic sweetness. She appeared to halt right at my side and I heard what I always imagined was a mellifluous voice thunder at the stage manager: "What is this brat doing in the wings?"

How easily the careless word or the heedless gesture may break a tender heart! I crept back to the little frame house on Court Street—a stricken, bruised and disillusioned thing, refusing the usual slice of sugared bread and glass of fresh milk before retiring. The world went on.

Tomorrow children would go laughing by to school; Uncle Jimmy Langley would stop in for the monthly payment on the sewing machine; Bob Mitchell, the drayman, would jog through town whistling, "In the Sweet By and By"; Tom Harvey would give the gang yell at the back door and hold up two fingers for the secret swimming expedition, and in the evening Professor Pausey Lawson's band would give a concert in the public square. Ah, yes, the world went on!

But I would be out in the back yard behind the chicken coop alone with faithful old dog Clay and my grief. This was my cloister in hours of youthful despair. Clay understood. Perhaps after the town was asleep I would creep out and down to the ice piers at the river edge.

There would be a splash and the muddy waters would close over one who had so tragically loved and lost. Hushed men would march grimly through town bearing a dripping wet body with a forlorn hand clutching a picture of Della Fox. A march to cemetery hill with only old Clay following the hearse. Who knew? Who cared?

Yet grandma realized that something was amiss, though the dear soul never suspected the truth. After I was in bed I heard her call out to Doctor Jim Hanson, passing in his buggy, to drop in to see me in the morning. She feared I was suffering another attack of the vapors.

The record would not be complete without including my next meeting with Della Fox, after a lapse of years. As a journalistic fledgling in New York, I was sent by my city editor to interview the lady. She had reached the sunset of life and had been eddied into the backwaters in what seemed a rather shabby theatrical hotel.

I spoke to her of her appearance in my town and of our meeting. She recalled neither and I left terrifically conscious of the mustiness and emptiness of a dead passion.

It is pleasant, however, to set down in this piece that cigaret picture collections have survived. Modern collectors have made them somewhat a fad. Many photos that we collected when our world was young are reputed prized at figures exceeding one thousand dollars.

Among the notable collectors are a millionaire steel magnate, a famous cartoonist, a best-selling novelist and the curator of a western museum. So this craze of the 'nineties may have possessed

more significance for posterity than the world imagines.

In conclusion, my cultural flair for art has not progressed since those Sweet Cap days. I have wandered about the Louvre trying to simulate the studied meditation of those about me but found myself uncomfortably bored. I have journeyed to the Metropolitan in New York and to the galleries of the Florentine masters.

I have actually touched the original "Mona Lisa" in Paris and the original "Blue Boy" in Pasadena and have striven to appear absorbed and enthused, but it was all a bluff.

Even now, hip-deep in middle years, the old appeal holds me in its unconquerable grip. Right at this moment I would gladly, if I possessed them, trade two Romneys and a Rembrandt for one life-size Ada Rehan—in tights!



DAISY MURDOCK



ISABELLE UGHART

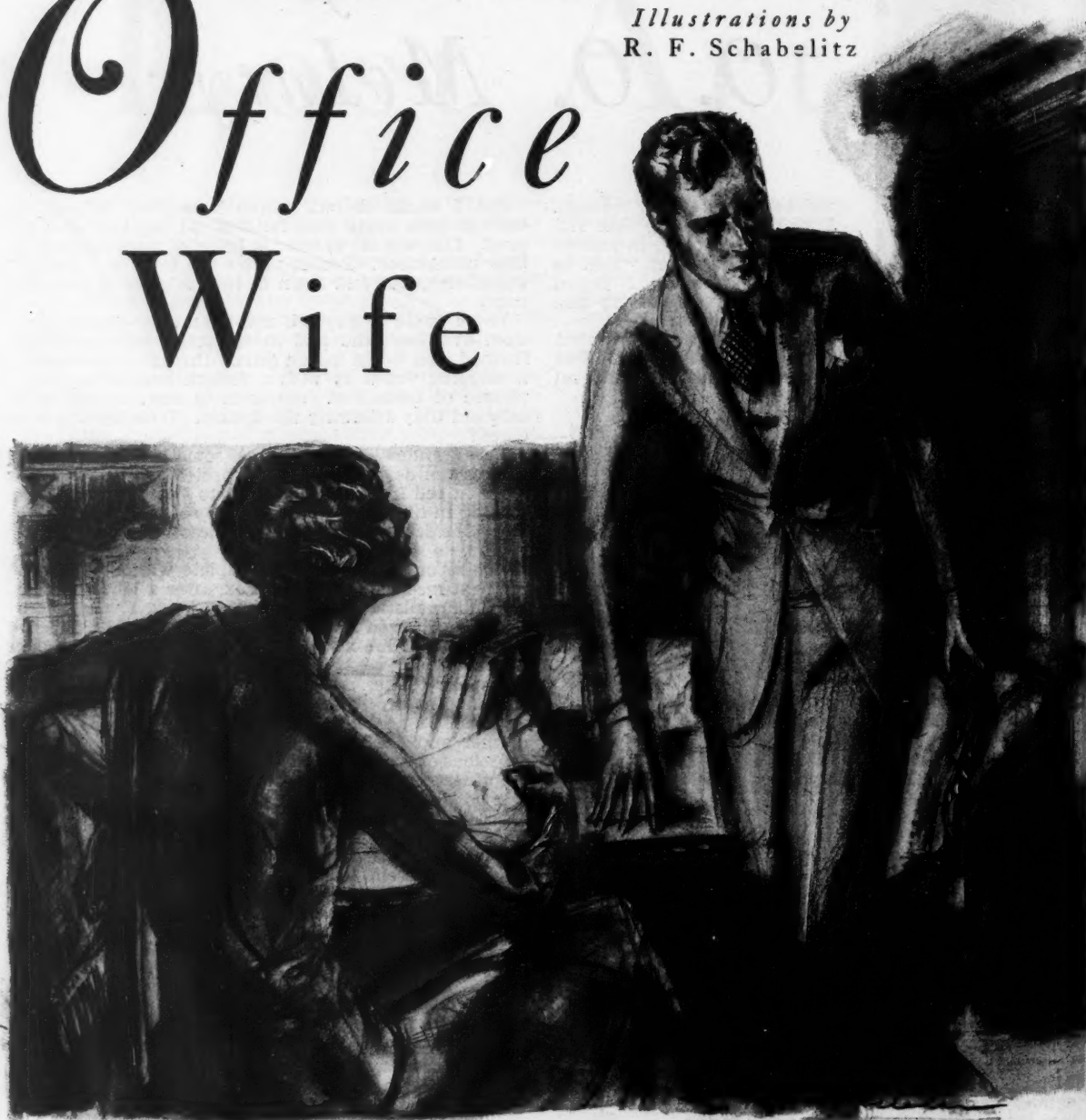


FANNY WARD

The Office Wife

A Novel of Today by

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz



"Ten minutes?" begged Eaton. "No, not five!" said Linda. "Don't you know Miss Murdock has to sleep long enough to be able to conduct your business tomorrow?"

The Story So Far:

IF PEOPLE ever wondered why the employees of the Eaton Advertising Agency, nine stories above Park Avenue, were so fiercely loyal to their chief, they would have been answered if they could have heard him laugh. Occasionally women said that Lawrence Eaton was the most attractive man of their acquaintance. His friend Jameson, hearing that magnetic laughter, did not doubt it.

"Well, what's the joke?" he asked, grinning in sympathy.

"It's the dickens the way a man gets to depend on his secretary, isn't it?" said Eaton. "Miss Andrews has been—splendid—but it looks as if she had outlived her usefulness here . . . Nerves."

"Nerves! No wonder she has them. She has a right

to crawl with them! No emotional outlet, my boy; and you or I or any man knows what that means." Jameson's time was his own but he had not spent all his life clipping coupons.

"I don't see it," Eaton said stubbornly; but he did see it, being no fool, and his heart sank. Latterly Janet Andrews had been close to tears much of the time. And she had fussed over him so. She had been far worse than a wife—than his wife, at any rate.

Eaton had come to one of his characteristic quick decisions.

"I am going to give you a leave of absence, Miss Andrews," he told her quickly but most kindly. "I think you need and deserve a rest. You work hard and your vacations have been inadequate."

Faith Baldwin, who wrote "Alimony"

BECAUSE the private secretary comes so close to her employer she has set herself a new standard of men. The young business woman who may not be at all emotionally involved with the man to whom she gives her working hours, finds nevertheless that her personal life is colored and complicated by her association with this man. And if she has standards of comparison, so, by the same token, has the business man. How many business men wish futilely that their homes could be run as well as their offices, and their wives comprehend their needs as swiftly as their secretaries!



"Does that mean that I am—dismissed? Please, please do not send me away from you," she implored, so desperately unhappy that she did not realize what she was saying.

Her attitude settled things for him and he said firmly: "You see, Miss Andrews, how quickly you become upset? I am not sending you away. I am giving you a leave of absence with a good chance to recover your health and return to us."

And when she left at the end of a terrible week it was with the definite

knowledge of being supplanted by bright-haired, vital, alive young Anne Murdock.

Anne had been three years at the Eaton Agency when her opportunity came. To work with a man of Lawrence Eaton's breadth and power was something to dream of, for Anne had ambitions beyond a suburban home with Ted O'Hara, who was on her own rung of the ladder. What Anne had seen of marriage had not endeared it to her. There was Betty Howard, supporting a husband at Saranac, and Anne's mother, working her life out in their home. Instinctively she understood her sister Kathleen's ambition to go into the chorus of "The Sky Girl."

"Let her go, Dad," she told their father quietly. "If you oppose her she'll do something foolish. It's better to have her confidence."

"All right, then," he grumbled. "If anything bad comes of this business you can blame yourself. I wash my hands of it."

Much later Anne had reason to remember that placing of responsibility, but now, if she felt a twinge of misgiving about Kathleen, it was as faint as the ironic hoot of laughter in the back of her brain when she thought of Janet Andrews. Of course, Anne told herself, she admired Janet's former employer, admired him greatly, but that was all . . . Had Janet once reasoned in the same manner—"but that was all?"

Poor Janet, whom she had thought so sexless, had permitted her sex to run away with her sanity. Was it not possible for a woman to work with a man, with a dangerously attractive man, even, and still find herself more worker than woman?

Anne thought it was and went back to her typing, and did not know that Lawrence Eaton, listening half consciously to the rapid staccato to which business is tuned, sighed a little and smiled a little and wondered why he was suddenly so restless and yet so unwontedly content . . .

LAURENCE EATON'S New York home was the duplex penthouse on the roof of an upper Fifth Avenue apartment building overlooking the Park and the blue waters of the reservoir. Eaton, who had been brought up in an old brick house at the lower end of the Avenue, and whose early married life had been lived in the same district in one of the Brides' Row houses, had yet to accustom himself to an apartment.

But Linda liked their home, and, after all, it was Linda who really lived in it. He slept there, he entertained there, but he did not live there in the intimate sense in which Linda did.

Shortly before Christmas Dick Jameson dined with the Eatons. Another woman was present, Edith Lucien, an attractive widow, one of

Linda's close friends. After dinner the four played bridge.

Linda Eaton was at her best as hostess. She had a genius for making people comfortable, and was by nature amiable and gay-hearted. And she was handsome.

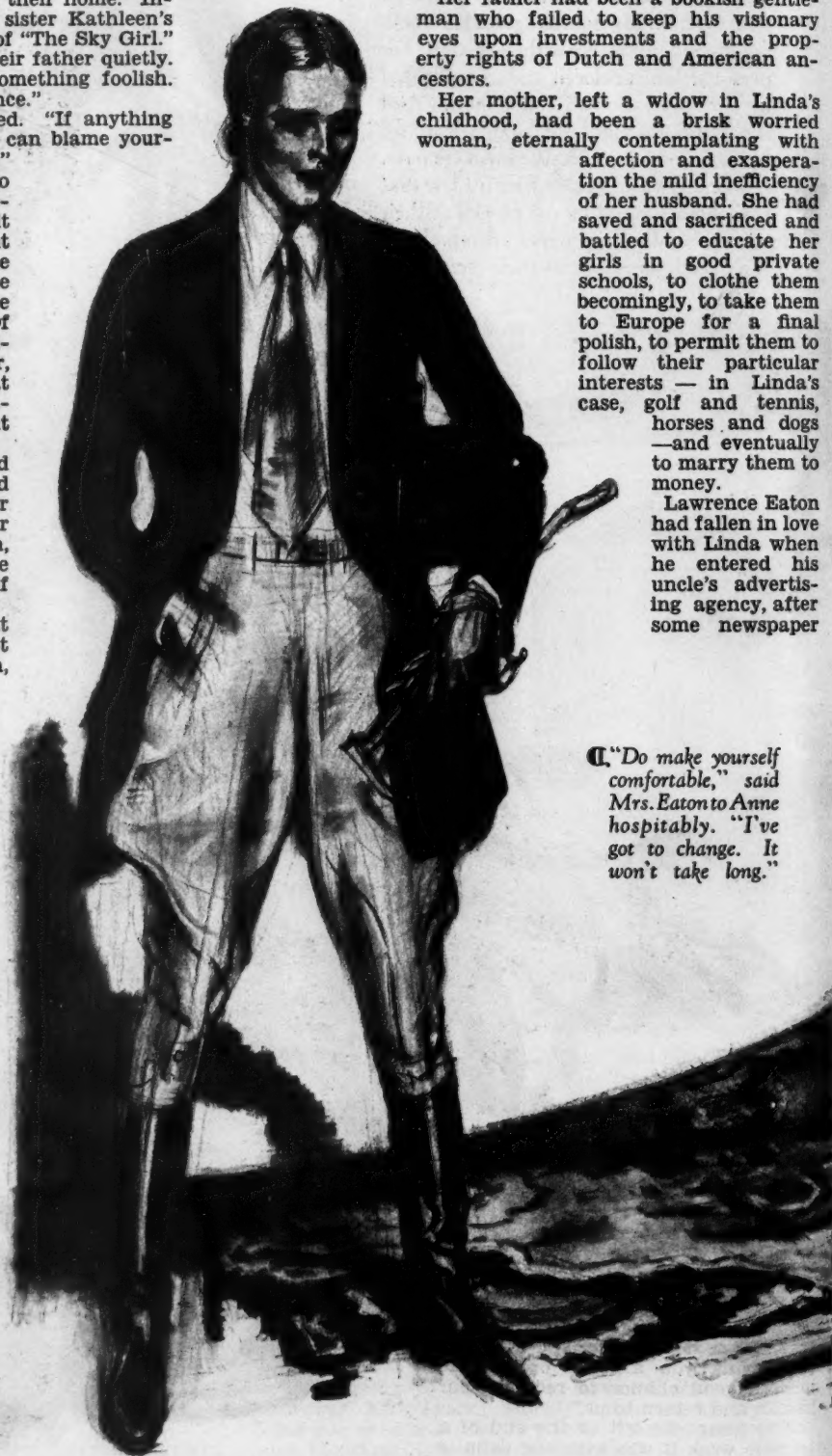
At the time of her marriage to Eaton, she had been a rawboned girl, with masses of blue-black hair and brown eyes. Born Linda Schuyler, she was the fourth daughter of an impoverished family.

Her father had been a bookish gentleman who failed to keep his visionary eyes upon investments and the property rights of Dutch and American ancestors.

Her mother, left a widow in Linda's childhood, had been a brisk worried woman, eternally contemplating with

affection and exasperation the mild inefficiency of her husband. She had saved and sacrificed and battled to educate her girls in good private schools, to clothe them becomingly, to take them to Europe for a final polish, to permit them to follow their particular interests—in Linda's case, golf and tennis, horses and dogs—and eventually to marry them to money.

Lawrence Eaton had fallen in love with Linda when he entered his uncle's advertising agency, after some newspaper



C"Do make yourself comfortable," said Mrs. Eaton to Anne hospitably. "I've got to change. It won't take long."

experience and a period of salesmanship. The other girls were safely and happily married, and Mrs. Schuyler—seeing the drive in Eaton, the urge forward which would make him a money-maker in his own right, though he had inherited a small fortune from his father, and also counting on the fact that Eaton would be his uncle's heir—encouraged the match.

Linda, at twenty-two, had been as much in love with young Eaton as her nature permitted—a breezy, affectionate sort of love which had reached the clean heights of a wholesome and normal passion. Now, at thirty-two, she liked her husband enormously, admired him, was proud of him and went her way, amiable and serene.

Linda was much handsomer than she had been in her girlhood. She carried herself magnificently and was beautifully gowned. She knew how to spend money—well; she was neither parsimonious nor extravagant.

The Eatons had an established place in the more conservative walks of Manhattan society, and Lawrence Eaton was fond of Linda and proud of her.

At twenty-seven he had been very much in love with her. Her out-of-door wholesomeness, her clarity of outlook, her lack of frets and fevers, held a tremendous appeal for him. So, loving her, he had married her. This he had never regretted, although he was now aware that his affection for her was as settled and unstimulating as if they had been forty years married.

There was no child. Not long after her marriage Linda had been thrown in the hunting field, and for a long period of invalidism had been forced to possess her soul in patience. She had recovered completely, but Eaton's early inarticulate dreams of husky, splendid sons and pretty wheedling daughters had, perforce, to vanish forever.

So, they were fond of each other now, but they had outgrown each other. They had little in common; their interests lay apart. And that first sunny passion no longer existed.

Each was too busy to give much time to heart-searching. Yet each had reached a perilous period in development. The man was nearing forty; the woman had passed thirty. The rose-blossom flush of youth was gone; they stood on the threshold of their prime—their second blooming.

Now and again, Eaton, hearing of some amazing volte-face of a contemporary—a (Continued on page 150)



A True Experience in Black Magic



Vampire

Woman

By W. B.

Seabrook

who wrote "The Magic Island"

THIS is the factual story—I must make the point clear be-

cause it would be incredible as ordinary fiction—of a beautiful, talented and intelligent American girl caught in the grip of a mysterious, primordial force which would have led her surely to the torture chamber and the stake if she had lived in medieval times, and just as surely in this relatively enlightened age to a prison cell or a madhouse, if she had not been rescued from it.

For the purpose of this narrative we shall call her Helen Penfield. I had known her for five years—first when she was a student at college; later when we became good friends cruising on her father's yawl in the Sound, and finally in Paris, where her sculpture was beginning to attract attention.

She was a lovely creature, tall, pale, flowerlike but strong in her curved slenderness, with a magnificent mane of red hair which she never had bobbed, and green eyes flecked with gold. She lived on the Left Bank but one never saw her at the Select or the Dôme or any of the strident places where dabblers, poseurs and tourists gather.

Helen Penfield worked. One seldom saw her anywhere except in her own cluttered atelier in the Rue Val de Grâce, where even of a late afternoon one found her oftener than not alone in a clay-stained smock, still modeling, sometimes glad of an excuse to stop, sometimes impatient of the interruption.

Helen had always been a strange though likable sort of girl. The Penfields were an old Connecticut family who had been wealthy, socially prominent and pleasure-loving for several generations; but she herself apparently had never cared for the gayety, social excitement, popularity which her position and extraordinary attractiveness could so easily have gained her. And now in Paris, though I felt she was glad to see me, I had the impression that she had become even more reserved, more withdrawn into herself, as if she had set up an invisible barrier between herself and the outside world.

Such friends as she had, however—some of them unusual for an American girl in her situation—were genuinely devoted, and though she rarely went to their houses and studios, she was always welcome.

For instance, there was Père Joseph Hippolyte, the white-bearded, keen-eyed old Jesuit physicist, famous in scientific circles for his studies in the field of supernatural borderline phenomena connected with medicine and surgery, at whose home in the Saint-Sulpice quarter occurred one evening the strange episode which all

of us stupidly dismissed as nothing more than a fantastic coincidence.

It was only by chance that Helen was present that evening. Doctor Albert Koël, a Sorbonne confrère of Père Joseph's, had discovered a Mademoiselle Lupochenko who claimed to possess abnormal powers, physical rather than psychic, including the ability to heal cuts and burns, and to control and stanch the flow of blood. There are curious phenomena in this category which never have been explained adequately. They had planned an experiment and had invited me to witness it, since I had been studying similar phenomena among the dervishes and Hindus.

When I arrived Mademoiselle Lupochenko was seated in the library. I had imagined, without any special reason, that she would be past middle age, dowdy, earnest, perhaps shabby. Instead she was a *svelte*, darkly beautiful woman of not more than thirty, slightly hard of face, dressed a bit too exotically, exquisitely gloved in black kid, though long black gloves were out of fashion.

I suspected that we were dealing with a smart adventureress rather than with a woman possessed of authentic power. As we sat talking, Helen Penfield dropped in unexpectedly with Rudolph Zorn, the novelist, and Ann Trumbull, the portrait painter. Since Mademoiselle Lupochenko made no objection we invited them to remain.

What Mademoiselle Lupochenko was or what she did on this occasion—which I must nevertheless describe briefly—has no bearing on the tragic case of Helen Penfield, except that it caused the revealing accident which at the time we dismissed so casually. It seems perhaps stupid now, but the true interpretation was in a literal sense unthinkable.

THE experiment itself was fairly simple. Doctor Koël, seated at a table, turned back the cuff from his left wrist, dabbed the skin with alcohol and nicked the transverse superficial vein with a small scalpel. There was nothing unpleasantly sanguinary about it, even to a squeamish person; the flow was extremely slight, trickling, but steady.

Since the vein itself was cut, however, if Mademoiselle Lupochenko by any mysterious method of her own could stem even that tiny flow, she would be well worth further serious study.

We were all gathered round the table, watching intently. Mademoiselle Lupochenko leaned towards Doctor Koël, bending her head as if nearsightedly studying the puncture, then laid her opened lips lightly to the surface of his wrist, encircling the spot, and seemed to breathe upon it, precisely as I had seen Hindu fakirs do. A moment later I heard a faint mumbling as if of muttered prayer or incantation, and saw that the muscles of her mouth were moving, still pressed against Doctor Koël's wrist.

This continued for nearly a full minute as we all

stood intently watching. At last the woman raised her head, saying, "It has ceased. You will see."

As a matter of fact the flow had completely stopped, though there was no visible evidence of coagulation. Père Joseph and I bent over more closely than the rest, he peering through a large reading glass to aid his old eyes. It seemed to me that the wound itself had actually constricted, tightened, but I still felt there was something spurious about it, something wrong.

Doctor Koël said nothing. The others, who had exclaimed in surprise, were now silent, waiting to hear what Père Joseph had to say. Finally he said gently, though I sensed—and I think the others did too—something reserved, more than noncommittal in his tones: "Well, it is very, very interesting."

There was an awkward pause. I looked at Mademoiselle Lupochenko. When she had first arisen, triumphant but slightly nervous, there had been a thin streak of scarlet from the corner of her mouth, as if a lip-stick had slipped. Now she was seated apart, still slightly nervous and defiant, I thought, pretending to be absorbed for the moment with her hand mirror and powder compact. I am not sure that any of us had spoken to her directly since she moved away from the table.

IN THE silence, perhaps to relieve the tension, perhaps in a burst of *bona fide* painter's enthusiasm—for there had been something disturbingly, viciously beautiful in the Russian woman's face with the chin marked by that scarlet streak—Ann Trumbull cried out:

"Oh, Mam'zelle, what a superb model you would have made just now for a medieval vampire, or rather, a vampire Model 1929! Do you remember that picture by István Csók in the Luxembourg? If you would consent, I might do something gorgeous!"

Mademoiselle Lupochenko, already subtly on the defensive for reasons of her own, instead of accepting the compliment graciously, chose to be offended, though not apparently at the allusion to vampires, and said with cold politeness: "Please understand that I am not a model. I do not pose for artists."

Before Ann, who we all knew had a quick temper and a sharp tongue, could reply to that, our peace-loving, gentle host, Père Joseph, intervened.

"No, my dear Ann, you must forgive me for intruding into the field of art with an old theologian's lore, but Mademoiselle Lupochenko, though we may all agree that she is beautiful, is not the classic vampire type, for her coloring is brunet. Dom Augustin Calmet informs us, and various earlier church fathers agree, that

the human vampire may always be distinguished by hair which is a special vivid shade of red.

"So you see," he added with a smile, "our Helen here would serve you better as a model if you chose to go in for ladies of the original vampire persuasion."

As Père Joseph spoke Helen's name, our eyes turned naturally toward her. She had risen some moments before and was standing over near the chimney corner with her back turned, seemingly absorbed in scanning the titles of the books which lined the wall to the ceiling on that side of the room.

Now, sensing our eyes on her, she pivoted to face us—but in the instant of turning, before any of us could leap toward her to support her, she sagged suddenly and fell in a crumpled heap on the floor.

We carried her to a couch. She was still unconscious and deadly pale as Ann chafed her hands, but Doctor Koël, who had verified her pulse and breathing while Père Joseph went to fetch a vial of aromatic spirits, said: "There's nothing to be alarmed at. It's only a spell of faintness. I think she'll come out of it in a moment and be all right."

She opened her eyes slowly, shuddered, closed her eyes again for a long instant, and then reopened them and said: "Do please forgive me! It was so silly of me. I felt dizzy all at once—felt the room going round."

"You'll be all right in a minute," said Doctor Koël. "A drop of brandy now, and a good night's sleep, and then take it easy for a few days. You may even have a cigaret in a moment if you like. Nothing to be worried about."

His diagnosis seemed to be correct, for a quarter of an hour later Helen seemed to be herself again, and Ann, whose studio was also in the Rue Val de Grâce, said she'd see her safely home to bed. They both preferred it that way, they said. They were tired. It would be better if neither Zorn nor I came along.

Mademoiselle Lupochenko, who had been politely sympathetic, soon took her own departure, on the understanding that Doctor Koël would communicate with her later, so we four men were left alone.

"Now we'll have a look," said Koël, who had covered the puncture on his wrist with a bit of gauze and court-plaster, which he now detached. "It was disappointing. I thought there really might be something worth looking into. Yes, that's it, see? It's dried now and I'll just have a taste with the tip of my tongue to make sure. Yes, it's tannic acid..."

"A powerful astringent, you know"—turning to Zorn and me—"like alum (Cont. on page 169)



Helen sagged suddenly and fell in a crumpled heap on the floor before any of us could leap toward her to support her.

By *Damon Runyon*



"What are you doing this afternoon, beautiful one?" asks Benny as we are telling her good night, even though it is morning.

Dark Dolores

A Girl that men Would—

*and, to their own surprise, did—*Die for

WALDO WINCHESTER, the newspaper scribe, is saying to me the other night up in the Hot Box that it is a very great shame there are no dolls around such as in the old days to make good stories for the newspapers by knocking off guys right and left, because it seems that newspaper scribes consider a doll knocking off a guy very fine news indeed, especially if the doll or the guy belongs to the best people.

"Why," Waldo Winchester says, "if we only have a Cleopatra, or a Helen of Troy, or even a Queen Elizabeth around now guzzling guys every few minutes, think what a great thing it will be for the circulation of the newspapers, especially the tabloids. The best we get nowadays is some doll belting a guy with a sash weight, or maybe filling him full of slugs, and this is no longer exciting."

Then Waldo Winchester tells me about a doll by the name of Lorelei who hangs out in the Rhine River some time ago and stools sailors up to the rocks to get them wrecked, which I consider a dirty trick, although Waldo does not seem to make so much of it. Furthermore, he speaks of another doll by the name of Circe, who is quite a hand for luring guys to destruction, and by the time Waldo gets to Circe he is crying because there are no more dolls like her around to furnish news for the papers.

But of course the real reason Waldo is crying is not because he is so sorry about Circe. It is because he is full of the liquor they sell in the Hot Box, which is liquor that is apt to make anybody bust out crying on a very short notice. In fact, they sell the cryingest liquor in town up in the Hot Box.

Well, I get to thinking over these dolls Waldo Winchester speaks of, and thinks I, the chances are Dolores Dark connects up with one of them away back yonder, and maybe with all of them for all I know, Dolores Dark being the name of a doll I meet when I am in Atlantic City with Dave the Dude the time of the big peace conference.

Afterwards I hear she is called Dark Dolores in some spots on account of her complexion, but her name is really the other way around. But first I will explain how it is I am in Atlantic City with Dave the Dude the time of the big peace conference, as follows:

One afternoon I am walking along Broadway thinking of not much, when I come on Dave the Dude just getting in a taxicab with a suitcase in his duke, and the next thing I know Dave is jerking me into the cab and telling the jockey to go to the Penn Station. This is how I come to be in Atlantic City the time of the big peace conference, although of course I have nothing to do with the peace conference, and am only with Dave the Dude to keep him company.

I AM a guy who is never too busy to keep people company, and Dave the Dude is a guy who just naturally loves company. In fact, he hates to go anywhere, or be anywhere, by himself, and the reason is because when he is by himself Dave the Dude has nobody to nod him yes, and if there is one thing Dave is very fond of, it is to have somebody to nod him yes. Why it is that Dave the Dude does not have Big Nig with him I do not know, for Big Nig is Dave's regular nod-guy. But I am better than a raw hand myself at nodding.

In fact, I am probably as good a nod-guy as there is in this town, where there must be three million nod-guys, and why not, because the way I look at it, it is no bother whatever to nod a guy. In fact, it saves a lot of conversation.

Anyway, there I am in Atlantic City the time of the big peace conference, although I wish to say right now that if I know in advance who is going to be at this peace conference, or that there is going to be any peace conference, I will never be anywhere near Atlantic City, because the parties mixed up in it are no kind of associates for a nervous guy like me.

It seems this peace conference is between certain citizens of St. Louis, such as Black Mike Marrio, Benny the Blond Jew and Scoodles' Shea, who all have different mobs in St. Louis, and who are all ripping and tearing at each other for a couple of years over such propositions as to who shall have what in the way of business privileges of one kind and another, including alky, and liquor, and gambling.

FROM what I hear there is plenty of shooting going on between these mobs, and guys getting topped right and left. Also there is much heaving of bombs, and all this and that, until finally the only people making any dough in the town are the undertakers, and it seems there is no chance of anybody cutting in on the undertakers, though Scoodles Shea tries.

Well, Scoodles, who is a pretty smart guy, and who is once in the war in France, finally remembers that when all the big nations get broke, and sick and tired of fighting, they hold a peace conference and straighten things out, so he sends word to Black Mike and Benny the Blond Jew that maybe it will be a good idea if they do the same thing, because half their guys are killed anyway, and trade is strictly on the bum.

It seems Black Mike and Benny think very well of this proposition, and are willing to meet Scoodles in a peace conference, but Scoodles, who is a very suspicious character, asks where they will hold this conference. He says he does not wish to hold any conference with Black Mike and Benny in St. Louis, except maybe in his own cellar, because he does not know of any other place in St. Louis where he will be safe from being guzzled by some of Black Mike's or Benny's guys, and he says he does not suppose Black Mike and Benny will care to go into his cellar with him.

Well, he supposes a hundred percent right, although I hear Black Mike's cellar is not a bad place, as he keeps his wine there, but still from what I see of him personally, Black Mike is not such a guy as I will care to chum up with in a cellar.

So Scoodles Shea finally asks how about Atlantic City, and it seems this is agreeable to Black Mike because he has a cousin in Atlantic City by the name of Pisano that he does not see since they leave the old country.

Benny the Blond Jew says any place is okay with him as long as it is not in the State of Missouri, because, he says, he does not care to be seen anywhere in the State of Missouri with Black Mike and Scoodles, as it will be a knock to his reputation. This seems to sound somewhat insulting, and almost busts up the peace conference before it starts, but finally Benny withdraws the bad crack, and says he does not mean the State of Missouri, but only St. Louis, so the negotiations proceed, and they settle on Atlantic City as the spot.

Then Black Mike says some outside guy must sit in with



Dave the Dude always gives everybody a square rattle.

them as a sort of umpire, and help them iron out their arguments, and Benny says he will take President Hoover, Colonel Lindbergh, or Chief Justice Taft. Now of course this is great foolishness to think they can get any one of these parties, because the chances are President Hoover, Colonel Lindbergh and Chief Justice Taft are too busy with other things to bother about ironing out a mob war in St. Louis.

So finally Scoodles Shea suggests Dave the Dude. Both Black Mike and Benny say Dave is okay, though Benny holds out for some time for at least Chief Justice Taft. So Dave the Dude is asked to act as umpire for the St. Louis guys, and he is glad to do same, for Dave often steps into towns where guys are battling and straightens them out, and

sometimes they do not start battling again for several weeks after he leaves town.

You see, Dave the Dude is friendly with everybody everywhere, and is known to one and all as a right guy, and one who always gives everybody a square rattle in propositions of this kind. Furthermore, it is a pleasure for Dave to straighten guys out in other towns, because the battling tangles up his own business interests in spots such as St. Louis.

Now it seems that on their way to the station to catch a train for Atlantic City, Scoodles Shea and Black Mike and Benny decide to call on a young guy by the name of Frankie Farrone, who bobs up all of a sudden in St. Louis with plenty of nerve, and who is causing them no little bother one way and another.

In fact, it seems that this Frankie Farrone is as good a reason as any other why Scoodles and Black Mike and Benny are willing to hold a peace conference, because Frankie Farrone is nobody's friend in particular and he is biting into all three wherever he can, showing no respect whatever to old-established guys.

It looks as if Frankie Farrone will sooner or later take the town away from them if they let him go far enough, and while each one of the three tries at different times to make a connection with him, it seems he is just naturally a lone wolf, and wishes no part of any of them. In fact, somebody hears Frankie Farrone say he expects to make Scoodles Shea and Black Mike and Benny jump out of a window before he is through with them, but whether he means one window, or three different windows, he does not say.

SO THERE is really nothing to be done about Frankie Farrone but to call on him, especially as the three are now together, because the police pay no attention to his threats, and make no move to protect Scoodles and Black Mike and Benny, the law being very careless in St. Louis at this time.

Of course Frankie Farrone has no idea Scoodles and Black Mike and Benny are friendly with each other, and he is probably very much surprised when they drop in on him on their way to the station. In fact, I hear there is a surprised look still on his face when they pick him up later.

He is sitting in a speak-easy reading about the Cardinals losing another game to the Giants when Scoodles Shea comes in the front door, and Black Mike comes in the back door, and Benny the Blond Jew slides in through a side entrance, it being claimed afterwards that they know the owner of the joint and get him to fix it for them so they will have no bother about dropping in on Frankie Farrone sort of unexpected like.

Well, anyway, the next thing





C Scoodles Shea is paddling after Dolores like blazes.

Frankie Farrone knows he has four slugs in him, one from Scoodles Shea, one from Benny, and two from Black Mike, who seems to be more liberal than the others. The chances are they will put more slugs in him, only they leave their taxi a block away with the engine running, and they know the St. Louis taxi jockeys are terrible for jumping the meter on guys who keep them waiting.

So they go on to catch their train, and they are all at the Ritz Hotel in Atlantic City when Dave the Dude and I get there, and they have a nice layout of rooms looking out over the ocean, for these are high-class guys in every respect, and very good spenders.

They are sitting around a table with their coats off playing pinochle and drinking liquor when Dave and I show up, and right away Black Mike says: "Hello, Dave; where do we find the tomatoes?"

I can see at once that this Black Mike is a guy who has little bringing-up, or he will not speak of dolls as tomatoes, although of course different guys have different names for dolls, such as breads, and pancakes, and cookies, and tomatoes, which I claim are not respectful.

This Black Mike is a Guinea, and not a bad-looking Guinea, at that, except for a big scar on one cheek which I suppose is done by somebody trying to give him a laughing mouth. Some Guins, especially Sicilians, can swing a shiv so as to give a guy a slash that leaves him looking as if he is always laughing out of his mouth, although generally this is only for dolls who are not on the level with their ever-loving guys.

Benny the Blond Jew is a tall pale guy, with soft light-colored hair and blue eyes, and if I do not happen to know that he personally knocks off about nine guys I will consider him as harmless a looking guy as I ever see. Scoodles Shea is a big red-headed muzzler with a lot of freckles and a big grin all over his kisser.

THEY are all maybe thirty-odd, and wear colored silk shirts, with soft collars fastened with gold pins, and Black Mike and Scoodles Shea are wearing diamond rings and wrist watches. Unless you know who they are you will never figure them to be gorills, even from St. Louis, although at the same time the chances are you will not figure them to be altar boys, unless you are very simple indeed.

They seem to be getting along first-rate together, which is not surprising, because it will be considered very bad taste indeed for guys such as these from one town to go into another town and start up any heat. It will be regarded as showing no respect whatever for the local citizens. Anyway, Atlantic City is never considered a spot for anything but pleasure, and even guys from Philly who may be mad at each other, and who meet up in Atlantic City, generally wait until they get outside the city limits before taking up any arguments. Many a guy gets the old business on the roads outside Atlantic City who can be much more handily settled right in town if it will not be considered disrespectful to the local citizens.



C Benny the Blond Jew is no Gertrude Ederle.

Well, it seems that not only Black Mike wishes to meet up with some dolls, but Scoodles Shea and Benny are also thinking of such, because the first two things guys away from home think of are liquor and dolls, although personally I never give these matters much of a tumble. I am a nervous guy, and liquor and dolls are by no means good for the nerves, especially dolls.

Furthermore, I can see that Dave the Dude is not so anxious about them as you will expect, because Dave is now married to Miss Billy Perry, and if Miss Billy Perry hears that Dave is having any truck with liquor and dolls, especially dolls, it is apt to cause gossip around his house.

But Dave figures he is a sort of host in this territory, because the others are strangers to Atlantic City, and

important people where they come from, so we go down to Joe Goss' joint, which is a big cabaret just off the Boardwalk, and in no time there are half a dozen dolls of different shapes and sizes from Joe Goss' chorus, and also several of Joe Goss' hostesses, for Joe Goss gets many tired business men from New York among his customers, and there is nothing a tired business man from New York appreciates more than a lively hostess. Furthermore, Joe Goss himself is sitting with us as a mark of respect to Dave the Dude.

BLACK MIKE and Scoodles and Benny are talking with the dolls and dancing with them now and then, and a good time is being had by one and all, as far as I can see, including Dave the Dude after he gets a couple of slams of Joe Goss' liquor in him and commences to forget about Miss Billy Perry. In fact, Dave so far forgets about Miss Billy Perry that he gets out on the floor with one of the dolls, and dances some, which shows you what a couple of slams of Joe Goss' liquor will do to a guy.

Most of the dolls are just such dolls as you will find in a cabaret but there is one among them who seems to be a hostess, and whose name seems to be Dolores, and who is a lily for looks. It is afterwards that I find out her other name is Dark, and it is Dave the Dude who afterwards finds out that she is called Dark Dolores in spots.

She is about as good a looker as a guy will wish to clap an eye on. She is tall and limber, like a buggy whip, and she has hair as black as the ace of spades, and maybe blacker, and all smooth and shiny. Her eyes are black and as big as doughnuts, and she has a look in them that somehow makes me think she may know more than she lets on, which I afterwards find out is very true, indeed.

She does not have much to say, and I notice she does not drink, and does not seem to be so friendly with the other dolls, so I figure her a fresh-laid one around there, especially as Joe Goss himself does not act as familiar towards her as he does towards most of his dolls, although I can see him give her many a nasty look on account of her passing up drinks.

In fact, nobody gives her much of a tumble at all at first, because guys generally like gabby dolls in situations such as this. But finally I notice that Benny the Blond Jew is taking his peeks at her, and I figure it is because he has better judgment than the others, although I do not understand how Dave the Dude can overlook such a bet, because no better judge of dolls ever lives than Dave the Dude.

But even Benny does not talk to Dolores or offer to dance with her and at one time when Joe Goss is in another part of the joint chilling a beef from some customer about a check, or maybe about the liquor, which calls for at least a mild beef, and the others are out on the floor dancing, Dolores and I are left all alone at the table. We sit there quite a spell with plenty of silence between us, because I am never much of a hand to chew the fat with dolls, but finally, not because I wish to know or care a whoop but just to make small talk, I ask her how long she is in Atlantic City.

"I get here this afternoon, and go to work for Mr. Goss just this very night," she says. "I am from Detroit."

Now I do not ask her where she is from, and her sticking in this information makes me commence to think that maybe she is a gabby doll after all, but she dries up and does not say anything else until the others come back to the table.

Now Benny the Blond Jew moves into a chair alongside Dolores, and I hear him say: "Are you ever in St. Louis? Your face is very familiar to me."

"No," she says. "I am from Cleveland. I am never in St. Louis in my life."

"Well," Benny says, "you look like somebody I see before in St. Louis. It is very strange, because I cannot believe it possible for there to be more than one wonderful beautiful doll like you."

I can see Benny is there with the old stuff when it comes to carrying on a social conversation, but I am wondering how it comes this Dolores is from Detroit with me and from Cleveland with him. Still, I know a thousand dolls who cannot remember offhand where they are from if you ask them quick.

By and by Scoodles Shea and Black Mike notice Benny is all tangled in conversation with Dolores, which makes them take a second peek at her, and by this

the Boardwalk and have some coffee, and finally all hands escort her to a little flea-bag in North Carolina Avenue where she says she is stopping.

"What are you doing this afternoon, beautiful one?" asks Benny the Blond Jew as we are telling her good night, even though it is morning, and at this crack Black Mike and Scoodles Shea look at Benny very, very cross.

"I am going bathing in front of the Ritz," she says.

Black Mike is staggering along, for Joe Goss' liquor will make a guy stagger on land or sea.



"Do some of you boys wish to come along with me?"

Well, it seems that Black Mike and Scoodles and Benny all think this is a wonderful idea, but it does not go so big with Dave the Dude or me. In fact, by this time Dave the Dude and me are pretty sick of Dolores, and only wishing to get back to the hotel and give the old Ostermoor a strong play.

"Anyway," Dave says, "we must start our conference this afternoon and get through with it, because my ever-loving doll is already steaming, and I have plenty of business to look after in New York."

But the conference does not start this afternoon, or the next night, or the next day, or the next day following,

because in the afternoons Black Mike and Scoodles and Benny are in the ocean with Dolores and at night they are in Joe Goss' joint, and in between they are taking her riding in rolling chairs on the Boardwalk, or feeding her around the different hotels. No one guy is ever alone with her as far as I can see, except when she is dancing with one in Joe Goss' joint, and about the third night they are so jealous of each other

they all try to dance with her at once.

Well, naturally even Joe Goss complains about this because it makes confusion on his dance floor, and looks unusual, so Dolores settles the proposition by not dancing with anybody, and I figure this is a good break for her, as no doll's dogs can stand all the dancing Black Mike and Scoodles and Benny wish to do.

THE biggest rolling chair on the Boardwalk only takes in three guys, or two guys and one doll, or what is much better, one guy and two dolls, so when Dolores is in a rolling chair with a guy sitting on each side of her, the other walks alongside the chair, which is a peculiar sight, indeed. How they decide the guy who walks I never know, but I suppose Dolores fixes it. When she is in bathing in the ocean, Black Mike and Scoodles and Benny all stick so close to her that she is really quite crowded at times.

I doubt if even Waldo Winchester, the scribe, who hears of a lot of things, ever hears of such a situation as this with three guys all daffy over the same doll, and guys who do not think (Continued on page 142)

While most dolls in bathing suits hurt my eyes, Dolores is still beautiful.



time they are peeking through plenty of Joe Goss' liquor, which probably makes her look ten times more beautiful than she really is. And I wish to say that any doll ten times more beautiful than Dolores is nothing but a dream.

Anyway, before long Dolores is getting much attention from Black Mike and Scoodles, as well as Benny, and the rest of the dolls finally take the wind, because nobody is giving them a tumble any more. And even Dave the Dude begins taking dead aim at Dolores until I remind him that he must call up Miss Billy Perry, so he spends the next half-hour in a phone booth explaining to Miss Billy Perry that he is in his hotel in the hay, and that he loves her very dearly.

Well, we are in Joe Goss' joint until five o'clock A. M., with Black Mike and Scoodles and Benny talking to Dolores and taking turns dancing with her, and Dave the Dude is plumb wore out, especially as Miss Billy Perry tells him she knows he is a liar and a bum as she can hear an orchestra playing "I Get So Blue When It Rains" and for him to just wait until she sees him. Then we take Dolores and go to Childs' restaurant on



Illustrations by Rico Tomaso

The Story So Far:

AT MANANA, the Cardrosses' African home, Felicia Lissell found that mystery and intrigue grew and flourished in the veld even as they did in England, whence she had come with Countess Karamine, Dick Cardross' aunt. On their arrival Dick had welcomed the girl cordially, but Stella, his wife, from the first obviously had been disturbed by her presence. Felicia soon discovered the reason for her dislike. Unwittingly the girl had attracted Paget Vyner and Patrick Fenn, whom Stella had long considered her own particular cavaliers.

One night Felicia was awakened by the sound of Stella's voice raised in an impassioned cry:

"I'll never give you up to any woman! I'd rather kill her first—or you!"

Then the girl heard these words in Fenn's firm voice: "Don't be a fool, Stella! You can't give what you haven't got."

With the words had come the solution of a mystery over which Felicia had pondered since her first night in Rhodesia. At a hotel in the Midlands she had entered the wrong room and a sharp whisper had startled her: "Confound you, Stella! Won't you ever learn to play the game?"

She had fled, leaving a slipper behind her and

T A G A T I

wondering who the man was. Now she knew, and she was conscious of an ache in her heart, while another mystery filled her mind. Who was the woman of whom Stella had spoken?

Soon a greater mystery occupied the minds of all of them. For a reason unknown to anyone the Tagati partners quarreled irretrievably. Not even Dick could patch up their disagreement.

It was not long after these disturbing events that Felicia one day discovered in her morning pot of tea the *isi-Bunu*, a cocoon that, as Malash had explained, was "extremely dangerous and full of

magic." It was, in fact, a poison cocoon—and Felicia had heard Stella order Malash to take it to her hut!

In spite of all the evidence against Stella, the girl was unable to take the matter seriously. It seemed impossible that Dick's wife had been prepared to go as far as that! Felicia made known her knowledge of the affair to her hostess, who seemed completely indifferent about it and entirely innocent of any hand in it. Later, when Felicia went to question Malash, Dick told her he had discharged the boy for his disrespect to Stella. So that was that!

It seemed advisable for Felicia to leave Manana temporarily and she gladly accepted an invitation to visit in Salisbury. There she met Randal, a navy doctor, who was planning to drive to Poinsettia Pass to see Fenn. Fenn and Vyner had separated some time before; and Vyner, in a letter to Felicia, had explained that he had bought Fenn's interest in the mine.

When Felicia's fortnight in Salisbury was nearly over, she received a telegram from Dick that caused her to leave at once for Manana with Randal and Yank Bredon, an eccentric hunter. The telegram had been urgent: The countess was ill—*sinking* . . . Wished for her return . . . Could not understand why she had not come before!

A Novel of *Love*
and *Loneliness*
in the
African Veld

By
Cynthia
Stockley
author of
"PONJOLA"

It was the first word Felicia had had from Mañana except a short note from Pagg, dictated by the countess. She could not understand the message. It looked as if the countess had been ill for some time. But—sinking! The words rang ominously.

THE car was skimming along at about thirty miles an hour, quite good going for Rhodesia. The night was beginning to pass, the witchlike eerie light of dawn to creep across the skies, blanching the moon to a stranger whiteness and veiling the stars. Showers had fallen somewhere and the air was clear and sweet.

Just as the sun burst forth in splendor from the edge of the world, Randal called a halt for morning coffee, and Breddon flitted about the veld like a giant dragon fly for a few minutes, returning with an armful of fuel.

Felicia, expecting nothing better than coffee from a thermos, was agreeably surprised to see, instead, smoke curling to heaven; and soon a kettle of water was bubbling over a wood fire. Years before Yank came to Africa he had been a mounted policeman out West and, as Randal said, what he didn't know about camp fires and outdoor life generally could be written on a stamp.

While they breakfasted on delicious coffee and sandwiches which the doctor freely admitted having "pinched" from the ball, Yank recounted an adventure with lions encountered on that very spot some twenty-five years before, when the road was little more than a grass track. The sharp and racy idiom of his speech had never lost its native tang, or, as the ignorant were wont to put it, its good old "Yankee twang" (hence his nickname).

To Felicia's regret no occasion arose for the display of his particular talent in connection with flies!



Father Drago and Felicia started their vigil within reach of the countess' door.

After breakfast and a little stroll, the girl gave the doctor a rest by taking the wheel, since driving a car was not one of Yank's accomplishments. For the first time since Felicia had met Randal he talked freely of the man he was on his way to visit. By the end of the morning she was acquainted with many salient facts in the life of Fenn, of which she would never have heard otherwise. Randal's information was full of warm sympathy and admiration for his friend, and he had a good listener. His particular grief was the "bad deal" that had been Fenn's in the matter of war rewards.

"HE practically won the V. C. four times during the war. But someone else always got it. I don't say that deliberate injustice was at work, but things pan out like that when a man is modest and has no powerful forces at his back to see that he gets what he has earned. There are always others waiting to seize what he is fool enough to miss; deserving fellows too, for as you know the navy never runs short on heroes, but the door to rewards always will be labeled 'Push.'

"His name was in the Gazette often enough. 'Conspicuous gallantry'; 'consummate coolness'; 'prompt and distinguished action' and all the rest of it. But the memory of such words does not long survive when a man is placed on the retired list. Pretty thick, that! A rear admiral, retired at *thirty-four* with the rank of

captain and the pension of commander! What do you think of your country? No use for a man who has given it the best years of his life!

"Naturally lots of men *had* to be 'axed' at the end of the war; the service was overcrowded. But *he* ought never to have been one of them. The mandarins at the Admiralty do these funny little things sometimes.

"There is such a thing as getting to the top before your time; also, being too young to be promoted further! A question arising out of *that* is, what would become of all the pot-bellied shirty old admirals of glorious pedigree if 'the young, the beautiful, the brave' should be allowed to flower over their heads?

"Then, of course, a man of no family hasn't a dog's chance. There are ways of making a fellow who doesn't know his own parents feel his position, however imperturbable his outside may be—and you can bet Fenn's outside was imperturbable. But such things corrode the heart."

"**I**S THAT actually the case, though?" the girl asked in a low voice. "Doesn't he *really* know who his father and mother were?"

"Hasn't the foggiest." The doctor's answer was purposely flippant. "No trace has ever been found of his relatives. His earliest remembrance is of an old Irish woman news vender who dragged him up for several years in London, and whose scalawag sea-roving son brought Fenn to her from some English seaport with the story that he was a shipwrecked child.

"The son died of D. T.'s before she could get any more out of him. She had the child baptized, adding her own name to that of her country's patron saint, and he got the foundation of an education at a day school.

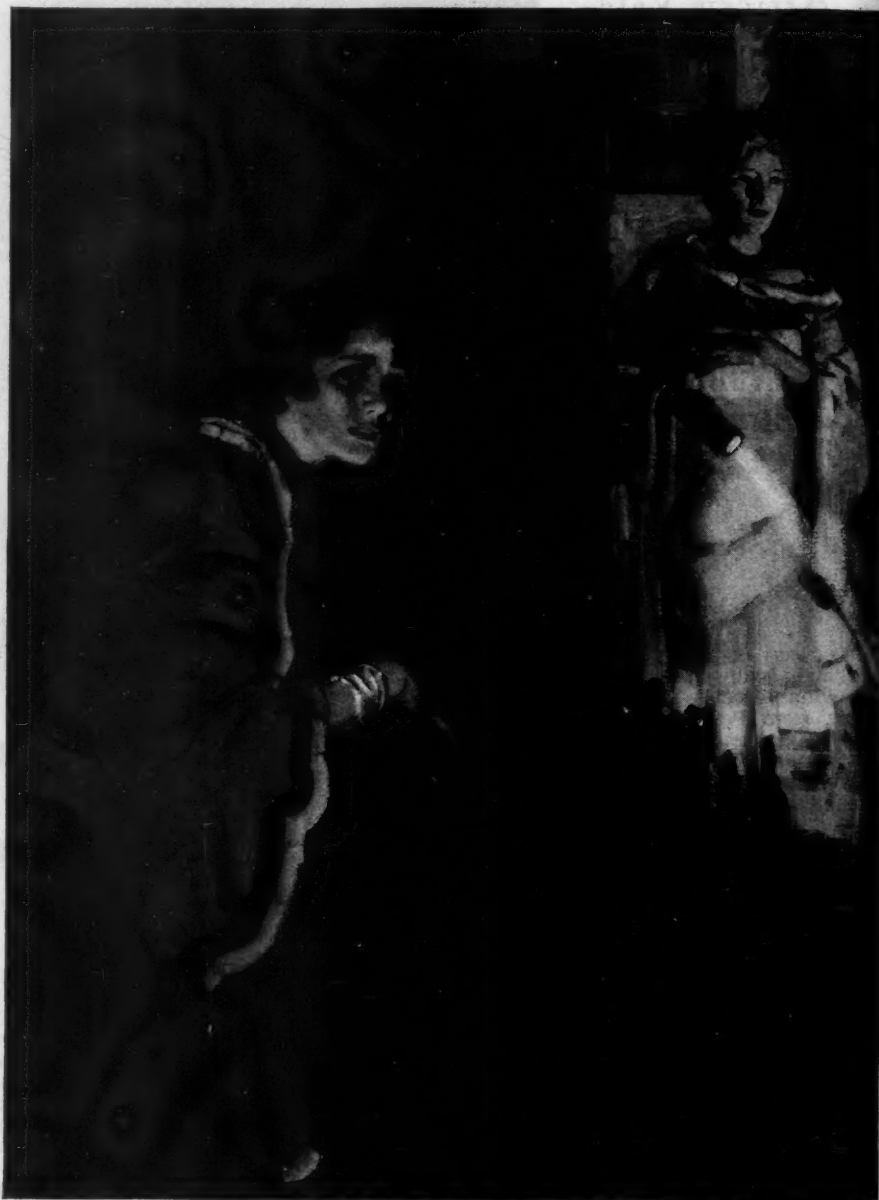
"He says he was happy enough until the old woman went west, after which he ran loose in the streets of London until some busybody got him into a Home, from which he soon hooked it to sea and began his career as 'ship boy' in a merchantman. Had the luck to tumble on a skipper who, recognizing a good type when he met it, interested himself in getting the boy into the navy.

"There, as you have heard, he worked himself up from the bottom rung to one too dangerously near the top to be pleasing to the mandarins. And you can jolly well guess what a 'milling' he went through to get there. Imagine! a youngster without any education except what he had reaped from the seaports of the world and ripped out of books! Great boy for books, old Pat.

"Yes, he went through the mill, all right. No man

living knows more about eating the bitter bread of humiliation than he does—and it's burnt him to the bone. For, far from being humble, he is one of the proudest men I know. That unknown birth of his torments him night and day. I wonder he has kept as sweet and sane as he has."

"I wonder, too. Not many would have come through,"



Ⓒ "You needn't mind Padge," Stella told Fenn with sad mockery. "He has always

Felicia agreed and added, carefully examining the horizon: "Rather surprising that he did not marry. A woman might have made up to him for all he had suffered."

"If she'd been the right woman," Randal conceded grudgingly, "but needless to say it was the wrong one who turned up."

"Was it?" said the girl at his side, with marked detachment.

"Well, he never told me—not being the 'telling' sort—but I heard it from a fellow who was with him at the Convalescent Home, one of those society affairs for officers.

"It was after Fenn had got himself bashed up at Zeebrugge, and *She* was there, playing at nursing. I never heard what it was he found out, but he 'crashed' badly over it, I understand.

"He ought to go in for political life. They want men like Fenn here at the fountainhead. Even if he got his education out of books, that isn't all he knows.

by wire of their prospective arrival. Naturally, Fenn had come to meet his friend Randal. But his face wore an unnaturally stern air for so bright an occasion. And Dick, too, looked grave.

Fenn's eyes were like blue agate, his words brittle: "You may *still* be in time, if you care to hurry."

It was to Felicia he dared to speak thus. Actually

criticizing her lateness in arriving, taking sides against her with Cousin Letty. But what impertinence! She returned his glance arrogantly. Then the meaning of his words reached her brain, and resentment collapsed.

"But—how awful!" She turned to Dick, soul-stricken and guilty to think that in the vivid interest of the journey down she had almost lost sight of its object.

The stark threat of Fenn's greeting came upon her with overwhelming force. They set off at once, and it was then that the meaning of Fenn's presence became apparent: he had driven the car from Mañana and was driving it back.

"My nerves ain't too good," Dick admitted shamefacedly, but hastened to add, "Not *ponjola* only. I've been badly rattled over the old lady getting ill like this—and in my house!"

Felicia saw then that he was all to bits. "But that is nonsense, Dick! Get it out of your head at once, my dear!" They were in the back of the car, with Fenn and Randal in front—the doctor having come along with them on hearing of the desperate condition of things. "All the same, I can't understand it. It seems so sudden. What do the doctors think is the matter with her?"

"**T**hey don't seem to know. It's got 'em licked. She's just fading out of sight, and that's all they can say about it."

"Why didn't you wire me sooner?"

"She didn't want you worried at first, but when Considine, the doctor from Bulawayo, said he considered she was booked, we

wired you to come at once. That's the wire we couldn't understand your not answering, but of course I expected you'd turn up any moment, and when you didn't, I must say she got a bit crabby, poor old lass!"

"But I never received that wire, Dick. There has been miserable carelessness somewhere. Of course I would have come at once!"

"Queer you never got it!" He looked nonplused.

"Very queer," she echoed warmly. "And I shall see that whoever is responsible is made to feel queer, too!"

Somehow she couldn't help connecting it with Castleton. He had been acting as secretary and aide during the past week. Perhaps she (Continued on page 184)



known that you and I were lovers." Felicia was eavesdropping against her will.

In the process of navigating the Seven Seas a sailor, if he has the seeing eye, gets a squint into more volumes of life than were ever printed. And Pat Fenn has brains behind those hard blue eyes of his."

"I have always suspected it," said Felicia, though she had never really thought of the eyes in question as particularly hard: steady, yes; seeking, hungry, angry; sometimes bitter, and even brazen.

Yet, seeing them in the dorp that afternoon, she acknowledged the truth of Randal's observation. Fenn's eyes looked as if they could have stared down the very sun without blinking. He was there waiting for them, in company with Dick Cardross, who had been notified



Good old Al Evans

Minneapolis, Minn.
March 4th, 1929.

Mr. Jeremiah Futzbutz,
Executive Secretary,
National Greeting Card Association,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Futzbutz,

I am happy to accept the post of chairman of the National Father's Day Committee and I want to assure you I will do everything in my power to put this worthy cause over the top with a bang. I feel sure the fathers of our great nation will respond with becoming gratitude once they realize that now at last they are coming into their own.

I am not disparaging Mother's Day, mind you. I think it is a beautiful thought. As one of our own cards 4M-11 says, "God could not be everywhere, that is why He made mothers." But Father has been too long neglected and it is time we awakened the nation to this sad fact.

Besides, it is obvious that for every mother there must be a father and if the total gross sales for Mother's Day cards for the fiscal year just closing amounted to over a million dollars, as our statistical committee reported, then Father's Day represents a potential market equally rich and comparatively untouched. It is high time we worked this fallow field for cold financial, as well as warm sentimental reasons.

I am mapping out a preliminary educational campaign which will include sample newspaper editorials, inspirational talks in preparatory schools, posters, window displays, counter cards and cooperative propaganda with cigar stores, haberdashers, sporting-goods stores and others vitally interested in making Father's Day a big national joy day.

Yours for a Father-conscious America,
GLEASON GREETING CARD CO.
Al Evans,
Sales Manager

GLEASON GREETING CARD CO.
WEEKLY SALES BULLETIN No. 39.
What's the Matter With Father?
He's All Right.

March 11th, 1929.

Dear Men,

I'll say he is, and there's nothing the matter with old Papa Gleason either. He crashed the National Greeting Card Convention, pussyfooted down the right hallways, said yes at strategic intervals, and the first thing the big bozos in the Friendship racket knew, a

By J. P.

Denny Kerrigan
Business make

Father's

Gleason man was chairman of the National Committee on Father's Day. I guess that's sitting in a pretty spot, and if all you boys don't take ethical advantage of our inside dope and wallop all the other companies on Father's Day sales, then Papa Gleason will spank you until, like the Elephant's Child, you are very warm and greatly astonished.

I bet a lot of you don't know what a father is and never heard of Father's Day. Let me quote you something official:

The third Sunday in June has been set aside as "Father's Day." Mrs. John Bruce Dodd was the founder of this day and the Y. M. C. A. and Ministerial Association of Spokane, Washington, brought her idea to the attention of the people throughout the country. Father's Day was first celebrated in Spokane, Washington, in 1910. A colored rose is worn for the living father and a white rose for one who is dead.

Now that your handsome sales manager is chairman of the National Committee, it is not only his duty but his peculiar pleasure to bear down on the guileless youth of the land and shoot poison propaganda into them from all points of the compass. You boys on the road will be expected to stop complaining about quotas and cooperate for once.

The very first thing you've got to do, and that pronto, is crawl out of bed earlier and get over to the local newspaper office and plant this editorial. Impress upon the old boy with the green eye-shade that Father's Day is a beautiful sentimental idea and should be encouraged. If he asks you what your sudden interest in all this is, you can tell him that you had a father once and even if he did disappear in the general direction of Australia, who's going to know about that?

Kidding aside, here is the opening gun of the propaganda barrage with which our National Committee hopes to make America Father-conscious. Get it planted in as many papers as you can.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16TH

What's the matter with Father?

He's all right!

What's the matter if Father's hair is white?

I'm awfully strong for the other sex

But Dad's the fellow who signs the checks.

What's the matter with Father?

He's all right!

—Old Song

After all Father is the smartest fellow in the world, bless his old heart. Of course he is; didn't he choose Mother out of a whole world full of girls?



Old man Gleason

McEvoy who wrote "SHOW GIRL"

and Others in the Heart Throb
America Dad-Conscious on

Day

Some of us forget that we have a Father's Day as well as a Mother's Day. This year Father's Day comes on June 16th—the third Sunday of that month.

Too often Father is taken as a matter of course. You may not realize it, but Dad is not as hard-boiled as he sometimes seems. Little attentions get under his skin, the same as with the rest of us.

What Father would not be made happy on Father's Day if he received from his children Greeting Cards bearing appropriate sentiments of affection and endearment? Of course, he knows that his children love him. At the same time it would gladden his heart if they would say so once in a while.

FLASH—FLASH

The old creative department, that's me, too—until ye Ed gets back from the Café de la Paix—is getting ready to launch a Gleason Line of Father's Day cards that will clean up the country. Watch for Special Bulletin No. 4-11—alarm with additional dope on co-operation of teachers, ministers, haberdashers, etc. Hot Cat!

Al

Chicago, Ill.
March 18th, 1929.

Miss Hilda Reichert,
c/o Ye Arte Moderne Snuggery,
Milwaukee, Wis.
Dear Hilda,

I used to think those Sunday-school stories we used to have to learn about people being possessed of the devil was just a lot of bologny, but that was before this Al Evans came into my life. If he ain't possessed with eighty-seven devils with forked tails and furry ears, then I hope I never drink another stein of your father's home brew. Guess what the old hell-cat has grabbed out of the ether now—a National Father's Day. As if a growing lad like me didn't have enough on his mind and on his back too, with Mother's Day and Lover's Day and St. Patrick's Day and Yom Kippur.

Father's Day! Now I ask you. And it isn't bad enough that I'm going to have to crawl in and out of upper berths for the next six weeks with a hundred assordid sediments about Father and Father's father and the father you are to me, and the father I left behind, but I've got to oil a lot of hick editors into publishing editorials about Father's Day and special stories about the oldest father in the community, and I've got to get the schools to have prize contests for the best essays on the Father of Our Country



Every time that crazy poet would stop, Al would yell at him, "Come on, come on, we've got to have ten more to retail at twenty-five cents!"

and what I think of my own father. I've also got to see the ministers in all these burgs and get them to preach sermons about father love and the joy of fatherhood and the beautiful idea behind setting apart one day a year to honor dear old dad. Yeah!

Well, Hilda, we better get out of this racket before they can think up some more days. There'll be a national Aunt Martha's Day, first thing you know—and the whole industry can go right out on it too.

And while I'm on the subject, you can tell your old man for me that I'm going to see you whenever I want to—and that means every time I get a chance. I know he thinks you ought to run around with a solid substantial citizen—one of those Milwaukee home boys with a pre-war brewery in the back yard.

Well, you can tell him for me that I'm in that business too, but in the consuming end where there's a bigger future.

Anyway, you like your little sunshine boy, don't you? And what can Father do? That's right. As for me—you know how I feel about you—just like old No. 8F-11:

There ain't so much love
One can throw it about,
But I saved you a hunk
So you wouldn't be out.
And here it is—take it—
There's more than enough
From a heart that is throbbing
With genuine stuff.

Denny
81

Father's Day

P.S.—The pants you sent Junior are too small in the seat so I am cutting them down for Johnny.

Minneapolis, Minn.
April 19th, 1929.

Mr. Dennis Kerrigan,
The Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Tower Building,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Denny,

I've just got back from a flying trip contacting the key cities where I mapped a

cooperative campaign with florists, haberdashers and others who can use our Father's Day cards with their merchandise. Also, I must have made a hundred speeches to Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, Parent - Teachers' Associations,

and so on, and I'm just about dead. If I could only get a little sleep, I'd be happy, but I can't stop now.

So far, I've been working mostly on association business, but now I've got to concentrate on our own line. Father's Day is only two months away and I haven't been able to get one single sentiment out of our poet laureate. He went out on a grand bat two weeks ago

and we haven't been able to locate him. If he wasn't so valuable, the old man would have bounced him long ago, but as you know, he's the only guy in America who can sit down at a typewriter and drunk or sober knock out four-, six- or eight-line sentiments with a real sales punch as well as a heart throb in them.

IF HE'D only stay in one place when he gets crocked, it wouldn't be so bad, but he starts out on a grand tour and the only clue we have to him is the love poems he sends his wife from wherever he happens to be when the inspiration comes. I called her last night to find out if she had heard from him and she said she had just got a beautiful Home Sweet Home motto that morning, written on the back of a chop suey menu from Grand Rapids, so that's where he was two days ago anyway. She's going to bring it in tomorrow. We need a good new Home Motto and we never can get Mac to write one when he's here.

I'm nearly frantic with worry. I hear Gibson and Davis and Buzza have their Father's Day lines all ready and are calling the men in next week to take them out. I also have an inside tip that Buzza has a pip of a sentiment called Father o' Mine, which the National Association is considering adopting as the official Father's Day card. Of course, I'll fight this tooth and toenail, but we've got to come through with something better or else they'll take Buzza's—which would be an awful sock on the chin.

If that crazy poet of ours doesn't come staggering in pretty soon, Buzza is going to be out and have the market all mopped up before we get a chance at it. My only hope is that Mac will show up soon. His wife said he usually comes home soon after he sends her a Home Motto—he gets so worked up over the beauties

The Rotary guest speaker started screaming and throwing dishes.



P.S.—If I can't see you at the house, we could meet at the Plankington.

Lake Minnetonka, Minn.
April 16th, 1929.

Dear Mother,

I would have written you sooner, but I have been feeling kind of poorly. How are you? I hope well. The baby has convulsions but Johnny and Millie and Al Junior are getting along all right when they're not trying to drown themselves.

I guess I shouldn't complain, but it certainly would be a God's blessing if Al could spend a little time at home with me and help me. A woman can't do every hand's turn. She can't be father and mother too. Al hasn't been home more than two days for a month now. I don't know what he's doing except that he's traveling all over the country making speeches and working day and night to put over some new big thing for the company. Some new holiday or something they've discovered and he sees a lot of business in it.

You know how Al is the minute he sees a chance to put over something new. I'll say that for him—he's a plugger, but a woman wants more than that in a man. But I guess I shouldn't complain. He might have turned out no good and been hanging around the house all the time. Still, I'd like to see him around once in a while—a little bit anyway. I almost have to introduce the children to him every time he comes home. I remember once he was gone on a trip for the company for two or three months and when he came home he was kissing Al Junior who was three then and Junior said: Muzza, who's the guy with the rough face?

IT WILL be our fifteenth wedding anniversary next Friday and I am planning a nice big dinner. I hope Al will remember and come home for it. I will say he has never forgotten an anniversary yet, but I do wish he could get some kind of a position with the company so that he could spend a little more time with his children while they are at the age when they need him most. But I guess I shouldn't complain. It might be worse.

Love,

Mary

of home life while he's writing it that he sells himself the idea. Boy, the minute he gets into this town I'm going to kidnap him and take him out to the house and stand over him with a club in one hand and a bottle of Scotch in the other until he's written at least fifty beautiful Father's Day sentiments. After that, he can go out and get himself stuccoed right up to the eaves for all I care.

In looking over your reports, I see you haven't written much business in Milwaukee lately. You ought to do a big Father's Day business there—a fine home-loving German community like that.

Al

Lake Minnetonka, Minn.
May 10th, 1929.

Dear Mother,

I am heartbroken. What shall I do? Something is happening to Al and I don't know what it is. He always was sort of peculiar when he had something on his mind, like when he was working hard on some idea, but I've never seen him act like the way he does now.

I've tried to get him to go away somewhere with us and I have a good rest, but every time I suggest anything like that to him he looks at me in sort of a funny way and begins to talk about Father's Day. That's it, Mother—Father's Day, Father's Day! That's all I hear. It's driving Al crazy and he's driving me crazy and the children too. They've got so now when he comes home they scream and run under the bed. All night long he paces up and down dictating letters and making speeches about Father's Day, and when he isn't doing that, he has that crazy company poet out here, and both of them drink Scotch until all hours of the morning and write verses about dear old dad, and a lot of other nonsense.

It's been going on like that for weeks now, Mother. It started a few weeks before our anniversary. I told you Al had been out on a trip and I was planning a nice dinner and a party to celebrate our fifteenth anniversary and I was hoping he wouldn't be too busy to come home and spend the day with his family.

Well, he came home, all right, but not to dinner. It must have been close to midnight and here I had a lovely duck

stuffed with chestnuts and avocado salad which I copied out of Good Housekeeping. I was so proud of it. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to get avocados in Minneapolis, and after I had gone to all that work and had the children all rubbed and scrubbed until they shined, and we were all sitting around the table waiting for him to come in because he had wired us that he would be home sure, and we just sat and waited till the duck got cold and the children screamed with hunger, so I had to feed them and put them to bed and still I sat and waited and looked at that duck and wondered what kind of a life this was to lead, and suddenly I heard a car stop short outside on the gravel and the door flew open and in came Al and that crazy poet with their arms around each other singing, "What's the matter with Father? He's all right."

Well, Mother, as you used to say, no cross, no crown, so I won't even try to describe what happened that night. You wouldn't understand. Both Al and the poet had been drinking all afternoon. Al went down to the station and got him off the train and they sat down at the table and Al got out his portable typewriter and put it down beside the duck and he made that crazy poet sit there and write poetry about "Dear old Dad, I Love you so, What a wonderful Dad you are, you know"—that's the only one I can remember,

but every time I went near them to try to persuade Al to eat a little of the duck, or the avocado salad which I had worked so hard



Johnny Evans recited
"Father o' Mine" with
the gestures he had
been practicing all day.

Illustrations by
Charles R. Chickering

over, he'd start screaming at me not to disturb them, and when the children got out of bed to kiss him good night, he chased them through the house throwing my nice biscuits at them.

So finally I gave up in disgust and left them there at the table drinking Scotch and pounding away at that typewriter till I thought I'd go crazy. I heard the clock strike two and then three and still that typewriter was going and that crazy poet was composing aloud and every time he'd stop, Al would yell at him, "Come on, come on, we've got to have ten more to retail at twenty-five cents," so then the typewriter would start again and I'd hear Al out in the pantry getting more ice cubes and finally I dozed off to sleep. When I woke up they were both gone and the dining room was a sight. Cigaret stubs and ginger-ale bottles and paper scraps all over the place.

WELL, Mother, this went on for two or three nights and then Al came home alone one morning about one o'clock raving mad and throwing things around. It seems he had been trying to keep that crazy poet in hand until he got all the poetry he needed, but somehow Mac—that's the poet's name—sneaked out on him and he didn't know where to find him and he still needed some more sentiments for the line.

Well, Al got over that but it seems he was made National Chairman or something and had editorials to write and speeches to make and he was responsible for a big nation-wide campaign so he not only had all his regular work at the office but he brought home stacks of it and every night he was up till three or four o'clock in the morning writing and making imaginary speeches to business men and teachers and Sunday schools about Father's Day and how everyone should get behind this worthy movement and everyone should send a card to his or her father on Father's Day and every father should send cards to his children and his grandchildren so that the whole nation would rise as one and make Father's Day a national holiday.

Now he's gone off on another trip, contacting, he calls it, and he looked terrible when he left, and I am worried sick about him. If he would only let up a little and take it easy, but no, he says he's not only got his own work but he's got to put over this big national movement, that the country expects it of him, and besides, he's not only got the sales end on his shoulders but also the creative end, on account of the editor being in Europe looking for new ideas.

I suppose this letter doesn't make much sense to you, Mother, but I wonder that I can write at all, I'm so distracted. I wish you could come and stay with me a little while. What am I going to do? Please write.

Mary

Chicago, Ill.
May 15th, 1929.

Mr. Dennis Kerrigan,
The Plankinton Hotel,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Denny,

I am sending you under separate cover the confidential Buzza circular on Father's Day which just came in this morning. They are concentrating on one sentiment, "Father o' Mine," and claim the National Greeting Card Association has adopted it as the official sentiment for Father's Day. They are going to get it out in 10, 25, 50, 75 and \$1 sizes.

I think it's a lovely sentiment. It goes like this:

No friend half so near to me,
No comrade so true,
No pal half so dear to me,
Father, as you.

No love half so staunch to me,
No heart half so fine
As the love and the heart of you,
Father o' Mine.

It seems to me you're spending a lot of time in Milwaukee these days. I'll bet you've forgotten all about me. Maybe I've forgotten about you too. Yes? No? Come and see.

Ruthie

Milwaukee, Wis.
May 16th, 1929.

Miss Ruth Davis,
Manager, What Ho Gifte Shoppe,
Chicago, Ill.

Hello, Ruthie,

Thanks for slipping me that confidential Buzza circular to the trade on their new line for Father's Day. I shot it on to the Home Office just to show those buzzards up there in our creative department what the other companies were doing—getting ready to clean up the market while we are out making speeches and planting editorials. I'm sick of this outfit. All I get out of them is a lot of cockeyed letters from Al Evans, the sales manager, who is doing nothing nowadays but hopping around the country trying to make bigger and better fathers or something, instead of staying on the job and helping us boys on the road to get some goods to sell.

I don't see why you keep on squawking to me about all the time I'm spending in Milwaukee. You know I'm only interested in business up here—and anyway, you're the only girl I care about. As our Novelty Val 5V-14 says:

My heart's so full of pep and dash,
I'm so electrified with pash
I cannot write to you, somehow . . .
But wait until I see you . . . Wow!

Denny

P. S.—Wouldn't it be Buzza's rotten luck to cop that swell sentiment and get a national tie-up for it? I bet that'll burn Al up.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer—May 21st)

"ROTARY CLUB SPEAKER IN LUNCHEON PANIC"

"The Rotary Club luncheon yesterday noon at the Statler was thrown into a panic when Al Evans, guest speaker from Minneapolis, stopped in the middle of an impassioned address, began babbling incoherently, then suddenly started screaming at the top of his voice and throwing dishes at the members and their wives. The immense dining room was immediately thrown into an uproar.

"A few of the more level-headed members surrounded the unfortunate man and succeeded in holding him in a secluded part of the hotel until the police ambulance arrived. He was whisked off to the observation ward of the City Hospital and his family and business associates in Minneapolis were notified.

"Mr. Evans is connected with the Gleason Greeting Card Co., of that city, as sales manager. He is also chairman of the National Greeting Card Committee on Father's Day and it was in this capacity that he had been invited by the local Rotary Club to address them on the topic: 'Do Business Men Make Good Fathers?' Overwork and excessive worry resulted in a nervous breakdown, according to attending physicians, who report that Mr. Evans is still in a serious condition."

GLEASON GREETING CARD CO. WEEKLY SALES

BULLETIN NO. 48. May 25th, 1929.

Dear Men,

I guess you will be surprised to receive the sales bulletin this week with the old man's John Henry on the bottom of it instead (Continued on page 198)



Mary Evans

LAST MONTH you read the story of Kate Pullman, who told you why she believed an unmarried woman had the right to a child and of her plans for her son who will never know his father. Here you read the story of another woman who had like ideas 17 years ago, and now that her child is approaching manhood asks:—



© E. O. Hoppe

What Shall I Tell My Son?

By *Rose Wilding*

AFTER seventeen years of motherhood I have only now realized a cruel but profound truth. The child you bear, from the moment of its first breath, is in no sense a part of you but a complete and separate entity.

He may grow up not only to disagree with you but eventually to judge, even condemn you because what you thought right he may regard as wrong.

At nineteen I was a revolutionary. I believed with all the fervor of youth in the right of the individual to self-expression, physical and mental. Given economic freedom, I saw no reason why a woman should accept the social standard which sets up marriage as the price of motherhood. My views were well-known, and as a young novelist and writer already I had a following.

I had always longed to have a child, to attain the completion of womanhood. I knew I could not really understand life until I had become a mother, that my work must always fall short until I had experienced the thrill of holding my first-born to my heart.

But I knew also that I was not fitted for marriage and all its obligations. A husband, however considerate and affectionate, of necessity must have clashed with my writing. No man that I could care for would be content to stand second and my work to me was always first. But through all these considerations was the clamant desire of fulfillment in the bearing of a child.

When I met Frank I knew I had found the man I wanted for the father of my child. He was a brilliant creature, with a wayward and erratic genius, and we were mutually and desperately attracted. He was a married man, separated from his wife, but as marriage did not enter into my scheme of things that did not affect our relations.

I had my son and my pride and joy were indescribable. I planned a wonderful future for him and for me. He was to grow up untrammelled by convention, free to experiment and to adventure. He and I, in closest sympathy, were to explore the world of travel and ideas.

I have discovered slowly and painfully that my son does not want these things. His ways are not my ways, nor are his thoughts my thoughts. He has developed a steady bias toward established usage, especially as applied to woman.

That a child surrounded by love, encompassed by tender pride, the outcome of radiant motherhood, could ever grow to resent the circumstances of his birth never crossed my mind. I have always regarded the slur of illegitimacy as idle prejudice, intolerable to thinking people. But the conclusion has forced itself upon me that we cannot, we dare not think for our children. We may defy tradition for ourselves but we cannot be sure our children will indorse the challenge.

Did I think that the boy might feel the lack of a father's influence and care? Candidly, such a possibility did not suggest itself to me. Clive was mine—it was I who had wanted him—and I never for a moment doubted my capacity to give him all he needed. I never thought of Frank as playing any large part in his life, and shortly after the boy was born he went abroad.

IN THE early years of a child's existence it is the mother who counts, and this was as I wished it to be. I determined to build up such a tie between Clive and me during those first years that as he grew to adolescence he would completely understand and accept my point of view.

I went back to my work full of ideas. Never had I written with such exultant pleasure. I found myself absorbed by a novel I had planned for years and it became necessary to replace the young girl who had helped me with baby by a good nurse who could be with him all the time.

This was difficult. I found that the ordinary trained professional regarded my experiment as freakish and I knew that this attitude of mind would affect Clive. In the end I sent for my former maid, Marie, who had left me to get married and was now a widow.

I have always believed in (Continued on page 201)



Cafeteria



by Gluyas Williams

Both Ends against the Middle

AND this, reflected Tommy Jones, as the squad left the field, was what the so-called sport of college football had come to.

In the air was the tang and crisp challenge of early November. Beyond the empty stands the mountains were merging into the early dusk. The first stars burned overhead; a sickle moon hung low in the west. A night to breathe deeply with a quickened zest for life.

Yet through it the squad moved toward the locker house like men condemned. Or like a licked team, substituted Tommy, though this had been no more than a Friday signal practice.

Headguards dangled limply from listless fingers; chins were down.

"The plowman homeward plods his weary way," soliloquized Tommy. And added, "I've never parked in Gray's country churchyard but I'll say that it might seem almost like a night club compared with this."

He had returned here to Hallowell less than three hours before. The driver of the town's taxi had recognized him and greeted him with a grin. "Back to get your degree after all?" he had asked, swinging open the taxi door.

"A gibe that," Tommy had commented serenely. "Or what might be called a nasty dig. As you have obviously heard, Jerry, the college requested me to leave. But now that you've got the meter going, would you mind shifting into gear? We can continue this uplifting dialogue while you drive."

Jerry had shifted. "I heard you'd become secretary to a blind millionaire or something like that," he tossed back as the taxi gathered momentum. "Pretty soft."

"Not something like that—anything but that," Tommy assured him. "To begin with, Jerry, there are no blind millionaires. A millionaire needs a good set of eyes to get his first million and another set to watch the people who want to take it away after he gets it. Besides a couple of rear-vision mirrors such as adorn your windshield."

"Maybe so," admitted Jerry. "But you can't prove it by me."

They were passing up Main Street. A scant quarter of a mile long, flanked by stores that dispensed haberdashery, and holes in the wall that purveyed hamburger and hot dogs. The Broadway and Fifth Avenue of a little college town.

Beyond lay the campus. A Gothic spire swimming in the golden autumnal sunshine. Briefly something clutched at Tommy's throat.

Then Jerry broke the spell. "Where shall I drop you?" he asked.

"At the locker house. After that you may take my bag to the inn."

Jerry's interest quickened. "Say, you aren't going to be one of the coaches of the football team, are you?"

"I are not," replied Tommy. "At least not officially. But in the midst of the multifarious affairs that engage-



C"What do you think of the ends?" demanded Steve.

my attention these days, I have heard rumors to the effect that all is not well here. And in spite of all, the old college is still dear to me. So I dropped everything and here I am—"

The taxi hit a jounce and Tommy hit the roof. "In brief, Jerry," he resumed, "I've heard the team is not as good as it might be this year."

"It's awful," contributed Jerry. "I'll bet Wellesley could lick it if it had a team."

THE taxi screeched to a stop in front of the locker house.

"Seventy-five cents," announced Jerry.

"Why the increase in price?" protested Tommy. "Is it because I work for a millionaire—or just because the value of an antique continually increases?"

A moment later he was in the locker house. The squad was preparing for the field and the old familiar odors filled Tommy's nostrils. A compound of many smells, from football shoes to rubbing alcohol. He stood on the threshold savoring it for a second.

Then a naked giant—Bill Saunders, tackle and his old roommate—rose and catapulted toward him.

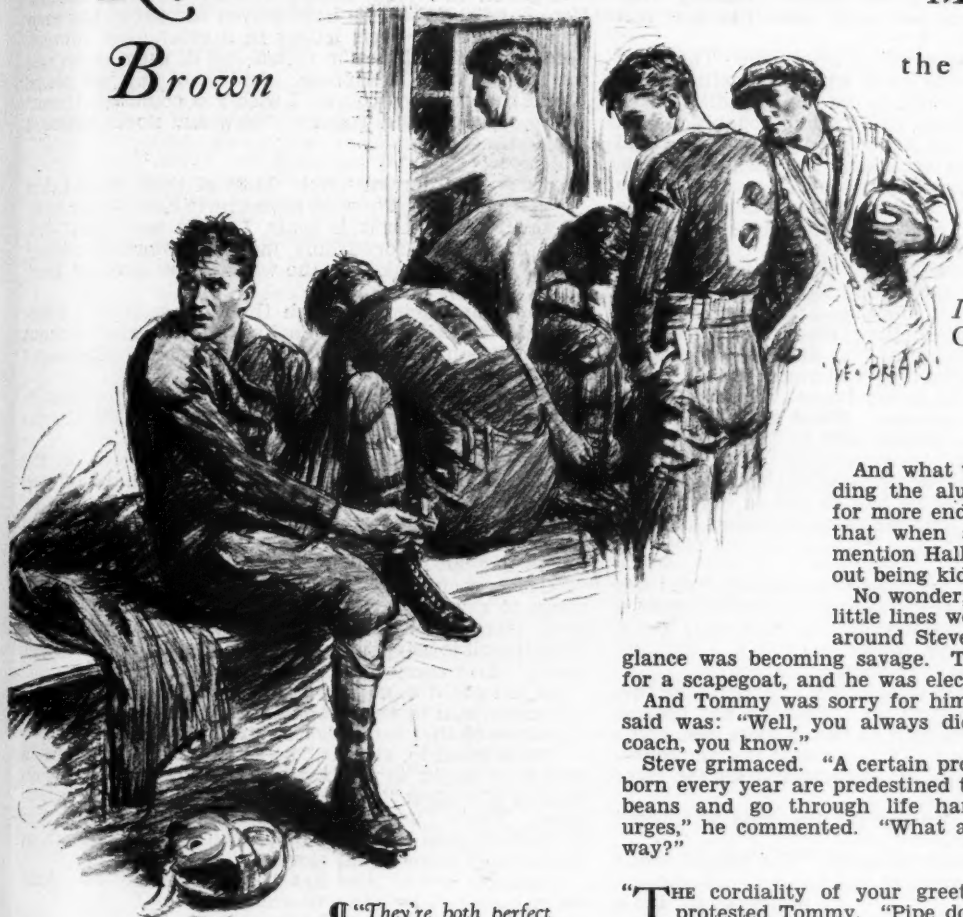
"Why, you old Airedale!" bellowed Bill. "When did you blow in?"

Just that. But a brass band and an orator could not have said more. They insulted each other with utter abandon for a minute or two. Then:

"Oh, coach—see what comes in when nobody locks the door," called Bill.

By
Royal
Brown

Tommy Jones
"Makes"
the Team



Illustrations by
George Brehm

C "They're both perfect gentlemen," said Tommy, "but I wish they were on some other team. It must be a pleasure to play against them."

The coach was no hard-bitten veteran of many years but a lithe, dark-haired youngster—Steve Lannon, captain and quarter back on the team during Tommy's sophomore year. Fast as a flash, mentally and physically, on the field. And an undergraduate god then.

Last year when Tommy had been a first-string half, Steve Lannon had been the backfield coach. Now Steve was head coach. One of the youngest in the country. But he looked years older than he had when Tommy saw him last.

Well, Tommy could understand that. He knew what Steve was up against. He was no longer an undergraduate god, the fair-haired boy of the alumni. He was Hallowell's mistake and misfortune, a coach who couldn't win games.

Undergraduates sneered or jeered. Alumni grumbled or growled. "Thank heaven, they only handed him a one-year contract," was the way the anvil chorus usually ended up. "Next year Hallowell can hire a real coach."

A Rockne, a Roper or a Pop Warner—somebody who could give Hallowell a team that undergraduates could boast about and bet money on. And win.

Did a coach like Roper or Rockne or Warner cost real money? Well, what of it? Suppose some people said that something was wrong when a football coach got more than the president. What of it? Who ever heard of a college president anyway? What better advertisement for any college than an eleven that could get out on the field and roll up the old score?

And what was the sense in prodding the alumni for contributions for more endowment or things like that when a man couldn't even mention Hallowell these days without being kidded?

No wonder, thought Tommy, that little lines were etching themselves around Steve's mouth, or that his

glance was becoming savage. The situation clamored for a scapegoat, and he was elected.

And Tommy was sorry for him. Even though all he said was: "Well, you always did want to be a head coach, you know."

Steve grimaced. "A certain proportion of the infants born every year are predestined to be bounced on their beans and go through life handicapped by strange urges," he commented. "What are you back for, anyway?"

THE cordiality of your greeting overwhelms me," protested Tommy. "Pipe down or I'll be in tears. I knew you probably missed me but I had no idea it was as bad as this."

Steve managed to smile. "I'd like to have you in the backfield," he admitted. "This team certainly needs something—perhaps you've got it."

"My 'It' has been highly spoken of," Tommy assured him. "Both on the football field and off. But I understood that what you really needed was not a back but a couple of ends."

"You said it!" acknowledged Steve grimly. He was a Phi Beta Kappa but seldom spoke that way. "If you were a couple of ends and eligible I'd fall on your neck and kiss you."

"Oh, I wouldn't expect that much," grinned Tommy. And added, "Mind if I borrow some togs and go out with you?"

Steve gave him a swift glance. "I've heard something about your becoming a millionaire's pet miracle man," he said satirically. "Expect to perform a miracle here?"

He waited for no answer but turned. "Mike!" he called. "Find a suit for Mr. Jones, please."

The suit had been found. And so Tommy had gone onto the field.

Now the approach of night had brought the afternoon's activities to a close. He and Steve were trailing the squad back to the locker house.

"Well—what do you think of the team?" Steve demanded abruptly.

Tommy considered his answer. "You've got as fine a nine-man eleven as this place ever turned out, Steve," he replied. "The backfield is better than last year. The line, save for the ends—"

"Yeah—and what do you think of the ends?" cut in Steve.

"They're both awfully nice boys," Tommy assured

him. "Perfect gentlemen and all that, but—I wish they were on some other team. It must be a pleasure to play against them."

Before Steve could speak he added: "Bradley, that big soph who's playing left end, looks like the real thing."

This had been in his mind all afternoon. The right end was what a desperate coach with not another prospect in sight might have had to use. But Bradley looked like the answer to almost any football coach's prayer. He was big and heavy yet he looked fast, too. And had been this afternoon on occasion. Yet he didn't click, and Tommy had wondered why.

"He fooled me, too," admitted Steve drearly. "He looks like an end—he'd go swell in the movies. He's got everything except heart."

"You mean he's yellow?"

"Oh, he'll stand the gaff," admitted Steve. "Anybody can bowl him over or put him out—and most everybody does—and he'll come up smiling, ready for more. And he gets it! When"—savagely—"the offense isn't playing tiddlywinks with Jackson over at right end."

They had reached the locker house. The squad was already in the dressing room. Steve stalked through it without a word or a glance, save to Tommy. "Come in and dress with me," he suggested.

An honor? Perhaps. Or perhaps just that Steve had reached the point where he had to talk or burst.

He shut the door of the coach's room behind him and ripped off his jersey.

"THIS job has got on my nerves," he rasped. "You saw me come through the dressing room like an animal trainer whose animals are too dumb to learn their tricks. That's football nowadays, unless you've got a winning team. A nightmare for everybody concerned."

He chucked his jersey to one side. "And it's getting worse every year," he went on. "Football has become the biggest thing in America as far as sport goes. The public eats it up. They like it because it's amateur—and because it has a college setting and all the color that provides."

He considered that, talking his thoughts to himself rather than to Tommy.

"Amateur!" he repeated savagely. "The players aren't paid but every other angle of the game is out-and-out professional. It's a paid performance—just like a theatrical performance."

Both Ends against the Middle

What people expect is not the best a college squad can do, in an amateur way, but professional finish, technique—and results.

"I get on an average twenty letters a day from alumni. Not chaps like you who have played the game, but men who never made their letters in a crocheting contest. Some of them tell me I'm rotten—all of them do in one form or another, I suppose. And some suggest plays. World beaters, they think. I wish you could see them."

"No, thanks," said Tommy. "New and novel passes, I suppose."

"New—and darned novel. Most of them illegal, but what of it? Forward passes have caught the public fancy. And as it is plain I can't work any out, they are kindly forwarding me some world beaters."

Still standing naked to the waist, Steve savored that. In bitterness.

"They can't get it through their heads that a football eleven without ends is like an airplane without wings. It can't get started. Forward passes? Strategy? Give me a pair of sweet ends and—"

"How about Bob Endicott?" asked Tommy abruptly. "He played end on the freshman team—and he was good. Isn't he still in college?"

Steve all but moaned. "He is. Get him out on the field and I'll give you twice what King Richard offered for a horse. I've all but got down on my knees to him. But he's majoring for a master's degree in science and he says his scholastic work takes so much time that he hasn't any left for athletics."

"Great coonskin coats!" gasped Tommy. "Do you mean to say there is a man right here who considers study more important than the fact that the fair name of Hallowell is being trampled in the mire of somebody's football field every Saturday?"

"If you doubt it, go and talk to him," suggested Steve. Tommy, still in jersey and football trousers, searched his street clothes for a cigaret and lighted it.

"I've a mind to, at that," he said. "If only to meet a bird that ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution instead of college." He puffed at his cigaret for a moment. Then: "You have had a tough break, Steve, for if Endicott and Bradley would both have a change of heart you'd have a real eleven."

"Endicott won't. And Bradley is hopeless. I've done everything but he can't be coaxed or bullied. Let's have a shower and get dressed."

The locker room was empty save



"You've just got Mr. Jones here all wrong," besought George. Nina's eyes met Tommy's. "Are you trying to make a fool out of me?" she snapped. "Only a football fan," soothed Tommy.

for an attendant clearing up as they passed out into the November night.

"How long are you going to be around?" asked Steve.

"Oh, I haven't decided—a week or so anyway."

"I wish I had your job!" Steve assured him. "Pretty soft!"

Tommy merely grinned.

"I hear that your boss is going to give Hallowell a new dorm," added Steve as they moved toward the campus. "I suppose that's fair exchange for the L.L.D. they handed him last June."

"Oh, let's not be mercenary," objected Tommy. "He rated the L.L.D. anyway."

He might have added that Samuel Sears was a man of many and varied interests—almost an American Stinnes. Instead, he said characteristically:

"You've seen those lads in vaudeville who juggle everything from kitchen plates to parlor chairs? Well, the chief does the same thing with anything that happens to rate his interest. He's apt to have an automobile factory in Michigan, a railroad in Central America, a rubber plantation in Brazil and, for all I know, an ice-making concession in Timbuctoo in the air, all at the same time. And believe me he's good. Anyway, Hallowell is lucky to have him as an adopted son. Especially if he donates a new dorm."

"It would be luckier if he'd donate a brand-new football team, or even a couple of good ends," said Steve, grim again. "You might suggest that to him."

"Listen, my child," commanded Tommy. "I'm not the one that suggests things. I do as I'm told. And you'd be surprised." To which he might have added, "I am, frequently."

From the first his association with Samuel Sears had been unconventional. Tommy had no title, no office hours and no routine duties. To those who felt that some explanation of such an unusual arrangement was necessary, Tommy cheerfully gave one. It was never twice the same, however.

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say I'm Sears' right hand as yet," he might inform the persistent seeker of information. "But I'm making progress. I'm what you might call the first joint of the little finger of his left hand. See?"

No one did, precisely. The ribald inquired as to what he had on Samuel Sears. Others merely took it for granted that Tommy Jones had played in his usual luck. That he had, in fact, such a soft snap that he could even come back to Hallowell and hang around the football field with not a care in the world.

This was obviously Steve's idea. But Steve didn't know the half of it.

AT THREE o'clock the previous afternoon Tommy had been summoned to Samuel Sears' office at Southampton, where he and his staff had lingered late this year. There had been something big in the air throughout October. So much Tommy knew.

Edwards, the senior of several secretaries, had been speaking when Tommy entered the room. "The plane will be ready in five minutes," he was reminding the chief.

Sears had glanced at his watch. "All right, Charlie—take it easy for a few days. You look a bit done up."

He did. All the chief's personal staff were likely to get hollow-eyed when he went into high. Yet though Sears himself worked far harder, no hint of strain was visible in him.

He had turned and nodded to Tommy. "Hallowell gave me a degree in June—

and I'm giving Hallowell a new dormitory," he had announced abruptly.

"You've heard that, I suppose."

Tommy had merely nodded, wondering if the chief were going to ask his advice about that.

"The dean has also intimated that Hallowell has many other pressing needs," Sears had gone on dryly. "He seems to have forgotten nothing save, perhaps, the football team. Yet from what Sam says, a decent eleven is what Hallowell needs most. Sam seems to feel quite strongly on that subject. How about it?"

Sam was the chief's son, a senior at Hallowell.

"The team might be better," Tommy had admitted. "In fact, there is some question whether it could be worse."

The senior secretary had entered. "The plane, sir!" Behind him was the butler bearing the chief's hat and a light coat. Sears had slipped into the latter, taken his hat. Then:

"I wish you'd run up and take a look at the team," he had directed. "Let me know what you think of it and what's the matter with it. I'm off for Canada for a couple of weeks' hunting—you can reach me at the lodge any time."

This was the last thing Tommy would have expected. He could not have been more surprised had the chief asked him to investigate the length of flappers' skirts and report on methods to shorten or lengthen them. For an instant his customary cool self-assurance had been shaken; he was goggle-eyed.

And before he could recover the chief had spoken again. "Or perhaps, inasmuch as I'm off for a vacation, you'd better go ahead and do whatever is necessary," he had amended. "Just report results. I'll give you a free hand—spend any amount within reason."

With that he had nodded—and gone. Tommy had stood stock-still for a second. Then he had turned to the senior secretary.

"I wish he had asked you to make a memo. of that for me. I heard what I think he said—but my brain refuses to believe my ears. Did you hear something about a football team, too?"

The other had assured him he had.

"Well, this just doesn't make sense," commented Tommy—but to himself. Nor could any amount of mulling it over give him a clue. If it were a professional football team for which new players could be bought—but it wasn't that sort of team.

"And if it's a practical joke, it's a peach," decided Tommy.

Of course, it might be more than that—some sort of test.

"But if so, why didn't he give me a sporting chance?" thought Tommy. "Well, it's not for me to reason why. Hallowell is my next step—though where I go from there the Lord knows."

And so here he was back in Hallowell. And despite his inability to comprehend it all, it was good to be back, walking with Steve through the gloaming.

"I usually have a bull session up in my room after dinner," said Steve. "Want to drop in later?"

"Thanks—I may," replied Tommy.

They parted with that. Tommy glanced at his watch. Not quite six. Abruptly he made a decision. He'd drop in to see Endicott.

Endicott was in his room. "Come in," he called, in answer to Tommy's knock. He was standing before the mirror knotting a tie, and turned as Tommy entered. "Oh, hello—when did you blow back?"

"Only this afternoon. Been out to the field to look over the team."

Endicott's expression changed swiftly. "He's getting set to throw me out if I ask him why he won't come out for the team," Tommy informed himself.

So he didn't ask. Instead, "If you haven't any previous engagement, I'd like to have you take dinner with me," he suggested.

"Sorry—but I've got another engagement." Endicott had turned back to the mirror. Tommy studied him. A good-looking chap, Endicott. He had the build of a born end, too. Also an eye for something a bit better than the average in neckties.

HE FINISHED with this one and confronted Tommy again. "And if it's anything about the team," he began, "I—"

"Oh, they told me that you had given a definite and final no on *that* subject," confessed Tommy. "But at the same time they told me you were going in heavily for science. That interested me."

Endicott eyed him suspiciously. "I never knew you were interested in science," he remarked. "And—I'm sorry—but I'm in a rush at the minute."

"I won't delay you now, then," said Tommy. Nor did he. Two minutes later he was back in the room he had once shared with Bill Saunders.

"Who is Bob Endicott rushing nowadays, Bill?" asked Tommy at once.

"Bob Endicott?" echoed Bill, astonished. "Why, he's not rushing anybody. He's devoting all his talents to cultivating the pure flame of science, you know."

"Or do I?" interrupted Tommy. "I just dropped in to see him and—well, Bill, you can't make me believe that a man buys five-dollar neckties to court the pure flame of science with. It's some other sort of flame—"

"You're 'way off," stated Bill positively. "Endicott's never been seen with a girl on the campus to my knowledge."

"That means she's a town girl—Northbridge on a bet," deduced Tommy. "Oh, well—I'll ask Jerry. He'll know."

Experience, some of it personal, had taught him that a college-town taxi driver knows more about the so-called student body than the dean.

"Say, what have you got buzzing around in that old hatrack of yours now?" jeered Bill.

"Rather more than I have in the place that holds my trousers up," replied Tommy. "Let's eat."

Afterwards Tommy sought out Jerry.

"I say, Jerry—what's the name of the Juliet Bob Endicott is playing Romeo to?" he demanded. "The one over at Northbridge, I mean."

"Say, how did you get onto that so quick?" Jerry demanded.

"Oh, I knew there was a girl in Northbridge—only I don't know her name," Tommy informed him. He reached into his pocket and produced a five-dollar bill. This he regarded admiringly. Then: "Wonderful piece of engraving, this, Jerry. The portrait of Lincoln couldn't be better. Not a detail missing."

He passed Jerry the bill, looking Jerry in the eye. "I want you to have this work of art," he said. "I've always been a great admirer of yours, as you know. I'll bet you could tell me the girl's name and all about her."

Jerry pocketed the bill. "Sure I can. Her name is Nina Wingate and she works in that Bon Ton Restaurant."

"You mean, she's a waitress?" asked Tommy, taken by surprise. He had no prejudices about waitresses, but Endicott had always been something of a snob.

"Not a waitress—some waitress," corrected Jerry. "And Endicott isn't the

only one that hangs around! I could name others. There's Bradley and—"

"Bradley?" gasped Tommy. "You mean that Bradley and Endicott are after the same girl?"

"Yeah—and the funny part of it is that neither of them knows it, I guess. They both sort of slip over on the sly. Bradley because he's on the team and shouldn't be hanging around restaurants, and Endicott because he's a bit high-hat. But this girl is a knock-out."

"And so are you, Jerry," said Tommy fervently. He swiftly produced another fiver and pressed that on him.

"Well, you certainly are free with money these days," said Jerry.

"Spare no expense" is the motto of millionaires and their chosen associates," Tommy informed him. He slipped into the car and added, "Drive me to Steve Lannon's boudoir, please."

THE atmosphere at Steve's was thick with smoke, and thicker still with gloom.

"No—that's out," Steve was saying as Tommy entered. "Bradley can snare a pass provided nobody else wants it more than he does. But usually somebody does."

He glanced up and saw Tommy. "Oh, hello—find a chair and sit in," he invited.

"Hadn't I better look at the corpse first?" suggested Tommy.

Steve snorted. "Tommy will now tell us how to turn the team into a sure-fire winner," he jeered.

"Oh, let's forget football for a minute," protested Tommy. "Why not look upon the brighter side of life? The world is so full of such a number of things—"

"You'll be dodging a few of them in a minute," prophesied Steve.

"Such as science," continued Tommy serenely. "That ought to interest you, Steve, inasmuch as it's Endicott's first and, so far as you know, only love. Yet why? The advantages of science are dubious."

"O ye gods!" moaned Steve. "You're as bad as ever—worse than a radio."

"Because after all, science *has* upset the law of natural selection without providing any substitute," went on Tommy. "And the result is going to be terrifying. The race is degenerating."

"What of it?" demanded Steve. "This is a football session."

"I was thinking of Endicott," said Tommy. "To think of his devoting himself to science when—"

"Are you going to spring this on Endicott?" demanded Steve.

"Not me," said Tommy. "He wouldn't listen to me!"

"Nor me," said Steve grimly.

"Correct," approved Tommy. "Well, leaving science, for the nonce, let's now consider love. After all, Steve, it's love that makes the world go round, isn't it?"

"Say, did you bring this with you or have you located a bootlegger in town?" demanded Steve.

"Even a football coach should consider the power of love," persisted Tommy sweetly. "It achieves miracles. And you are certainly in need of a miracle. You told me that you couldn't do anything with Bradley on the field. Or even get Endicott onto the field. Isn't it possible that your technique has been wrong?"

"Possible—but prove it."

"You strike the wrong chords, Steve. Instead of bulldozing poor Bradley or getting down on your knees to Endicott you should summon the power of love to your assistance. You should say to both, 'Get in there and play your heads off. If you do, perhaps you'll get a sweet pretty kiss—'"

He rose swiftly and dodged expertly.

"And that's gratitude," he complained. "I give you a couple of hot tips and what do I get? Almost a sock in the eye. I've a mind to leave this team flat. In fact, I'm going away almost mad."

He turned at the door, however, to add: "No, never shall it be said that Tommy Jones was other than kind to dumb animals. I shall not be with you tomorrow save in spirit. But I'll be working for the old team just the same."

"Have you actually got an idea up your sleeve?" exploded Steve.

"Steve, I am so prolific with ideas that I've got them in both sleeves and an overflow tucked in around my garters," Tommy assured him.

At two o'clock the following afternoon, when the opening whistle blew for Saturday's game, Tommy was in North-bridge outside the Bon Ton Restaurant.

"The waitresses are all pretty," Jerry was informing him, "but this Nina is a knock-out."

"So you said before. What table does she knock them out at?"

"Bradley and Endicott always park at the fourth table against the wall to the right as you go in," Jerry told him.

Entering, Tommy so charted his course. The table designated was set for two—and unoccupied. As he seated himself a waitress came toward him. He assayed her swiftly. A small-town waitress in a second-rate restaurant. Yet there was that about her that made many things understandable.

"Such as why sedate, successful business men make fools of themselves over chorus girls," soliloquized Tommy. "And of course she *would* be blond."

Nina was. Flawlessly so. She poured water into his glass and awaited his order. Her attitude suggested that men were born to admire her—and be disdained.

"And a purely fortuitous arrangement of features enables her to get away with it," philosophized Tommy.

Nevertheless he smiled up at her. "Must you work every Saturday afternoon—or could you take in some of the football games if I got you tickets?" he asked blandly.

Her miraculous nose, tilted a trifle at the tip, lifted a bit higher.

"I think football is silly," she replied with chill finality. "I wouldn't go to a game if you paid me to."

"Incredible!" murmured Tommy. "Why, yours is just the type that should take in *all* the games. Put you in a fur coat, add a pennant and a couple of chrysanthemums, and you'd inspire artists to draw magazine covers, players to commit mayhem and—"

Her blue eyes became chill as a December moon. "I'll be back when you make up your mind what you want to eat," she assured him.

With that she moved away on trim legs, her head held high.

"Well—perhaps to know her is to love her," mused Tommy. "But I have a feeling I'll never get to know her."

Leisurely he rose and moved toward the proprietor's office. The proprietor himself was at his desk.

"Oh, hello," he said. "You're not back in college?"

"Now why bring that up?" protested Tommy. And closing the door he added, "Listen, George."

George listened, and grinned. "Why, sure," he acquiesced. "Always glad to please a customer."

He rose, opened the door and summoned Nina.

"Now, you know me, Nina," besought George. "I'm just like a father to all

you girls. You've just got Mr. Jones here all wrong. He's not the fresh sort—he's a perfect gentleman. He's going to tell you something and you take it from me that he's okay. Anything he says is all right. See?"

Nina looked like a woman convinced against her will but George settled her in a seat and turned to Tommy. "Make yourself at home," he said.

He went out and closed the door. Nina's eyes met Tommy's.

"What's the big idea?" she snapped. "Are you trying to make a fool out of me?"

"Only a football fan," soothed Tommy, "Oh, just a minute, please."

She lapsed into silence, her expression suggesting that he could not interest her. But Tommy had baited his hook well, using the one lure no feminine heart can resist.

Nina's eyes quickened as he finished speaking. "You mean that if I just go to the games and pretend that—"

"Exactly," said Tommy. "That's all there is to it."

"And I don't have to—to let them—"

"Absolutely not. You just tell Endicott that you know Bradley and that you think it must be simply wonderful to be a football player."

"But I've already told Bradley that I think football is silly."

"I don't doubt it; he plays as if somebody had," said Tommy, a bit grimly. "But reverse the record. It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know. You tell Bradley you are coming to see the games and please to make a couple of touchdowns or something like that. And you tell Endicott—"

"I don't know Mr. Endicott so well," she objected. "He comes in and the girls kid me about my crush but—"

"You just mention football, and tell him you think Bradley is wonderful," prompted Tommy. "Ask him if he doesn't wish he could play football."

"But you just said he could."

"Beautiful, but dumb!" groaned Tommy—to himself.

"He's more interested in science, as he'll tell you," he said to her. "But you tell him that you think football is swell and that science is awful. Just what I told you to say."

"You mean, what you said about science putting everybody on the bum? I couldn't ever remember all that stuff," she confessed. "I guess I'll just tell him I think science is awfully silly."

"I guess that will be enough at that," conceded Tommy, rising. "You do your part—and I'll do mine."

"Oh, I'll do mine, all right—that's easy," she replied, with serene self-confidence. Nor was her self-confidence misplaced, Tommy felt. He emerged from the restaurant quite content.

Jerry was still waiting. "You made some meal of it, at least," he said, swinging open the taxi's door.

"Good Lord—I quite forgot my lunch!" realized Tommy.

Jerry grinned. "Didn't I tell you she was a knock-out?"

"You choose your words well," Tommy told him. "Knock-out" expresses it. Something that addles the brain and sends its victims bye-bye."

THE afternoon was waning when Tommy returned to Hollowell. He might have attended what was left of the game but he passed it up. Hollowell was on the wrong end of a twenty-one-to-nothing score anyway.

The bull session that night was what might have been expected. "Cheer up," suggested Tommy. "I'll have an end on the field for you some time next week."

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The new man will start as right end on the second team, Steve, playing against Bradley."

"Second team — against Bradley?" echoed Steve. "But if he's any good—"

"He'll be good, and Bradley is going to be a whole lot better too," prophesied Tommy. "Now be good children and don't ask Papa any more questions or Santa Claus won't come down the chimney with presents."

He grinned at them, started to leave, but paused at the door.

"And all I ask in return is a couple of tickets for midfield for Yarmouth next Saturday and for the Pittsfield game too," he said. "The best you have—for the prettiest girl you've seen in a long while."

"Trust you to pick her!" growled Steve.

"Trust me *not* to pick her," retorted Tommy firmly. "I'm going to be down on the side lines holding your hand—not up there holding hers. She's coming with a girl friend. And the stuff about the new end is a secret, remember."

It remained so until Tuesday. On that day Endicott joined the squad to its open-mouthed astonishment. And Steve's. He goggled a minute. Then:

"Say, what's the big idea of playing him on the second team against Bradley?" he demanded of Tommy.

"The big idea is the big idea," replied Tommy. "You do as I say—and I'll bet you see something."

Steve did. Endicott was lined up against Bradley. The ball was put into play and:

"Good Lord!" breathed Steve. "What's got into Bradley?"

"When a man lacks heart look for his heart," suggested Tommy.

Steve missed that. He was watching the play like a man enthralled. "I wouldn't be surprised to see the team click now," he murmured presently. "Endicott is in good shape and Bradley is—" He turned to Tommy. "I'll keep Bradley at left end and put Endicott in at right on Saturday—" he began.

"Listen to me, old-timer," commanded Tommy. "You haven't a chance with Yarmouth—not this year. You know what Yarmouth did to Yale, and to Harvard. But if you just keep Bradley and Endicott fighting for the same place, I'm not so sure you won't lick Pittsfield a week from Saturday."

Pittsfield was Hallowell's ancient rival—the one team that Hallowell must beat at any cost. Let Pittsfield be humbled and prudent shopkeepers in Hallowell thanked heaven that their windows were insured and the local police force said its prayers.

BUT Pittsfield was good this year. Tommy knew it, and so did Steve. Nevertheless:

"I don't see it," persisted Steve. "Why waste a good end—"

"You wouldn't see it! But I'll compromise. Start Bradley at left end on Saturday and throw Endicott in at right during the first quarter. We'll see what happens."

To this Steve assented. Saturday came and so did Yarmouth, a cocky three-to-one choice. But the word had been passed that Hallowell was getting into its stride and that Steve had something up his sleeve. The stands were filled and some of Hallowell's most intrepid sons even placed bets.

When the final whistle blew they were the envy of their fellows.

"And who was it said that we hadn't a chance to beat Yarmouth?" jeered Steve as Tommy drifted into the bull session that night.

"Miracles still happen," admitted Tommy imperturbably. "But what happened this afternoon isn't going to help you any with Pittsfield. You won't catch another team napping."

"I don't expect to. But you stick around and see what happens next Saturday, Tommy. If I can keep Bradley and Endicott from murdering each other this week—"

"You'll have a fifty-fifty chance with Pittsfield," prophesied Tommy.

"Crape hanger!" said Steve.

"I seem to remember considerable crape around here when I arrived," Tommy reminded him. "And I thought it was my bright, blithe presence here that—" He broke off and rose. "That reminds me—I've got to send a telegram."

Twenty minutes later that was on the wires. It was directed to Samuel Sears at the Canadian game preserve that he and some of his millionaire boy friends maintained. It read:

Hallowell ten Yarmouth seven
Stop Total expense to date four
hundred and eighty-seven dollars

This would puzzle the chief, he suspected. That was his hope anyway.

From Monday on every bit of Steve's energy was pointed to the final game. He rode the squad mercilessly. He was taking no chances with overconfidence. To Tommy he confessed his optimism, however.

"The way Endicott and Bradley are fighting it out has lifted the whole team," he said. "It's in the air."

"And all over the field so far as Endicott and Bradley are concerned," supplemented Tommy. To which he added, innocently, "You'd almost think they had some private grudge, wouldn't you?"

On Friday there was a brief public scrimmage attended by the undergraduate body and many alumni—men of affairs from distant cities who had sworn they wouldn't spend a nickel to see the Pittsfield game this year. Yet here they were.

At the big meeting that night, Steve was clamored for and spoke briefly.

"It's been a discouraging season," he admitted. "The team shaped slowly. Beginning with last Saturday's game it struck its stride. I'm making no promises about tomorrow. I think that with the breaks we'll win. It's going to be a game worth watching, anyway."

And that was Tommy's idea as he took his seat on the side lines. The Hallowell squad had just come on, the east stands rising to greet it. The din had hardly subsided when the west stands rose and gave the welkin another ring. The Pittsfield squad was trotting on.

Something stirred in Tommy. To be out there with Hallowell . . .

The two varsities ran through signals and there were a few minutes of passing and kicking. Then in the center of the field the two captains met with the officials.

Hallowell won the toss. The teams lined up. The whistle blew and Pittsfield kicked off, into the wind. The ball soared up and—

"Note for you," murmured a voice in Tommy's ear. "Lady's waiting."

Tommy took the note, hardly hearing. Hallowell's right half had the ball. He was off with it. Ten yards, fifteen, twenty. Good boy! A swift tackle and he was down. Hard. Time out so soon! This was to be a hard game, and a good one.

Tommy remembered the note. He opened it and read:

I'm in a taxi just outside the main entrance and I've simply got to see

you at once. You got me into this awful mess and you've got to get me out. I wish I'd never seen you or listened to you and if you don't come right off I'll hate you the rest of my life.

It was signed "Nina Wingate."

"Good Lord, what's the matter with her?" wondered Tommy.

He rose. But Hallowell's water carrier was trotting back toward the bench. The Hallowell eleven were in a huddle. They sprang to their positions. Tommy sat down and held his breath. He knew that one. Fake kick—would Hallowell get away with it?

The ball was snapped but not to the full back. The right half had it. He held it, drifting back and back, and then: "Ye-ow!" roared the east stands, coming to their feet.

The pass was perfect—and Bradley had it. And Lord, but he was big—and fast! A Pittsfield man all but had him—but missed. Bradley was racing along the side lines now. Would he go outside? Pittsfield's safety man was coming toward him. He had Bradley—no, he hadn't!

TOMMY was on his feet and so was every other Hallowell rooter. They held their breath and then:

"Wow—yow—oo!" rose a mighty crescendo.

A touchdown in the first two minutes of play! Pretty girls danced up and down and were hugged by their escorts—in the east stands, that is—and dignified old grads smashed one another's hats.

Tommy waited only to see the goal kicked. "I'll be back in a minute—don't let anybody ease into my seat," he said to the man next to him.

It was after four when he returned. No one paid the slightest attention to him as he thrust himself into the place he had vacated almost two hours before. The Pittsfield rooters were on their feet going mad. The Hallowell stands were mute and tense.

Every eye was on the field. In the fast-gathering twilight Tommy identified the Hallowell team. On its five-yard line—no, its seven-yard line.

"What happened?" besought Tommy of the man next to him.

"Blocked kick—Pittsfield got it," said the other tensely.

"What's the score?"

"Seven to six."

The ball went into play. A straight line-buck. A mass of waving legs and arms. Then the whistle. Three yards through left guard. Four yards to go for a touchdown.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Tommy. "How long to play?"

"Only a minute or two."

And Pittsfield knew it. The players did not even go into a huddle. They were following a prearranged schedule now. They had hardly sprung to formation when the ball was snapped.

"They're playing too fast," thought Tommy—and came to his feet.

So did the stands. A fumble—and a Hallowell man had the ball. One of the line men, big but not fast. He started for the Pittsfield goal line but he had not a chance. Two Pittsfield men nailed him from behind almost simultaneously on Hallowell's twenty-five-yard line.

Yet the Hallowell stands were roaring. Hallowell's ball and—

A whistle blew. The game was ended with the inevitable sense of a drama left uncompleted.

Hallowell, seven; Pittsfield, six. A narrow margin but the point sufficed. The man beside Tommy was dancing up and down, hammering him on the back.

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BY



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He stopped yelling like a Comanche long enough to bleat: "Did you ever see a better game?"

"I should say it was about the best game I never saw," corrected Tommy.

The squad, swiftly blanketed by ecstatic substitutes, was on its way to the locker building. Tommy followed along. Inside was liniment—and life at its crest. Steve was everywhere, slapping this back and that.

"No man ever played a better game," Tommy heard him say to Endicott.

"Yeah—but Bradley made the touchdown," muttered Endicott. And added, morosely, "And she saw him!"

Steve had moved on and did not hear that. Tommy did. He hesitated and then decided to say nothing. "Science was his first love—and will be his last," he reflected. "And a scientist should ever be a philosopher anyway."

He trailed after Steve to proffer his congratulations. There was no question but that Steve would have another shot at Hollowell now, and Tommy knew what that meant to Steve.

Steve glimpsed him. "Did you ever see a better game?"

"If anybody else asks me that I'll sock him!" said Tommy. "I—"

Steve, however, wasn't even listening. "And what does your boss think of the team now?" he went on jubilantly.

"My boss—you mean Samuel Sears?" asked Tommy incredulously. "Why, he's in Canada," protested Tommy. "How could—"

"Canada my hat!" retorted Steve. "He's here in town. Came on for the game, so I heard between the halves."

But Tommy was already on his way out. What he had intended to say to Steve could wait. "He's probably at the Inn," he decided, meaning his chief.

Samuel Sears was, and in his room. "I dropped off on the way to New York," he explained. "Partly to see the dean about the new dormitory and partly to discover what you were up to. That wire of yours—he smiled—"rather stuck in my mind."

"I hoped it might," said Tommy.

"Especially the expense item," added Sears. "If, as you hinted, you actually turned a losing team into a winning team for something around five hundred dollars, it strikes me you have the making of a financier in you."

"I hope so—" began Tommy, and was interrupted.

Hollowell had won this day and the undergraduates parading back to the campus were so informing the world. The student band led the procession, playing Hollowell's ancient war song. A thousand voices shouted the refrain.

"And what could I do for Hollowell in the way of new dormitories that could compare with that!" remarked Sears dryly as the procession passed. His eyes, shrewd and searching but amused as well, met Tommy's. "What—if anything—did five hundred dollars or so have to do with all that?"

Tommy grinned. "To begin with, you bought a lady a fur coat."

"I trust that fact is not generally known," commented Sears. "Go on. Or perhaps you'd better start at the beginning."

Tommy did. He told the chief about Bradley and about Endicott. Sears did not interrupt until Tommy came to his first interview with Nina.

"Now I begin to get the idea," he broke in. "She was willing to play both ends against the middle for a fur coat."

"And time and a half overtime for attending the games," added Tommy. "She still thinks football silly and no diversion. She prefers the movies."

Sears said nothing for a moment. He was surveying Tommy. Then: "I suppose you wondered why I sent you here in the first place," he suggested.

"There have been times when that has puzzled me," confessed Tommy.

Sears smiled. "I've been trying you out in various ways for the last few months," he explained. "You always managed to come through somehow. I thought, for a change, I'd put you up against something that was both absurd and, so far as I could see, impossible. Just to discover what you'd do or say."

"You didn't give me a chance to say much of anything," said Tommy.

"That's apt to be my way," commented Sears. "But I did expect some sort of report later. Not just this sort—I had no idea you'd be able to do anything, of course. But it is always enlightening to find what sort of excuse a man will make for a failure. When a man's back is to the wall, you're apt to discover just what manner of man he is."

He paused. But Tommy remained silent. He could on occasion.

"I've yet to get you with your back that way," added Sears humorously, "and so I suppose I'll have to take a chance on you. Anyway, I've got something fairly important for you in mind. We'll discuss that later."

Tommy started to speak but Sears checked him.

"Don't bother to say a word—just run along and join your fellows," he commanded. "Only don't tell them too much about the fur coat. And that reminds me—which man is the girl going to marry?"

"I should never forgive myself if she

married either," replied Tommy with a grin. "She's an awfully nice girl, probably, but—well, everything considered, I'm glad she's engaged to a stalwart young truck driver from Worcester."

"You mean that she has been engaged all along?" gasped Sears.

"All along save for an hour or two this afternoon," corrected Tommy. "Her fiancé was driving through and dropped off to see her. Sort of surprise visit. He expected to find her at the restaurant. Instead, he found her about to leave in a taxi I provided, wearing chrysanthemums and a new fur coat and—well, he suspected the worst."

Tommy sighed. "So far as he was concerned life's dream was o'er. He wouldn't believe a word she said and I don't know that I blame him. It wouldn't sound wholly plausible right off the bat. So she came and tore me away from the game."

"You mean, you didn't see the game?"

"Only the first three minutes and the last two," said Tommy with a grimace. "I spent the rest of the afternoon in Northbridge trying to persuade that young truck driver that Nina was as pure as—well, let us say as any soap ever advertised."

"And convinced him, I do not doubt," suggested Sears amusedly.

"I left them in a perfect movie clinch," admitted Tommy. "A sight for sore eyes, and mine were a bit sore. Nerve strain. I wasn't sure for a time whether one or both would stop a fist. But in the end he said he was glad to have met me and—"

"And that's not surprising," said Sears. He paused just long enough to give emphasis to what he was to add. Then: "I'm rather glad I did myself," he said deliberately.

No more than that. Yet it sufficed to reveal the man—and to carry Tommy, as on wings, toward the riotous campus.

"You don't just work for a man like that," he assured himself with feeling. "You give him everything you've got."

And that, it struck him, as he passed Hollowell's oldest dormitory, might be one of the reasons why Samuel Sears was in a position to give Hollowell a new dormitory. But before he could digest that, Bill Saunders pounced upon him.

"What's this I hear about your not seeing the game?" he demanded.

"That, Bill, was my punishment," explained Tommy. "You've heard, of course, of those lads that play both ends against the middle. Well, I've been doing just that, and"—he paused and half grinned, half grimaced—"I got caught myself this afternoon, in what you might call the middle," he finished.

On the Floor of the Sea by Amelia Earhart (Continued from page 45)

displaced by bolts and nuts which are tightened with a wrench to prevent water seepage. The dainty shoes weigh twenty pounds apiece, and are laced over socks, tennis shoes and canvas feet.

Loaded with all that armor, I thought was heavy enough, but I found that a belt studded with bricks (so they appeared) was yet to be added. Actually those bricks were slugs of lead, the entire belt weighing about seventy pounds. In all, the weight of "what the well-dressed diver will wear" is about two hundred pounds.

I was helped to the side of the submarine and stood on the ladder, waiting for the helmet to be screwed on as the last piece of the fancy costume. The helmet has an air-intake, with control valve which can be regulated by hand,

and an automatic exhaust. There is also an emergency valve inside which can be opened by pressing against it with the cheek. Glass windows give a fairly good view of the surroundings. The helmet is fastened by a special catch which can be opened only from the outside. With the hose is a control rope, serving as a life line, and for pre-arranged signals. One jerk on it means "All's well"; two, "More slack"; three, the signal for coming up.

As an amateur, I did everything wrong. In the first place, as soon as I got underwater, I began to get wet. That's not etiquette. Not knowing how wet or dry I should be, I did nothing.

I stood wavering on the ledge of the submarine for a moment to get my bearings, and suddenly felt myself being

pulled to the surface. That ducking was to be enough for the first day—simply an initiation.

But the morrow was more successful. Instead of the two-hundred-pound diving outfit of the day before, I wore simply a bathing suit, sneakers, and over my head a light Dunn diving helmet. This type of helmet is open at the bottom; it rests on one's shoulders, and the air pressure as pumped through the hose keeps the water down below the head. I felt curiously light twenty or twenty-five feet below the surface, and the helmet itself, though actually its leads weighed about sixty pounds, seemed no burden at all.

All movements beneath the surface seem very slow, and when I jumped on the bottom I bounced like a cork, though

4 UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY AND HOW TO USE THEM



1.

Pond's Cold Cream



for thorough cleansing



apply it generously



always after exposure



and before retiring.



2.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues



soft, ample, absorbent



remove cream and dirt.



To banish oiliness



and firm your skin



3.

Pond's Skin Freshener



pat it on briskly.



For powder base



and soft, white hands



smooth in



4.

Pond's Vanishing Cream.

VITAL MOMENTS in a well-groomed woman's day . . . the all-important, yet simple care she gives her skin . . . Study these pictures . . . follow these swift, sure steps . . . Pond's four famous aids are unfailing . . . they keep your complexion exquisitely fresh and clear.

Pond's Cold Cream comes first . . . pure, light . . . use generously for thorough cleansing two or three times through the day . . . at bedtime . . . always after exposure. Quick, caressing, upward, outward strokes to smooth it in . . . they keep your contours young and firm. Now leave a moment to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . coax every particle of dirt up to the surface.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues next . . . to

remove all cream and dirt. Take two at a time from the dainty latticed box. Fold or crumple in your hand . . . lift off the cream and dirt, using exactly the same caressing upward motion as when applying the cold cream.

Now Pond's Skin Freshener . . . cool, exhilarating . . . it banishes the last trace of oiliness. See how you soak a sizable pad of cotton . . . pat face, neck all over briskly. This gentle Tonic closes, refines the pores . . . for sallow cheeks it's magic to conjure back fresh vital color.

Now for the smooth, well-bred finish that adds so much to your poise . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Smooth in a delicate film before you powder. And don't forget your hands . . . It keeps them

velvet-white and soft as rose-leaves.

And now your powder and rouge blend beautifully. Finished, enchanting, your loveliness will last the evening through!

For generous trial sizes of these four unfailing aids—send coupon below. See how quickly they improve your skin!

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Your day can be a cheer or a chore!



THE time to clear up a sluggish system is when you first get out of bed! And Sal Hepatica is the best of all prescriptions for the trouble!

A turn of the faucet . . . a reach for the bottle—into your glass of water pour a spoonful. (Use the cap, it's very convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture down!

For Sal Hepatica works quickly and it sweeps the wastes thoroughly from your system. Women drink its splendid combination daily to clear their complexions. Men like it for it leaves them fresh and fit. It makes the day a cheer instead of a chore!

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a sedate one. Through the windows the water was green, with a subdued light. It wasn't clear, and I could see but a few feet about me.

Of course, in southern waters the underwater seascapes are far-reaching, and often, I am sure, exquisitely beautiful. William Beebe has given me fascinating descriptions of the fun he and his companions have enjoyed with a helmet similar to the one in which I was initiated. In the warm, clear tropical waters they have often stayed below for long periods of time. Beebe himself has speared fish beneath the surface, and has made notes upon a slate of what went on around him.

While I was descending in my lighter helmet Frank Crilley had gone down in his heavy diving outfit, and there on the bottom, a shadowy monster of the deep, he took me by the hand, leading me as far as our ropes would let us go.

Crilley detected something on the bottom and, stooping, picked up—not romantic pieces of eight or lovely coral, but a prosaic milk bottle! As he held it out to me, I tried to take it, but found my sense of distance wasn't working. Where the bottle appeared to be, it wasn't, and though I could see it, my hand didn't touch it. My eyes were not accustomed to looking through a new medium, or adjusted to the errors of refraction. Some who have been down have told me strange tales of trying to sit on rocks several feet away, which appeared to be directly in position, or of stepping over obstructions which weren't in the path at all.

After what seemed a short time, I noticed I was growing cold. Taking a clamshell with me as "evidence," I jerked three times on the rope and slowly came to the surface.

But that wasn't all. On the bottom of the submarine of this story is an unusual contrivance. It is an air-tight chamber with a door which opens directly on the sea. By making the air pressure within equal to the pressure of the water without, this door can be swung outward and—one may step gayly forth into the Atlantic Ocean with never a drop coming into the chamber. The phenomenon is that of the inverted tumbler in a bowl of water, where the water creeps up in the tumbler only so far as the pressure of the imprisoned air will allow.

Yes, I walked out the strange little door into the green sea and bobbed up through it into the sunlight above. A bathing suit was the only equipment needed, as the exit was made only about fifteen feet under. Of course, at great depths diving apparel is worn, and the real purpose of the compartment is to let divers out to work. Sometimes the sea is so rough on the surface that it is impossible for them to go down in the usual way. Twenty feet below, however, the water is calm, and as it grows deeper there is less and less movement.

The Defender is the only craft equipped with this air chamber. Lately it has been used by the navy in a series of tests looking to the development of new rescue methods in case of submarine accidents. It is this little one-hundred-foot craft, by the way, which is to be used next summer in the contemplated subsurface crossing of the Arctic Sea from Spitzbergen to Bering Strait. Much of that journey will be made, of course, under the ice. Commander Danenhower thinks it is quite feasible.

To a nontechnical observer it would seem that the nearer a diver can be to his base while working, the better, for not only will less hose and rope be required, but the diver can be decompressed more comfortably.

People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist



Prof. Dr. Paolo Alessandrini

is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the distinguished title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard, straight bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin.

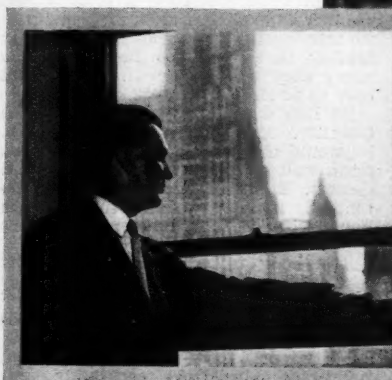
Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound, straight bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is

essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half-health? Has living away from the sun made you "soft"? World-famous doctors point the way to quick, *natural* health renewal. How easy it is—just three cakes daily of fresh yeast — Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby, when it is very tiny, ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "Feedings. Baths. Being always on the alert for little baby sicknesses that are bound to come. I became nervous and irritable—my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped all my tiresome 'miseries.'"



"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

(Above) New York, N. Y.

"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.

"For eleven years I had been auditor of one of the largest automobile sales corporations. Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Everything at the office upset me. Miserable headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. Suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped. I was able to enjoy the evenings with my family.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

H. J. LLOYD



"Playing on the Keith circuit means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."



Eat
3 cakes
daily of
Fleischmann's

Yeast, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. K-82, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.



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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST . . . NOW CONTAINS THE "SUNSHINE" VITAMIN

Fleischmann Hour. Tune in Thursday evenings with National Broadcasting Co. (WEAF) and 47 associated coast to coast stations.

Decompressing is an indispensable measure. Pressure, especially after a man has been subjected to it for a long time, must be relieved gradually. Unless it is, the body protests and a painful case of the "bends" results. Ordinarily divers are pulled up slowly with calculated waits at certain depths. For instance, if a man is down one hundred feet for one hour, in coming up he'll have to be held dangling from his line, even though chilled, for perhaps half an hour, approximately halfway to the surface.

If he could return directly through the sea door to one of these compressing chambers in the bottom of a submarine, he could take off his not-too-comfortable suit and go through the whole process in one sitting, so to speak.

Amusing and interesting things happen in the compressing chamber. For instance, one cannot sing. The voice is changed from its natural tone to little more than a squeak. At first it was thought this phenomenon was due to hearing incorrectly, but singing into the

telephone connected to the chamber absorbed the ears from blame. One cannot take a watch into the chamber, for things of metal cannot stand what the human frame can.

Each occupation has its amusements and its hazards. Of course, there are accidents in diving. Even with the greatest care, men sometimes are trapped below the surface of a smiling sea. Compressed air is their life. With its lessening, for any reason, the windows in their helmets become steamy, breathing becomes difficult and then, if they are not relieved shortly, a "squeeze" may result and the victims be crushed in their suits by the relentless pressure of the water. With too much air the large suit fills out; arms and legs are rigidly extended and the diver is unable even to bend his arm in order to signal the crew above. If free, he shoots to the surface, a buoyant balloon with a suffering human being inside.

Accidents in general should not always cause fear; rather, they should point the

way to greater safety. There are immutable natural laws in force, and each time they are disregarded, they remind us of their presence. The wonderful fact is that we as a race prosper with each increase of things which, if ignorantly handled, will cause accidents. Airplanes can fly; automobiles, trains, subways, steamships, all run safely in their particular ways. Men can go down to the bottom of the sea and stay there unharmed—because we have learned what forces to control and how to control them.

Fear is usually lack of understanding. A diver wouldn't relish a descent in a coal mine, and a structural ironworker who walks on swinging beams hundreds of feet above the ground is afraid, perhaps, to get into a rowboat. I could continue indefinitely. What all of us need is more understanding and faith in what is outside our special province.

Oh, yes, I'm going to have a real dive next time, and Frank Criley has promised to fly with me.

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Who Kissed Me? by Dixie Willson (Continued from page 33)

conspicuous around here with Chinamen. Too clean he was!"

The girl had been staring at Joe Yung. Suddenly she turned and hid her face in her arms against the open door.

"But Jimmy didn't want the stuff," she said, choking-sobbing. "Why don't they get the men he works for? Why don't they get the man who sends Jimmy down here after it?"

"Jimmy wouldn't tell no names," Joe told her.

"Well, I'll tell a name!" she shrieked, facing the dingy room. "Glover McKay! Glover McKay! Glover McKay!"

"I told the cops that myself," Joe Yung said, "and they found Mr. Glover McKay, and he didn't know what they are talkin' about, he says. Would demand an apology from the Court, he says. Never seen the kid before—don't know what it's all about! Politics tryin' to throw mud on 'em, he says."

Joe Yung made a gesture with his hands. "And Glover McKay bein' Glover McKay," he said, "that's all there is to that, girlie. Jimmy'll go up, and what you goin' to do?"

The girl was crying and laughing, tears dropping on her cheek.

"Going to do?" she said. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do! I'm going to put a bullet in McKay's vest pocket, and when he's dead, his bank books will be somebody's business besides his own, and they'll find out who paid Jimmy Lord and taught him smuggling and dodging the law, and lying! I knew something had happened. Jimmy never stays away from home. He's such a good kid!"

She caught her scarf against her eyes, dropped into the chair the sailor had pulled out from the table and tried to keep from sobbing out loud.

The sailor stared at her. Joe Yung came over to her, stood looking down at her trembling hands, tumbling curls.

"Say, girlie," he said at last, "don't be so tore to pieces! Jimmy Lord ain't the world!"

She looked up at Joe Yung, tears in her eyes. "He is to me," she said. "Jimmy's my kid. I'm his mother."

The sailor pushed her hand off the table and laughed. "Like blazes you're his mother!" he said.

She smiled then. "I'm twenty-nine," she said. "Jimmy's fifteen."

"I seen your picture in his pocket," Joe Yung grinned, "but I didn't know who you was. No wonder he was always hurryin' home!" He reached out and put his hand over hers. "Girlie, can I help you?" he said. "If you need any money"—from inside his shirt, with the hand that was free, he brought out a package of money—"here's a thousand you're welcome to," he said. "I'd 'a' done anything for Jimmy even before I seen you."

She told him they didn't need any money. She said they had five thousand dollars. All they had wanted was to get away somewhere, and in another day they'd have gone! They had even had their tickets! But Glover McKay was afraid of what Jimmy knew! He had said if Jimmy tried to quit, he'd turn him over to the law, and now he'd done it!

She looked squarely at Joe Yung. "I'll kill Glover McKay before morning," she said. "I never saw him, but I know where to find him!"

She walked past Joe Yung into the street. He wanted to say something—wanted to stop her—but he didn't. He only stood there and watched her go along half running, keeping close to the buildings.

Down by the wharves a boat whistle dragged a wail along the river.

Le Beau Cavalier.

It is one of those restaurants where the ceiling is clouded silk, and waterfalls of light behind stained glass make the walls. And after midnight lost balloons bounce against the silk canopy, and paper ribbons uncurl. Derby hat on the trombone—syncopated drum shuffle—crowds swaying around the floor, lights turned into moonlight, tables white in the darkness; then the lights on again, and waiters hurrying.

The chorus girls downstairs in the dressing room hear the orchestra and hurry to be ready for the North Pole Number. Peggy Fay, who leads the number, is dizzy from a highball.

"Girls, I'll never make it! I can't handle this train even when I'm sober! And keep on an icicle headpiece and a six-foot collar, and get down on one knee and up again in six counts, with some man at the tables putting Vichy

down my back! I'll never make it! For Pete's sake, get me some coffee!"

Drums crash! The North Pole Number! Snow falling! Northern lights dancing!

A man of forty or forty-five, handsome, wealthy and always alone, is something to talk about. Everybody said Glover McKay had been too handsome. So many women after him that he wanted only to be rid of them all!

He had a table by the season at the Cavalier. Every night at ten or eleven, he would be there for dinner. Cocktail, steak and mushrooms, chicory salad, a dessert. Every night looking on alone—amused, his car waiting to take him home when he had had enough of the place.

Everybody talked about why Glover McKay was always alone—but nobody knew why, only Glover McKay!

One night he saw another man alone at a table near by.

Forty or forty-five, distinguished, handsome, ordering cocktail, steak, mushrooms and a dessert—looking on, amused. North Pole Number, the girl in the long train a little unsteady, glass waterfall, derby hat on the trombone.

Glover McKay was curious about a man so like himself.

"Small-town official trying to kill an evening," he thought. "Shocked at all the women. Thinks he's great in a dress suit! Vest a little too tight for him. Getting a bay window, old man!"

And the stranger thinking the same about Glover McKay.

And then, at the head of the velvety stairs, Glover McKay saw a girl—slim, rather shy, her shoulders and arms bare and white, her hair pinned around her head in little uneven curls—wide eyes, beautiful mouth.

She was looking for something. She had a handful of violets and rosebuds.

She was still standing there on the steps when the jazz band crashed, and the dancers crowded out on the floor again, lights turned to moonlight again; and then suddenly a flame scratched the darkness, a dish shattered, a woman screamed!

And when the lights came up and the dancers stopped, women clutching at the men's shoulders, there, sprawling over the table, was that man near Glover McKay.

Can your teeth stand a "close up"?

What has Tooth Paste to do with stockings?

QUITE A LITTLE

You can for instance, get an extra pair or two with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25¢ a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy,



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A new polishing agent that whitens teeth *almost overnight*

WE have included in Listerine Tooth Paste a remarkable polishing agent, selected after 49 years' study of dental caries (tooth decay).

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You brush your teeth a few times, and lo, they seem to be transformed. White. Lustrous. Healthy.

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trates the tiniest crevices between the teeth, and from them routs decaying matter. Moreover, this dentifrice imparts to the teeth and mouth a marvelous feeling of exhilaration which you associate with Listerine itself.

Do not take our word for the exceptional results obtainable with Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it for one month and see for yourself.

And don't forget that in so doing, you will cut your tooth paste bill in half. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

First aid to digestion



WHEN your digestion is a bit off chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals.

When your digestion is perfect, chew Beeman's and keep it that way.

When your mouth just yearns for a smooth-and-soothing chewing gum, try Beeman's.

For 30 years it has been the favorite of millions of people who chew it for flavor—and chew it to avoid indigestion.

Try a package today.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

Panic! Buzz! A crowd closing around the sickening sight of it! Policemen coming!

Glover McKay left the place.

His car was waiting where it always waited, his driver peering in at the restaurant door with all the other drivers.

Glover McKay opened the door of his car, and there, staring out at him, was the girl he had seen on the velvet steps!

"Well, my dear," he said to her, "you are mistaken, or I am!"

"I—just got into the car nearest the door," she said. "You came out of the Cavalier, didn't you? I am the one who shot Glover McKay. I'm not trying to escape," she said quickly. "I don't want to."

He got into the car beside her—she, white and frightened—and he—Glover McKay.

"So you shot Glover McKay," he said.

"Is he—dead?" she wanted to know. He told her he didn't know. He said he hadn't waited to find out.

His chauffeur saw him and hurried back to the car. "Home, sir?" he asked.

Glover McKay told him yes, home, and then he sat back and looked at that girl. He realized she was more than white and frightened. She was beautiful.

"If I killed him," she said, "I'm ready to give myself up."

The flowers were still in her hand. Now in the half-darkness he saw that they were tied with pale ribbon to a stubby little automatic.

"Did you expect to kill him?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said. "I don't care what they do to me, if only I've killed Glover McKay! But if I haven't, I must be free to try again!" She looked up at him quickly. "I shouldn't have told you that," she said. "You'll give me away!"

"No," he told her. "I won't give you away. Tell me why you shot him."

But she didn't tell him. She sat there shivering.

Glover McKay took a robe from the rack and put it over her shoulders.

She had beautiful eyes and lovely lips. The fact that Glover McKay had spent his life without women did not make him blind to them. Made him see, rather, how insipidly they followed him, piquantly looked after him, with their eyes gave themselves to him. A man of money, good looks and distinction? Of course they did!

Nothing wears so many false faces as Love. The whole world is a masquerade of Love in false faces! You carry like stale roast on a silver platter something worn out and done with, that you speak of as "love." Or you long ago bought yourself something for nothing with what you called "love," because it was the easiest money to spend. Wearing a hundred different faces, you have said the same thing a hundred different moments, and called it all "love!"

For twenty years Glover McKay had watched the masquerade and laughed at it—and kept out of the crowd!

Now here a girl, Lord knows who, is trying—what is she trying? Not to intrigue him. She doesn't know who he is, or care. And Glover McKay—She has tried to kill Glover McKay! Thinks perhaps she has! Hopes she has, to save her the trouble of trying again! Is ready to go to the police for it! Fragile hands—beautiful eyes—here beside him!

She felt him looking at her, turned suddenly and put her hand over his. "Do you think I killed him?" she said.

He closed his fingers around hers. "I don't know," he told her. "Did anyone see you when you shot him?"

She told him no, it had been in the dark.

He is thinking how he can protect her if she has killed the man, because suddenly he knows he will protect her. It does not form in his mind at all that the other man, dead or not, really has nothing to do with it! It does not form in his mind that Glover McKay is the man she hopes is dead! He is only thinking how he can protect her!

Glover McKay lived in a house built against the sidewalk, a tall white-stone house with an iron gate across the steps.

Through the gate you could see the hall inside, velvetlike luxury and white wax candles at a door that would lead to the drawing-room. Amber torches burned outside the house to light the steps inside the gate.

The butler took the robe from around the girl's shoulders and hurried ahead of them to arrange the library.

"Shall I take your flowers?" McKay asked her. He didn't say he knew what was in them.

She told him she would keep them. The library was heavy with carved mahogany, and dark Chinese rugs.

Glover McKay sent the butler to get some wine.

"Would you like anything else?" he asked her.

"Will you telephone," she said, "and find out whether Glover McKay is dead?" He wondered what the butler would have thought if he had heard her.

"Yes. All right. I'll telephone," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

But she stood by the table, awkward and rather shy, watching the butler bring the wine and fill two glasses.

Her face was like a cameo against the dark room. Glover McKay wondered if her hands were cold, they were so white.

"Edward, fix the fire," he said to the butler.

He gave her one of the wineglasses. She took it but she didn't drink, and after a minute put it down on the table.

Wood in the fire made orange flames and put a glow all over the shadows.

The butler went away. Then Glover McKay picked the girl up in his arms and carried her to a silk pile of pillows by the fire.

"There," he said.

He tucked pillows around her feet and stood watching her, while he brought out a cigaret from a case in his pocket. The silence came around them like curtains closing, and there was Glover McKay looking at a beautiful woman in his library, her eyes full of his firelight.

Do you ever think what life is made of? Dreams. You think a dream is nothing. It is everything. Realities are only worth something to you when they are your dreams. And when you have reality, what do you do with it? Make it into dreams again!

Glover McKay had dreamed all his life of a woman he would pick up in his arms and put down on the pillows by his fire. A woman who would seem to belong in his arms and by his fire. And what came over him now was that he had always dreamed she would be a little awkward and shy, like a child—not wisdom in masquerade!

He stared at her suddenly, because her eyes were closed and she was so white! Slender arms, white throat—curls catching the threads of the pillow. She seemed to him suddenly the most beautiful thing he had ever seen!

"What a fool I am!" he thought.

If an hour of June could come in November—in the bleakness of November, just one hour of chiffon sky, tender buds folded up like sealed perfume, a little spilled on the edges, trees ruffled with pale young green, little warm shadows

Greater
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Greater
freezing speed
Greater
beauty

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"Cold Control"
and all for less money



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thing is inside the cabinet. There is nothing to catch dust or dirt. Surfaces, inside and out, are as easily cleaned as chinaware.

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The Frigidaire "Cold Control"

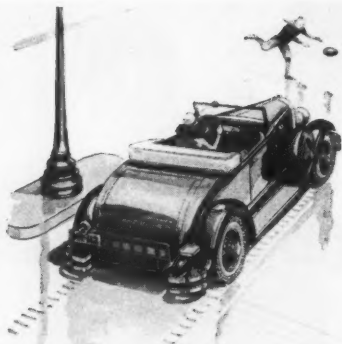
Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the

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"Women Drivers" are Safer Drivers

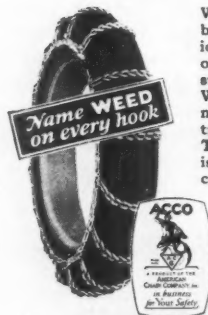
Only 1 out of 23 accidents involves a woman driver

Hundreds of thousands of women, who represent nearly 10% of the city drivers today, rely implicitly on WEED CHAINS for safe traction. They consider WEED CHAINS as necessary as good brakes.

The Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, after analyzing thousands of automobile accidents, pays high compliment to the woman driver. This analysis shows that in only 1 out of every 23 accidents was a woman driver involved. Think of it—1 out of 23. But men were involved in the other 22.

Women drivers are safer drivers because they seem to consider more, the rights of others . . . they dread to cause injury and pain . . . they realize the waste of repair bills.

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lacing together—if such an hour could come in November, it would seem like no hour that ever had been before! It would be like a bubble caught on your finger tips! You would hold your breath with ecstasy!

"I'm a fool," he thought. He could still feel her against him as he had carried her to the fire, the slender weight of her, her face against his arm.

How talk would scatter if he should suddenly be in love! The world waiting for scandal like a puppy for a bone!

Was he in love? What was this fear and frenzy to lock this girl in his arms so there would never be an end to it?

His thoughts had seemed an hour. It was only a minute.

"Will you telephone?" she said. "Please ask if he is dead!"

He had forgotten all that—Le Beau Cavalier—this girl who had been standing there on those velvet steps such a little while before—a girl with a bouquet of flowers he had just happened to look up and see—somebody—nobody—just a girl standing there—nothing! But she had been standing there to shoot a man; she was wondering now if she had killed him! And here she was in his house!

"What if the man is dead or isn't?" he mused. "I can buy the court! I am Glover McKay!"

And what he continually forgot was that it was Glover McKay she had wanted to kill! Glover McKay she was hoping was dead!

She pulled herself up on the pillows and smiled at him. "You were very good to bring me here," she said. "I can go, now, if you'll call on the telephone."

He walked across to where she was and looked down at her.

"I believe I'm in love with you," he said. "I've never wanted to say that to a woman before. I have always thought someone would come to me as you have come, when I wouldn't expect it—wouldn't seek it; and I have waited all my life for just what seems to be happening now!"

He picked up her hand that lay on the satin pillow.

"I don't know who you are," he said; "I don't know why you wanted to kill Glover McKay; but I want to say before I call the Cavalier that whatever they tell me—he kissed her fingers, held them a moment against his lips—"and whoever you are—you are mine, if you want to be."

The man she had shot was not dead. He was not dying. His wound was not serious. He declined to press a charge against whoever might have shot him. He wanted no notoriety.

So that was what Glover McKay had to tell her.

She listened until he finished, then crumpled into nothing in the pillows.

He caught her and held her, talked to her in words that meant nothing at all, told her over and over he loved her.

"But Glover McKay isn't dead!" she said. "I have to find him—and kill him!"

He drew her closer to him—so close she couldn't get away—and told her Glover McKay was himself.

"Dearest, I'm Glover McKay," he said. "The man you shot is a man from Texas, they say. Why did you want to kill me? Tell me right here in my arms!"

For a moment it seemed she didn't know what he said, and then she was fighting to get away from him—beating his arms with her fists, tearing at his hands till at last he let her go, hatred screaming in her eyes. She faced him like a little crazed thing.

"You're Glover McKay!" she screamed. "You are!"

In the far corner of the room behind

him, she saw a Chinese coat fastened on the wall, scarlet embroidered in gold.

Once, one night when ice and sleet had been driving down the river, when the boats had been frozen in the docks, she had sat through dawn, wrapped in a quilt, waiting for Jimmy, till he could fight his way through the storm after what a freight boat had brought from China—unset topazes, sewed along the seams of a scarlet coat embroidered in gold. Jimmy had brought it home, and she had mended a place his fingers had torn in unwrapping it. She had embroidered a Chinese letter in gold thread.

And now across that room what stared at her? A Chinese letter in gold thread! Jimmy, tumbled and sleepy on the bed, trying to stay awake so she wouldn't be alone! Her kid!

"Yes, you are Glover McKay," she said. "Well, then, it's you I'll kill!"

She ran to those flowers, stood there with them in her hand, as he had seen her in the Cavalier. He didn't move—didn't say anything—only watched her!

And then the telephone rang.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it is. No, I've been out all evening . . . They let who go? Jimmy Lord? If he didn't tell anything—all right; let him go!"

Glover McKay turned to face the girl again. But now she was standing by the fire watching the logs fall to pieces, her flowers left on the table.

Glover McKay came over to her. "Well?" he said.

She looked at him. "Perhaps I won't kill you," she said.

She waited for him to move or speak, but he didn't—only looked at her.

"Are you sure you'll still love me tomorrow?" she said. "And the day after? Are you sure there's no one else you ever wanted? Are you sure?"

"I have never thought of love until tonight," he said. "I will love you tomorrow, and to the last day I live! I love you so much," he said, "I'm—afraid—to kiss you!"

She laughed, and tucked her head on his shoulder, and out of his pocket unfolded a white linen handkerchief.

"I'm not afraid to kiss you," she said. "Here, let me show you."

She stood on tiptoe and bandaged his eyes. He felt her fingers lace together around his neck.

"It's odd," she said. "You don't know my name, do you? Nor who I am, nor where I came from!"

"No," he laughed; "nor why you tried to kill Glover McKay!"

He could feel the ends of the handkerchief hanging foolishly over his ear.

"But now I'm not going to kill you," she said, "because you've waited so long for love and found it tonight!"

He felt her lips against his—a kiss that clung to him—held him! And then her hands were gone! Her lips were gone!

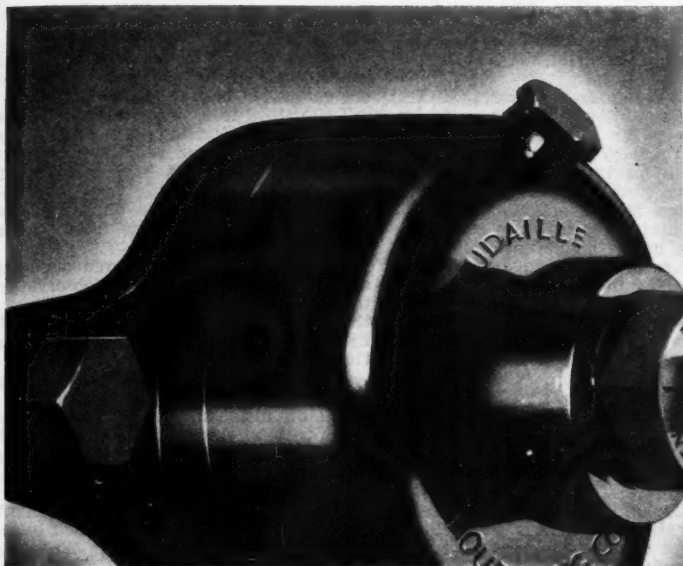
He tried to find her—groped for her. "If you do love me," he heard her saying just out of his reach, "when you try to forget, you'll only remember—and remember! So I haven't killed you," she said. "I've only kissed you—and said good-by!"

He pulled at the band across his eyes. "But don't say good-by now," he said. "I don't know who you are! I don't know where to find you!"

He felt a wind from the street door as it opened and closed, heard the clatter of the gate outside on the stone steps! Stupid, bewildered, he blundered to the hall—to the street.

It was two o'clock by Melville Towers. The street lights were out. The boulevard was empty. The night was deserted.

Miles away he heard a boat whistle drag a wall along the river.



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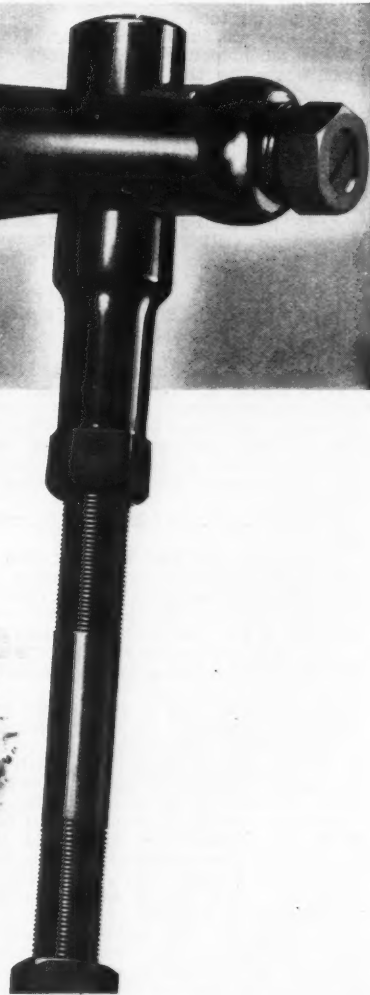
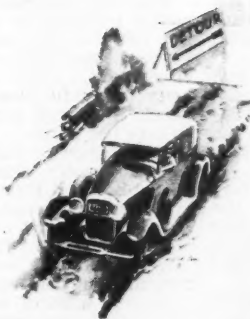
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The Pied Piper of Circle Ranch (Continued from page 44)

said Gertrude McCrae, positive, defiant—"never. Let's fish."

She stood up with a certain violence. That a woman of his world and of his years should be so moved by the physical beauty of a garbage-boy! Hastings felt both impatience and disgust. But this Mrs. McCrae represented a definite goal towards which he shaped his life, using this summer with its easy comradeship and outdoor loneliness for a manipulating tool.

Hastings was tired of ranching. There wasn't much money in it for him. He was weary for the noise of cities, for excitement, for the crowded ease of Many Things.

Gertrude was handsome, comradely, rich, and she liked him. He felt sure that in her life, a doubly disappointed one, he represented a definite intention and that she too meant to use the summer for a tool. So he would not let the momentary criticism keep its nip upon his humor. He gathered up her "catch" half an hour later and smiled.

"Gertrude," he said, "you're not so grown-up, after all. There's a child in your eyes sometimes."

SHE moved beside him soberly, no longer bewildered, or remote. "There's a child in everyone's eyes, isn't there? I've seen a bad small boy in yours, Randy—a wild boy. He was in them just now when you came to me up there among the cottonwoods. Do you know what I fancied?"

"What?" Again he felt impatient, critical.

"I thought you had the look that a knight at arms must have had when he first met upon the moor 'a faerie child.'"

Across the field which they were now treading, a bell rang brazenly, insistently.

"Thank a just heaven for lunch!" ejaculated Hastings with hard dry emphasis.

There are courtships impromptu and courtships planned. There are inspirational wooings and wooings mathematically prearranged. Hastings' suit with the widow of that Scotch magnate, Dave McCrae, belonged to the latter category.

She had come to his ranch in July carrying her chaperoning aunt, and she would leave it in September. During July he had put himself and her at splendid comradely ease; during August he had intensified the mood of intercourse.

By September, his ultimate intention must, he thought, have become entirely manifest to a woman of experience, and in the last fortnight of her visit he meant to wind up his summer's symphony to the final chord of a proposal.

He had chosen, for his signal, the new moon.

It hung that evening in the west. For three hours they had ridden towards it, side by side, across the gray-green sage.

Their ponies' hoofs made pleasant muffled rhythms, crushed, out the sage perfume and the pungent powder of sunflowers. All the long golden-dusty afternoon, Hastings had shaped and trimmed his rare sentences, had timed his ardent looks, calculated his smiles.

The feeling that inspired his symphony was genuine enough to give its measures reality and sweetness. He could see the audience soften. She had considered, she had waited, had pondered, was now ripe. "Gertrude," he said, "that's a new moon in the old west."

She smiled, her eyes upon it.

"You're not afraid of new moons, are you? I've sometimes wondered if life has made you slow to risk a new experience."

Troubled, but resolute, she turned from the new moon to him.

"I used to be afraid, after that first terrible thing, Tom's failure and—imprisonment. But I took up courage—it was rather a hard cold sort of courage, I suppose—to marry again after my divorce. I've never lacked courage since that plunge, my friend. David's death was a stunning blow to my reasonable happiness, but it could not shatter my nerves as poor Tom's catastrophe did—as bewildering to him, poor impractical misguided soul, as it was to me! Nothing, of course, will ever make my heart as young as your new moon."

"Why not?" He drew her horse over with a hand on the rein. "Can't you create a new heart for Indian summer, Gertrude? We're still young."

She rode in silence, her head bent.

"You must have been thinking about this all summer, my dear; about me, haven't you?" They had come to the sudden dip in the wide plain. Below them now the bending river glittered, the golden tops of the ranch aspens turned and silvered; their horses started down the steep hill trail. "Before we get down, Gertrude, please! You know what I'm asking, don't you?"

"Yes, my dear, I know."

Where the trees came close together about their path, just before they must turn down and out into the frequented space of the corrals, Gertrude pulled up her horse and looked at him. Her lips were resolutely shaped.

Sharp, clear, with a golden startling fluency, a whistle flashed across the dusky trail—as a cardinal's wing flashes across a pine. Gertrude's horse shied, wheeled; she gave a cry of fear, of pain. "Heaven—that tune! That tune!"

Whether she spurred her horse or merely loosened the rein, Hastings could not tell, but she went from him at a sudden broken gallop and shot out, white-cheeked, dim-eyed, into the dusty publicity of saddle shed and tiebar where Sandy, Dan and Jerry strolled forward to take her horse.

The master of Circle dismounted and came instantly close to her, but she looked haunted, rigid, white. She had no eyes for him, no smile. He let her swing away alone to her own quarters.

Dan grinned. "They've had a fight." "Ain't that the truth!" Sandy agreed, remembering the boss' grim face.

It is as true of earthly spirits as of devils that, one being violently thrown out, another will take its place, sevenfold enforced. Hastings' mood, from which tenderness had been shocked by the consequences of a whistled melody, was fiercely open to less conventionalized emotions and, as he neared his ranch house, across the empty threshold of his consciousness drifted the shadow of an occupant. Not unfamiliar. She had stood there before, unbidden by his will.

In a world of ordinary matters there should not be such little girls as this one, thought Hastings, as he moved slowly past the open kitchen door. By dawn and dusk they are sufficiently disturbing. But when they stand in a doorway, in the dappled light of a new moon, with drapery flowing back like water across a marble loveliness, there descends upon them a mysterious power. When a man is forty-five, master of Circle Ranch and set to careful plans, it is not happy to be haunted by a dryad-tramp.

Hastings, having passed rigidly into the shelter of his own log walls, leaned just inside an open window of the living room to smoke and to watch. The ranch house

was built about three sides of a cobbled court in the center of which was placed the rustic well top.

Twilo stood in her doorway across the space, looking, Hastings supposed, at the new moon above the well. It must have put a spell upon her, so still she stood. The check his carefully fostered emotion had suffered at the hands of Mrs. McCrae had left Hastings filled with a feverish restlessness.

The girl he watched moved suddenly and went past his post of observation towards the moon, which dipped now into the trees. Hastings' heart plunged back into a forest as he swung out through the window to follow her.

The real woods received them both, pursuer and pursued.

The air inside that wood was made of moon-tatters, elfin and green. Through them went Twilo. She seemed something he had conjured out of his mind, a will-o'-the-wisp of his vanishing youth.

He followed her, it seemed, as a man's brain weary of sense will lend itself to the guidance of folly in a dream. That day reality had mocked him. He ran after the dryad's shadow, brushing moon-cobwebs from his face.

So, hurrying and soundless, from trunk to trunk he moved until he almost missed her near the high ranch gate. She had drawn herself there between the boles of two tall aspen trees, a hand on each, and watched his coming with her air of a nymph.

"You—Mr. Hastings?"

He faced her and laughed. "I saw you going past my window with your head lifted as though you meant to climb up into the air and steal my moon."

She gazed at him from between the trees with her listening look. "I haven't stole it," she said, "but the mountain's going to in five more minutes. It's not rightly yours—that moon."

"Everything on this ranch, above it or below, is mine," said Hastings, close to her, his hand near hers on the smooth trunk. "You'll be off one of these nights, I reckon, like the moon, trying to cheat me, to get beyond my range, eh, Twilo? A runaway, that's what you are."

"No."

"You won't run?"

"I'm through with running."

"You're tired?"

"Yes. I'm tired of running. All my life's been that. I've made a promise to myself. This time, I'll stay, unless—"

SHE closed her eyes and threw back her body like a child in a swing, so that her mad hair hung and her long lovely throat led like a white path to the half-seen perfection of her little face. Deep in her tilted eyes hung a glimmer of the dipping moon.

Carefully Hastings bent above her, cupped the small silken head in his hand and gently, wildly, as a man kisses dreaming, he kissed her young mouth.

The moon dipped and was gone—from her eyes and from the woods. The air darkened; no more tatters, green and elfin, only the ashen evening that would turn purple when the stars grew bright.

In the darkness Twilo stood free from his kiss. Her hands, which for an instant had held to him rather than to the trees for support, now slid away.

"Twilo. Twilo."

She murmured something in answer to the troubled passion of his calling, something reassuring, plaintive, not in accusation or reproach. He fancied that she went through the gate and that someone came up to meet her from the river bank.

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but the moving darkness of the trees all about him filled him with a charming sort of fear as though they had run forward to stand in his way—alive—watchful—suspicious. He turned chill with enchantment and reached the shelter of his ranch house, out of breath.

Next morning Gertrude did not appear; she sent a note asking for breakfast in her "cabin" and for a morning undisturbed, and not until she had seen Hastings set forth determinedly on horseback did she come out, pale, order her own horse and clatter up the cobbled trail.

All afternoon she rode, haunted by her tragic memory, staring dreamily above her horse's friendly ears or at the passing ground. When it was dark and when gold shone in the cabin windows, she came back, wearily.

Inside the house she could see Hastings, unconscious of her. She was tired, composed, ready with her acquiescence to his suit, for now, at last, after long riding, she had laid her ghost.

Near the well stood the slender figure of the roustabout's assistant, filling his buckets. Clad in blue overalls and shirt, black-haired, he bent and turned, pausing for an instant to look at her as she went dumbly past, and, as he looked, his lips fell into their piping habit; dreamily, absently they blew, soft as a flageolet.

She was past him but now she wheeled back, every nerve tight, her face furew-white, her hand clenched on a threatening switch, surging formidably up to him, so close that he stepped back and set down his buckets with a panic clatter.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Explain yourself. You know something. Why do you whistle that air whenever I come past you? Answer me. The truth."

After a pause he replied confusedly: "Why, lady, I don't rightly know. Have I whistled that tune?"

Her switch moved eagerly. "You know you have."

"'Twas just somethin' in your face, I reckon, that reminded me—"

"My face reminded you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I see it now. 'Tis like a prisoner's."

Her weapon fell, her face was blanched. "A—prisoner?"

"I knowed him once. I worked once in a prison—the boy's voice spurned the memory as though it hurt him. 'That man. I liked him. He was a whistler—like me. That was his tune, ma'am, and I reckon, when I see the look in your face like his'n—as though he couldn't never, though he was tryin', forget them bars—well, ma'am, it surprised me, like, to see it in your free face so—so that I kinder without knowin' it got to whistlin' his tune."

THERE was an interval of silence. "He'd be free now," added the youth softly.

Gertrude McCrae went from him and stumbled in at the ranch-house door. She spoke huskily and fast.

"Randy, you must discharge that boy. You must pack him off at once—the boy at the well, the boy that whistles. I can't bear it. He—he knows that he—that he is—insolent."

Hastings made no delay. "Come back here, you!" he shouted as he swung forward to the well.

The roustabout's assistant turned, set down his buckets and became a vaguely astonished slenderness in the vague light.

"You're fired," snapped Hastings. "Get your time from Gates tomorrow and be off the ranch before the night."

He provoked no answer and no protest. The youth stood still, then raised his burden and moved gracefully away.

"You heard me?"

"Yes, sir." He whistled softly as he disappeared into the velvet moving curtain of the starry dark, whistled a melody of escape, release. It laid a pattern of music like a gypsy's signal at Randy Hastings' feet.

When he came back into the ranch house, his woman greeted him with tears.

"Randy, you know that I will marry you," she said. "Forgive me for acting yesterday, today, like a whimsical girl. Forgive me. Love me—oh, as warmly, as wildly as you can."

It was not wildness that he had to give her; the wildness had been charmed out of him in the moonlit woods, but she had his friendliest warmth. They parted that night, affianced and assured, with their future mapped out as by a mathematician's chart, safely to its comfortable end.

So assured and so safeguarded by self-fastened comfortable locks and bars did Randy Hastings, banishing young and lovely spirits, fall to sleep that night.

He was up early, before Gertrude waked, and off to his business on the distant range. By noon, he returned, full of an easy elation, to find a ranch deserted by everyone but a dubious, inquisitive-looking "boy" or so, who directed him to a letter on his desk.

"Miss Austen and her niece, Mrs. McCrae," they told him, had "left the ranch, gone out over the pass—fore noon."

The letter was from Gertrude.

Randy, dearer than you will ever now believe, I am mad, perhaps, but the pressure of one fact is past sane bearing. Tom is free. I always loved him most; I always loved only him.

Trying won't tear aside that deep secret imprisonment that I have suffered. Now, he is free and by a sort of haphazard wizardry he has been made unbearably vivid to me.

I find myself wanting to take him away from bars and shame and his long, long gray unhappiness and to put back the music he loved into his life—if he will let me. It's the end of everything for me, dear Randy, in one sense, but in another, truer one, it's the beginning.

I may be mad, but I am terribly, dangerously happy—except for the thought of an injury to you. But last night, dear friend, your love was warm, not wild, and that has reassured me. Forgive me.

I couldn't believe in my own "possession" until after a wakeful, a most tremendous night. God bless you. Good-by.

Gertrude—not David's and not yours—but Tom's.

Don't send the little piping roustabout away!

Randy Hastings said, "The little roustabout be damned," and took his fishing rod in hand, going for comfort to his river-ripples.

He returned to his cabin that evening, dinnerless and late. He was wet from wading, angry and—free.

To and fro, up and down the big room he went. The fire he had lighted on his hearth danced in his face and eyes.

Winter, he remembered, was not so far away. He could not now go citywards to hunt for ease and the companionship of all the Many Things. He must find beauty, he must entrap some temporary companionship of loveliness and youth.

Opening his door to a slow passing footstep, he called.

The roustabout, whiskered and grim, stopped. "Eh?"

"Where's Twilo—Tom?"

"Seed her near the gate."

"You'll pass her on your way back?"

"Sure-ly."

"Send her to me, will you? Pronto." "Sure-ly. And that means," commented Tom to himself, "she's fired along with the whistlin' kid—likely. Well, they're young—they're young."

He wandered, goatlike and gray, along the stony little path to the trees.

To Randal Hastings where he waited, heart-shaken and tight-lipped, before his fire, Twilo slid in, half smiling, doubtful, but not afraid. It occurred to him that he had never seen her look afraid.

"You sent fer me?"

"Yes. Sit down."

But shaking her head a little, she took her place, as though absently, close to his open window.

"You are going to discharge me?"

"No."

The firelight played like golden water across the room between them.

"Winter's coming," he said.

"And that's the truth." She shivered.

"It's lonesome—the winter, Twilo."

"It's sure lonesome, sir."

"And it's cold."

"It's very cold."

"My friends have gone and soon the boys will be leaving me. There'll be the cook and old Tom—that'll be all."

LIKE the inside hollow of a tree the log-walled room stood between them and that nearing loneliness and cold.

"That will be all," Hastings repeated; "a yellow man and a gray one—and me. That's a grim prospect for me, Twilo." He came over to her and stood close, taking her hand. "I—kissed you the other evening—in the woods."

"Yes."

"You didn't hate me. You weren't angry. You know how beautiful, how magically beautiful you are."

"That's why I always run away."

"But when I kissed you, Twilo, you didn't run away. That is, it didn't seem to me that you had run away."

"No, sir."

She was sweet, vague, submissive, but with a tormenting, absent air, as though she listened to something just beyond his speech.

"You don't want to run away from me?"

She shook her head, wearily, perhaps. "I will never run away again. I won't run away from you; unless—" She was really listening—to something that he could not hear.

"That means you'll stay here with me, Twilo, all through the winter so that I won't be alone? You'll let me kiss you, love you? Perhaps you'll love me too?"

Impatient of her gentle, acquiescent detachment, he took her in his arms.

And then the silver whistle blew, faint and far away, out in the night.

She stirred a little in his grasp.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Twilo, as sweetly as before, "I'm sorry that I have to leave you lonely. I thank you, too." Her gratitude was grave and simple, as though the shelter of his tree-hollow against the cold were largesse to a dryad-tramp. "I thank you. I must go. He's whistling for me. I was waiting lest he should want me. He's leaving, going away."

"I'll have to go away with him, I think. You see, he wants me, he wants me for always, summers and springs, not just for the winter, sir, like you. Listen. You can hear. My tune."

As water slides, or the empty wind, she left his arms. He could not even try to hold her. He had no power.

The silver whistle piped, piped into silence, piped away.

Rose mouth, he thought, and leprechaun eyes, out into the green-gray world together, hand in hand...

After a long silence, Hastings moved and shut his cabin door.

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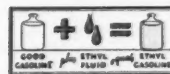
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ETHYL GASOLINE



Thief in Love by Marie Van Vorst (Continued from page 53)

life" when he was a mere lad. He would not look at that picture now . . .

He was eighteen when war broke out, and went to France steering in the best state of mind he had ever known; enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and flew with the Lafayette Escadrille. He could think back upon that time; he could enjoy those memories. There was nothing of shame or regret about those days, only something near to glory. He had his medals. He could have told that long brown girl about the war and about real adventures, part of those French days, stories he had never told anybody and could imagine telling her.

During this trip he had thought more than usual, pent up, inactive. Fortunately for him—what a godsend!—the princess had been seedy, confined to her cabin until the last twenty-four hours, and had not been able to hang around his chair, crouching near him in her leopardlike way into the small hours of the morning.

That was to the good!

Women had made fools of themselves about him ever since he was a boy, and he had stooped to everything; but from one type of life he had kept scot-free.

As he stood and mused he suffered a kind of psychic agony. Well, there was no doubt about it that he dragged his path through life on his belly—"On thy belly shalt thou go"—and whenever his ego, usually a concrete mass of semicontentment, began to disintegrate and break up, he suffered.

A group of young people whom he had noticed as he passed by were sitting under a little awning in the moonlight together, and they began to sing in a soft undertone an Arab song in parts: "Where My Caravan Has Rested . . ." Sentimental drivel!

There was no reason why he should keep away from that brown girl. He probably would, however, and give to society the satisfaction of knowing that he had kept in his place. His place! The best thing for him to do was simply to turn his back on her and stick by Francesca. She was his job.

BUT the girl held him. She was not like anyone else on the boat. He had watched her fine swing when she exercised, as she did when she could escape from the captivity of the older woman. When Armagh had been unable to move from his chair he had envied her, swung along with her, and as she passed him, wanted to stop her. He would not let another day go by without speaking—he'd bring her up here under this awning in the moonlight, see what she was like. She looked as if she had something in her mind, and she made him think of light. She was blond, clear-skinned and steady-eyed; humorous; and she had an extraordinary patience with that old wretch of a woman.

The sentimental song continued to get on his nerves—"Where My Caravan Has Rested . . ."

Oriental!

But there was, as well, something Oriental in the girl, in her brown cloak like a shield between herself and others. He would like to be the one slowly to unfold it and find her fresh blond beauty in the moonlight.

How many men had kissed her? That was usually one of the first questions which occurred to him when he was in the company of a woman.

Well, this voyage had been a kind of rest for him. All his schemes had gone wrong in America: when he had met

Steinertz in the lobby of a San Francisco hotel he had ten dollars in the world, everything pawned, and for several reasons he had felt it was as well to leave the West altogether. Germany, with Steinertz, was his destination now.

The ship's bell struck half past midnight. If he did not go down presently and have sandwiches and something to drink in the card room, the Cesarini would come up. He did not want to share this moonlight with her, and no one else had tracked him to his lair.

He turned to go down, and there, in her long coat, was the girl, coming out on the deck as she had come into the card room. A paper fluttered in her hand.

"Oh!" she said, startled. "Can you tell me where the Marconi room is?" Her eyes met his coolly.

"Just here. I know the operator. Let me take you in. I want to thank you very much for putting a rug over me that cold night, and the princess wants to thank you for giving her back her purse."

She was colder than the moonlight—stiff but not provincial. She said shortly:

"You were blue with cold. I am used to putting overcoats on boys who do not look after themselves. Thanks, I will go in alone . . . Thank you." And she had turned her brown back upon him and gone into the Marconi room, shutting its door sharply on the moonlight and on Armagh.

After this he was determined to see her. Her rebuff had done its work.

The following night there was a birthday party for the prince in the restaurant of the ship.

Jim stared at the princess across the shaded candles. How did lost souls feel? He must be one. Something had happened to him on this boat which had made him realize that he had something which felt like a soul. How had he stomached these people so long? How? The girl was *real*, he knew; and that was one of the reasons why he liked her.

Cesarini himself was such a pup that Armagh did not feel the slightest disloyalty in taking away his wife. Cesarini had crammed life down. Its crumbs were upon his lips. Between Armagh and the prince was a lobster huddled on its dish. The crustacean seemed cleaner to Armagh than the prince.

Cesarini was a Sicilian, lemon-yellow. He could even be jealous of the wife whom he betrayed. Although he was decent to Armagh, Armagh was never sure that some day Cesarini would not stick a knife into his back. He wanted to leap out of the dining saloon and go out to find the girl; find her, break through the abstraction which exists between people who sooner or later are meant to come together.

The steward was bringing in the birthday cake. Armagh watched the little candles flicker—heard the jokes.

A birthday cake for the Cesarini!

His mental process must have been indicated on his face. He met Steinertz' piercing little eyes. Steinertz was grinning at him, twisting his mustache and half dragging his lip down over those two front teeth of his which were pure gold. He thought that Steinertz looked as if he had been born in hell and had come up for a breath of fresh air. His face was heavy and bulbous, and he had a brute force which carried him along. Everything the two men did together went well, but Armagh was always escaping Steinertz, eluding him as far as he could.

Later Armagh went up to the Marconi room to see the operator, with whom he had hobnobbed before.

"Sent a message for that handsome girl in the brown cloak, didn't you? Love message?"

The operator grinned. "Not exactly. You wouldn't call it that. But you don't expect to read it, do you?"

"No," said Armagh.

DOWN in their cabin—another little bit of hell—was the Austrian, bunched up in his berth, good to sleep till midday, snuffling and snoring. Armagh wanted rest, but not here. He felt haunted, hunted.

He went outside for a breath of coolness and the long stretch was deserted, but, to his surprise, there in her chair was the brown girl apparently sleeping profoundly. The light was beginning to dawn over the deck, throwing its soft warning against the ship's side. It would soon be morning.

Armagh took the vacant chair by her side, hoping she would not awake and resent his indiscretion. Sleep is supposed to have decorous isolation about it.

He fell asleep and when he woke the other chair was empty and the girl had gone. Armagh sat up, brushing his hands across his eyes. She would be angry—he would never be able to explain. After all, where is the harm in one tired human being resting by another's side?

At luncheon she sat at her meal over in her corner—alone. He met her eyes and her response made him throw down his napkin by his coffee cup and go over to her.

He sat opposite her at the little table in her corner of the dining room. It had come—their meeting!

"What did you think when you found you were not alone on the deck this morning?"

"Only that we were two tired human beings trying to escape something or other. I knew quite well what I was trying to escape! And you?" She crimsoned.

There was an intimacy, a cordiality about her. Her features were fine, her mouth generous, full and red. She had delicious white teeth and steady eyes. Her hair was unfashionably long and heavily, reddish gold; she wore it in a big knot at the back of her head. It made her of another day, different . . . It seemed to him that they were sitting together not for the first time, in the intimacy that comes from a mutual life.

"My name is Lucy Raynor."

"And mine is Armagh." He thought of half a dozen hated sobriquets.

"Jim Armagh. 'Jimmy.' I have heard the princess—the steward tells me she is a princess—call you that."

As she spoke he could hear the princess "Jimmying" him all the way down the deck, throwing out a kind of immaterial lasso.

"Mrs. Saunders hates her. She made the steward move our chairs away," she laughed.

"Mrs. Saunders must have a busy life if she moves her chair away from everything she hates."

(Forty-eight hours to Gibraltar—then Naples—then Steinertz! Then—Forty-eight hours. He could spend every one of them with her. Now he knew definitely that he would like to do just this—with her—on and on.)

She had gray eyes, friendly and clear. They seemed to lay their light upon his own; and, too, there was the impelling



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call. For Armagh there could be no interest in any woman unless she spoke to him through his senses; but here it was. The call was to the best in Armagh, to what he could have given, might have had a right to give, as every man has.

He had begun to play with women as soon as he was adolescent and he had never stopped. Only since this girl had crossed his path had he consciously seen what was best for him, what he really wanted.

"I would ask you to come up and meet Mrs. Saunders, but she will not meet people. She is very special indeed."

Armagh laughed. "Mrs. Saunders is not going to keep me from seeing you."

Across the dining room, by the opposite door, the Princess Cesarini came calling across the room, throwing her psychic lasso over him, and its vivid coils ran down to his heels as she secured him. She took his arm. The strong perfume she used possessed the atmosphere as she and Armagh walked slowly out into the corridor and towards the little iron staircase. The girl had fled.

From then on he lost Miss Raynor but not the Cesarini! In the parlor of her suite, while her husband was asleep in the adjoining cabin, they had one of their ghastly scenes. After half an hour of tears and accusations, clings and caresses, explanations, her distorted, pallid face more impressive for the paint upon her lips and her blackened eyes blurred with tears, he got away from her jealous, dragging hands.

But he counted without Steinertz. As he came out of the princess' suite Steinertz, in the door of the smoking room, leered at him, waiting for the dénouement.

"Come in here, Jim, or else down in the cabin. I want to talk to you."

"Go to thunder!"

"Show common sense, boy."

"Take the job yourself, Nick. Display your physical charm and appeal . . ."

Armagh's voice was cruel. Steinertz soothed him. "Well, all right, and what are you going to do then?"

What, indeed?

Steinertz understood it was no moment to prod Armagh on. He ordered drinks and sat quietly smoking while Jim finished three cocktails.

"For days I've not seen hair or hide of you, Jim. Sleep on your feet? Go on down now. You want sleep. We'll be in Naples in four days and you'll be by yourself again. Get some rest, boy."

"Are you part of the Jubilee Pilgrimage?"

She asked the question composedly. He answered quickly:

"Yes, of course, of course."

He had succeeded in immuring her in the little tent under the awning at the rear of the deck, in the early morning.

"Mrs. Saunders," she had told him. "only sleeps from six on. She has bad nights. I read to her—it was part of the arrangement—and as she cannot sleep if anyone is in the room, when she finally drops off I come up here."

And here she was, close to him on the little bench under the awning with its flapping scallops; her rough brown cape fell across his knee.

"The woman," he said brutally, "is a beast! I have hated her ever since I looked at her. I have watched you run her errands, and wished I could save you many of those steps."

She was a school-teacher—nothing more interesting or thrilling than a school-teacher in a western district school miles from any town, and as

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Armagh listened to her warm voice telling him stories of her simple life he felt as if he had been looking at rags all his days, mumbling around among junk instead of collecting valuables.

Her brown cloak fell back and showed how straight was her figure and how strong; her hair was like bright wings about her face. There was something maternal about her. "Lean on me," she had said to him as they came up the steps together. "You are not strong enough to walk really yet. I have watched you." And he had leaned upon her arm. "I am used to looking after boys," she kept repeating; "boys never know how to take care of themselves. Was it a strain?"

"A fall on the polo field."
"How fine!" she had said. "I mean the polo. I should like to see it. I have never seen a game of polo! Until I came to New York to take the ship I had never seen the sea. But games, of course, and sports, wild and rough ones too—oh, I know all about them!"

"Tell me more about your school."
"South Hebron, North Dakota. Rough! Swedes, Poles, Italians, some Irish."
"How many teachers?"

SHE made a triumphant and amused gesture, laughing gayly. "One!"
"You teach fifty boys alone in an isolated schoolhouse?"

"Proud to do it," she laughed. "The school had been given up by four men before I came. I wanted to put the job over."

She drew herself up with real pride. Her gestures were grave, unlike the Cesarini's Italian pointings in the air.

Looking across the rail of the deck as if she saw South Hebron on the sea, she said: "I love it and miss it, too, even on this wonderful trip."

"I wish I could have gone to your school, Miss Raynor."

She dismissed him before he had his name on the roll!

"Oh, I could not have taught you anything! You were *born* educated and are like a book of adventures! I have watched you as you have watched me, and wondered about you. Tell me about your life."

His life! Heavenly Father, how human she was! And how mightily she came into his distorted aura, almost giving it honor and peace. Armagh wanted to cry out to her: "Let's never leave this ship where we are now. Make this a ship of life. Call on the Powers to transform it and us!"

At this early hour he had no fear that the Cesarini would come out to find him.

"Go on," he urged; "tell me more about your victory."

"Oh, it is all in the way you start things, don't you think?"

His start! Vapid, evil, loose-hung life! Lessons never learned, principles stamped upon, left out!

He could see himself struck away from a book at his mother's knee by his father's hand, and Steinertz coming between. He could hear the cry from Steinertz ringing down the years: "If you touch that boy again, Armagh, I'll kill you!" And there had been a bond of gratitude from his mother and the boy of those days, to this man. It was an indelible picture—the crouching woman in her chair, the brute, Steinertz. Armagh passed his hand across his forehead as he listened to Lucy, and he seemed to brush away the ashes of old spent fires.

She was speaking, had dropped back into the only things she knew, charmed by his interest.

"The first day I went out to South Hebron there was a big fight on. The school ringed round the two biggest boys; Ted McCabe"—she smiled—"when I think what Ted is *now*! That was three years ago. He was seventeen then and couldn't read or write; he could just fight and destroy the school."

Armagh watched her mobile face. "What is he like now?"

"A darling," she said brightly, "a great big darling thing, and was then, only in the rough. That day he was barefooted and in his shirt sleeves and so was the other boy, a hulk of a Swede—awful! I never made much of Andersen. It was a bloody fight, though. You can't imagine!"

"I can, though," Armagh said grimly—"and before a girl!"

"Oh, I was only 'Teacher.' They had always fought. They were not going to stop for a girl."

"I see," he said. "Were you alone?"

"I made my people leave me. It seems they waited to see how things went, but I watched the fight and the red-headed boy won. I got terribly excited. Can you understand? I wanted McCabe to win. I wanted to win too! It was my fight next, Mr. Armagh; do you understand?" She interrupted herself, looking thoughtfully at Armagh. "It's too provincial, Mr. Armagh, too crude for you. When I think of the prince and princess—those people—"

He exclaimed sharply: "For heaven's sake don't think of them!"

"Anyway, it's real. It was a real fight. Andersen was a brute. Ted was smaller. If I hadn't held myself back, I would have cheered him on."

"Fine!" said Armagh. "The red-headed boy won. I am glad."

"I made him head boy—put him on his honor. It worked, and Ted and I ran school together."

"Is he a prize fighter now?" Armagh could not keep the sharpness from his voice.

"Just a fine man," she answered coolly. "He has a job at the station."

Her warm voice with its rough R's told him of a hurricane blizzard in which she had been overtaken in the lonely schoolhouse after the boys had gone home, and as she waited for them to drive over and take her back to town, Ted had forged through the blinding drift. Armagh seemed to see the huddled figures in the driving snow, the boy with his arm round his schoolmistress—even to feel their struggle through the storm.

The breeze across Armagh's cheek, not all a sea breeze, had a smell of land in it. Was it Gibraltar? Were they nearing the shore? The gulls were flying low. A raw boor! That cursed boy! She loved him, of course, and he was mad about his teacher, of course!

"How did they ever let you go?"

"When they found out how crazy I was to go to Europe—I simply lost my head in the geography lessons!—they made me a present of the Jubilee Pilgrimage; took up a little purse, those boys!" Radiant, gold, and living—blushing too—she asked Armagh: "Wasn't it perfectly darling of them? When Mrs. Saunders asks me to do errands for her all over the ship I don't mind. I am doing it on the boys' money! I only answered her advertisement for a companion to Rome for the Jubilee to get over. Of course you are not part of the Jubilee Pilgrimage, Mr. Armagh! I knew you were joking!"

How she put him in his place! A boy's rough hand seemed to close the door of the Hebron schoolhouse, lock it and put the key into a pocket.

"Ah, there are all kinds of pilgrimages.

aren't there?" he said unsteadily. "All kinds!"

"Of course. And yours is some terribly interesting adventure. It's your turn. Please tell me about your life."

Armagh got up almost with rudeness. "It's almost breakfast time. Mrs. Saunders and the dog will be rounding you up in a minute! You have to know a person awfully well to tell her your life."

In his own agony he wanted to hurt her, to cry out, to tear himself apart, to take out his heart and throw it into the sea, that the salt waters might cleanse it. She started, paling, looked at him as if she could not believe her ears, and turned precipitately from him, walking quickly forward.

Armagh did not follow.

He kept with his party, hardly leaving the Cesarini's side, hating himself, hating the woman, hating Steinertz most of all. The next morning Lucy and Mrs. Saunders were to leave the ship at Gibraltar. He would not see Lucy again to bid her good-by. He lingered late with Francesca over their cocktails in the forward card room. It was past midnight when he tore himself away to get a breath of fresh air.

The chairs of Mrs. Saunders and Lucy were stacked up against the side of the boat. Their rugs were gone; the books were gone. It was an empty corner, and Armagh stood by it, dressed as he was in his evening clothes. His face was ghastly and rebellious.

He would not see her again! Lucy Raynor would never come to him with confidence and lay her bright hands in his, giving him her approval, as she did to Ted. Charity she could give him—nothing else! He would never see her again! As he hung like a spirit of darkness by the empty chair she came round the corner wrapped up in her burnoose, the deck lights shining on her loosened hair in its old-fashioned coils. She came up holding out both hands.

"Good-by," she said gently. "I thought all evening you would bid us good-by."

Armagh did not cling to her hand. He wanted to hide his feelings and said curtly:

"Why do you not bob your hair? It is the fashion. Did you promise that western boy not to cut your hair?" He hardly knew what he was saying.

"I was engaged to him when I left Dakota. You remember the night I asked you where the Marconi room was? I sent Ted a wire that night to say that I would never marry him." And Armagh knew that she meant him to know what his chance with her was.

From the passage Mrs. Saunders came in a dishabille of bath robe and shawl. She looked wildly out into the darkness.

"Lucy! Lucy Raynor!"

Armagh and Lucy started apart. Mrs. Saunders came up to them.

"The dog is very sick. Come with me, Lucy, and do something for him."

She thrust her arm into the girl's arm and drew her away as though she were dragging her from Mephistopheles.

Armagh rushed to his cabin, packed his suitcases, and then went to the pursuer and gave him nearly everything he had to put him off at Gibraltar for a stop-over.

NEVER had anything seemed so heavenly to Armagh as Gibraltar the morning he saw the ship sail away with the Cesarinis and Steinertz for Naples.

Late in the day he found Mrs. Saunders and Lucy at a small table in front of an outdoor restaurant, having tea; Mrs. Saunders in her best, draped in cheap jewelry; the dog lapping crumbs

of cake. Lucy lifted her small hat from her head and showed a shingled crop of loose curls. She had bobbed her hair on the ship before landing! At this tribute to him Armagh wanted to take her head to his breast and kiss every hair of it.

Mrs. Saunders turned and saw him. Why had he come? Too late to blame himself now. He had wanted her, that was all, and wasn't man enough to spare her.

"Lucy Raynor! There's that man from the boat!" She froze him with a look. "Missed the boat!" he said lightly. "Got off with the others to see Tangier. Great to find you here!"

"I don't believe it!" said Mrs. Saunders.

Armagh laughed and pulled the dog's ears. It seemed to him when he dared to look fully at Lucy and see the welcome there was for him that they had known each other always in some happy country where wrong things never were.

He took them back to the old-fashioned hotel, and down the street came the Highland pipers in their kilts, with their pipes. The thin fine music sprayed into the air—"See, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

Mrs. Saunders stood like the Rock of Gibraltar itself stoutly beside the girl. In their own room she turned upon Lucy and forbade her to see Armagh again.

"He is a low man, Lucy Raynor. He has a bad, dissipated face. I wouldn't trust him round the corner. If you were older and a married woman I would tell you what my steward—Don't forget this holy pilgrimage! If you want to think of men"—Mrs. Saunders pronounced the word as if she meant "vipers"—"think of one of our clean western boys. I wish this fellow had stayed on the ship."

After they had gone in Armagh lounged outside looking up, and saw Lucy come out on the balcony.

"At six o'clock tomorrow morning," she said to him.

"Then there is danger in it, isn't there?"

Armagh thrust his stick deep into the crevices between the rocks, where bright blue flowers were springing.

They had climbed in the early morning, and now sat together above town and sea. Lucy had made herself adorably smart for him: thick short skirt, gray stockings, bright buckles—nothing of the district school-teacher. He would never forget that morning, her magnetic unthinkable charm, the transparent flesh under her thin blouse, the warm orange glow of her sweater, the color and light in her short bright hair. Mrs. Saunders had been furious with her for a long time, and her bobbing her hair had been the last touch!

"We are both sure you are going on a dangerous mission. Something diplomatic?"

HE WANTED to cry out: "I am a thief. In San Francisco, Steinertz and I laid a plan to steal the Princess Cesarini's pearls: that is why we are all together. That sort of gentlemanly crime is done. One man gets an influence over a fool of a woman and together they put the job over. You have seen her pearls; you gave them back to her one day. I thought Steinertz would die when he saw them come out of that bag!"

"We are waiting for the right time over in Naples. I shall steal them because I am close to her. Steinertz will dispose of them. He will take them to Germany; everything is arranged. He is part of a gang, a kind of crime club, an

international crime group. We must take our chance. It's new to me. I am at the end of everything, burdened with debts. I've drifted, and now that is what I am—a thief. And I adore you."

He only said coolly, however: "Oh, you give me too much importance. I wish I were on a mission of sorts with something fine at the end of it—even though that end should be death."

He had broken their spell as he had done before.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't speak like that, please!"

He said: "The chap out there, he is fine. I'm all for McCabe." Armagh knocked the pebbles about with his stick. The sea was a dense blue bounded by the dark African shore. The light sails of native fishing boats laid their nebulous shapes against the sky. "I believe in destiny. I can see you distinctly with Ted McCabe."

"I can never go back to Dakota."

"You will, you will! We can't force destiny."

He counted without her. She had not mastered fifty rough boys for nothing. Now the color burst along her cheeks as if the blood would come out of its delicate cup, and she laid her hand quickly on Armagh's knee.

"You did not leave your friends and the ship to come here to tell me to go back to Ted McCabe!"

He could feel the touch of her hand to his flesh, and put both of his down strongly over hers, clinging as a man half out of water may hold to a life-saving thing. The sea, the shore's dark background, the moving ships, the girl's bright figure, all were imprinted indelibly on his mind in his emotion. Down at his feet out of the rock's crevices came stoutly up one single bright blue flower. Armagh never forgot its symmetry and color.

Tomorrow he would be gone!

Without choosing his words, Armagh began with a rush to tell her what he could of himself and his life, hiding grosser shames, and it became soothing as he talked to confess and clear his heart and mind.

She listened, her eyes turned from him, her hand staying loyally under his.

Vagabond, adventurer, unlucky child of mischance, he showed himself anew; every bid he made was for her sympathy and for her compassion—and for her passion over all.

Bless her silent listening! He worshipped her profile against the sky, cut out of ivory against lapis lazuli.

As he told of his wretched childhood she started to wipe her eyes.

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't wipe them away. I want to see them fall. I love them, bless them! Lucy—Lucy!"

Before she could go to him or he could take her, Armagh sprang up and dashed down the cliff, flinging himself back to the town. He took a boat, rowed over to Algeciras, and did not return to Gibraltar until well after midnight.

A boat left the following night for Naples. He thought of going over to Africa and taking the boat from there late at night, but he could not bear to leave Gibraltar until the last moment.

Armagh went to smoke and read for a miserable hour or two in a dingy little coffee-room on the second floor of the hotel. He sat and suffered and renounced her—all he could do. During his vigil once again down the little street the Scots pipers came along playing their haunting air: "The Conquering Hero." What a rotten hero he was in every way!

He had his tickets stamped at the

travel agency, sold his sleeve links; several small luxuries had gone to pay his hotel bill. At midnight he would meet his boat and go back into his own environment and the destiny he could not escape. The clouds had grown black, the wind was up. It had begun to rain with splashing drops against the panes. The window rattled and shook, and as Armagh fastened it securely the opposite door of the little room flew open and Lucy, pale as death, rushed in.

"Mrs. Saunders is in the hall, coming—she thinks—she says—"

Armagh had her in his arms, kissing her wildly, hair, eyes, lips, drinking in her sweetness, holding her close, kissing her again and again. They were breathless when they fell apart. Touching his face tenderly with her hands, she murmured:

"Jim, Jim—I'll see you tomorrow—I'll be back tomorrow."

"Back?" he cried. "Oh, where . . ." and would have held her, but the door was tried and the voice of the old woman came, hunting. Lucy, with a cry, rushed out and shut the door.

Down in the office they told him that the ladies had gone to Algeciras and would not be back until the next day. He bore it quietly—nothing ever would matter any more.

AT MIDNIGHT in black rain and high wind he found the tender and it cut away with him through the water to his ship. Armagh, clinging to the rail in his long coat, took a ghastly triumph in the beating rain. It might beat the life out of him, for all he cared! He hung immobile there until they pulled in under the shadow of the ship.

Once when he was a boy he had gone down into the coal mines with his father, and he felt the same sense of suffocation as he opened the door into the room in the Excelsior at Naples where Steinertz was sitting playing cards.

Steinertz pushed aside his whisky and looked up; his bloated face seemed to Jim to peer up at him from the mine.

"The devil! You've come back, have you? Why in thunder did you pull a rotten thing like that on us?"

The porter with Armagh's suitcases came in and put them down.

"I've been keeping this big double room, Jim. The hotel's crowded. We are about through this game now." He made no presentations to the others. "The princess thinks you left the ship on business."

Jim picked up one of his suitcases. "I'm going to have a bath and shave and dress. Then let's have dinner. I want to get out of this stinking room."

He went into the bathroom and shut the door.

"The dealer takes one card," Steinertz said in French.

When Armagh came out and dressed for dinner Steinertz was alone and stood waiting for him like a policeman.

"You're a fool," said the Austrian—"a fool. I can't talk now, I've got to see Grimm. He goes to Berlin tonight. I'll find you later in the restaurant. I've engaged our table."

In the lounge downstairs Armagh came across a man with whom he had flown in France during the war. He could have fallen on his neck.

On his way to Rome to join the equipment of the dirigible that was to make its flight to the Pole, the aviator had stopped in Naples to meet his father, who was financing the expedition. He plunged into a vivid description of his plans and wound up with:

"What have you been doing with yourself since France, Armagh?"

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"Oh, went to the dogs early and stayed there."

Reliving the wholesome days of their comradeship in France, Jim forgot the Cesarini and Steinertz. Suddenly he looked up and saw the princess coming toward them.

The woman was struggling with emotion and excitement. He could see the beating of the pulse in her throat. His old comrade was looking at him, surprised that Armagh should know this notability.

Armagh joined the princess. "All right, Cecca; don't burst into tears at the Excelsior! It isn't done. Steinertz has reserved a table. Where's Prince Cesarini? Shall we wait, or go along to dinner?"

Later he escaped to look with tragic eagerness for his friend, and instead met a messenger with a note from Steinertz:

"There's a good game of baccarat going on in Room 25. Get in on it. They expect you." So he listlessly wandered in and won, coming out with over ten thousand lire in his pockets around one in the morning.

Armagh had hung fascinated on the plans for the expedition. Join if he could! Emancipation! His friend was leaving for Rome the next day. Armagh was to see him there and meet the members of the expedition, and he was full of this idea as he mused in his room after midnight, when Steinertz came in.

"Hello, Jim! Trying to round you up all over the hotel! She's in the parlor of their suite saying good-by to the prince." Steinertz spoke very low, and in German. "The prince is leaving for Sicily. Jim, Jim, pop in now, boy."

Steinertz spoke Armagh's name with passionate intensity, standing close to him.

"I kept her quiet all the evening waiting for you. She's as nervous as a witch." He put his hand familiarly on Jim's shoulder. "This is our hour."

"This is what I've waited for since San Francisco. Get me? To look at you I should think you were a fish. What's the matter with you? The prince's notary has been here all afternoon and he is to take the pearls in the jewel case back tomorrow morning. He thinks he is." Steinertz made a low sound which would have gone for either a chuckle or an oath. "The prince will be gone in an hour. The princess is waiting for you. Understand? The jewel case remains in the princess' room until the notary leaves. Then Augustine gives it to him before he takes his train. See? It's a bold, beautiful theft, Jimmy, a sentimental, artistic thing!"

Taking off his evening clothes, Steinertz flung them on the bed, put on a bath robe, and began to pack his valises. His hair, always a ragged brush, stood up with special aggressiveness. Armagh stretched out on the divan, lighted a cigaret and stared through its smoke, watching the vicious Austrian, clever, magnetic, moving about their room. As he went from bureau to wardrobe, methodically packing, Steinertz threw out to the younger man, with a leer: "What was the big idea in going off on a Sunday-school picnic with a school-teacher? Play with dames of your own class, Jim."

Disgust and rebellion were seething up in Armagh. A bell boy knocked, was let in, and handed a folded note to Armagh. Steinertz folded his light overcoat on the chair, put his stick and gloves on the bureau top. He had only to close the lock of his valise. He lifted the hotel bill off the table.

"This little beauty it's up to you to settle, Jim. You took enough off those

Frenchmen at baccarat to clean up here for us."

Below his hair his flesh lumped up in ugly crinkled wrinkles on his stocky neck; sparse golden-gray hair. He was close to sixty but looked forty. Lucy had said on the boat in those first hours of their short acquaintance:

"At first I thought the Austrian was your father."

Nick Steinertz his father!

Steinertz came over to the side of Jim's divan and sat down.

"The mistake in the deal with the Rani Fas pearls was that both of the men went off at once with the jewels. Fatal!" He made a comprehensive gesture with a slow smile. Steinertz took a sensual delight in his schemes.

"We don't do that way, Jimmy. One of us stays!" Armagh did not speak. "I go on with the goods. You stay!"

Armagh was as motionless as a dead man. Indeed, but for the slight movement of his white shirt-front he might have been dead, he was so pale and lax. Steinertz grew angry.

"Oh, come back, you lovesick calf! Go off into pure ether if you like when we are through. Come back!"

In low gutturals Steinertz began to give instructions to Armagh, a quick rehash of their scheme to his reluctant confederate.

"After two months we'll be on velvet. It's unique! One of the accomplices remaining behind to sit down in sweet converse with the woman whose pearls he has stolen!"

How yellow his teeth were! Armagh could imagine his hands round that stocky throat.

All of a sudden a fierce look came into Steinertz' face. He leaned toward the young man.

"Tomorrow the jewel box will be in the safe deposit and no one will touch it again until the princess returns to Rome. *Tonight's the night, Jim!*"

Steinertz' face seemed cut out of iron, with coals in the sockets as eyes. He stretched his arms across the little table. He was like a Colossus of bronze.

Armagh crushed out the cigaret and said: "I am not coming across."

"Oh, yes, you are." Steinertz' voice had a peculiar sound. "Don't pull any dope on me about reform. You're rotten in the grain." He advanced his clean-shaven face across the table at the young man brutally. "That little provincial school-teacher has disgruntled you. If she knew that you are a rake and a gambler and a few things more!"

The table fell with a crash as Armagh dashed himself viciously on Steinertz, rolling him on the floor, his hands at the bulky throat. In spite of his fall, the smash and the noise, Steinertz kept his sang-froid. Throwing his big arms between his face and Jim he panted:

"Fool, fool! Don't commit parricide!" the words bulging out in steam from his terrible face.

Armagh fell back. The Austrian got heavily up.

"What a devil of a noise! You'll have the hotel people in on us."

Armagh stammered through his white lips: "Take that back, take that back, you fiend!"

Steinertz half fell on the sofa, his face raised to Armagh. "I thought you knew, you crazy lunatic—you're my son."

Although it was close to eight o'clock when Armagh returned to the room, Steinertz, fully dressed, was lying on his bed asleep. Armagh waked him gently:

"Your train leaves in half an hour. Come!"

The Austrian moved into consciousness



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with a start and sat up like lightning. He was never sure, thus suddenly awakened, that it might not be a disagreeable summons.

He put his heavy hand on the young man's wrist. "Got 'em?"

Armagh drew from his pocket the magnificent Cesarini pearls. "Turn round. Stand by the table and I'll sew them into your clothes."

In less than half an hour the two men were downstairs with Steinertz' luggage. In the taxi Steinertz said, hardly daring to look at Armagh's white face:

"Now, come, Jim, what's the good? That's the way life is tied up. You can't fight it. I did what I could, and your mother loved me."

Even this brought no recognition from the iceberg at his side. Burning with curiosity, Steinertz asked: "How did it go through, Jim?"

"Just as you said. We had supper together and a lot of wine. The pearls were in her jewel case on the dressing table and Augustine came in to get the box this morning. She got it, but I had opened it with the princess' key while she slept, taken the pearls, unlocked the box, and put the key back on Cecca's bracelet where she always wears it. I saw the notary and Augustine go off together in the bus." Armagh spoke like an automaton.

"Magnificent!" breathed the Austrian. "Now if that Sicilian lemon doesn't go to the safe and open the box in a state of nerves—"

"Cecca has the key," said Armagh, "and you will have made your getaway before the prince's nerves begin to work."

"I hate to leave you here like this behind me. What will you do?"

"Take her to Capri today," said the younger man quietly, "in a motor launch, and keep her till you get to Berlin."

The Austrian turned to him with a kind of ecstasy. "Miraculous, Jim!"

The taxi swept over holes and cobbles. Armagh's face was as sharp as if it had been cut out of paper. Leaving Steinertz at the gate, with the porter to carry his valise and the Cesarini pearls sewn into the waistband of his trousers, Armagh drove back to the Excelsior.

Three days later Armagh flung himself off the train at the Rome terminal station. He had seen in the paper the names of Mrs. Saunders and Miss Raynor as staying at the Regina and he remembered that one of the chief features in Mrs. Saunders' Jubilee program was hearing the Pope say Mass in St. Peter's on a certain day. The hope that he might see Lucy again, probably in a crowd, but nevertheless see her once more, made him burn his ships and leave Capri and the princess, to whom he promised to return in a few days.

He arrived on a train crowded with pilgrims going down to the Basilica with their beads, crucifixes, medals and souls to be blessed.

The piazza in front of St. Peter's was black with human beings, thousands and thousands going into the Basilica, and Armagh, with a strange psychic certitude that Lucy was surely somewhere within the church, went in with the others. The aromatic smell of incense met him, the darkness and the lights, and he too was suddenly part of the Jubilee Pilgrimage, close to pilgrims who had come thousands of miles to worship.

But the fact that he would in some way see Lucy was the sacred object of Jim Armagh's pilgrimage. Finally he managed to veer to one side, and the portion of the crowd to which he belonged became immovable. Near a big



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pillar, behind a red rope, and guarded by the papal guard, was a group of several people in reserved places, and among them Mrs. Saunders and Lucy.

The girl was all in white, a small hat crushed down on her bright head. She might turn at any moment and see him. But Lucy was waiting for the lifted figure of the Pope, and had opened her book to read Mass for Jim Armagh. Tears fell between her and the words. She shut the book and lifted her face, with the tears on it, to the brilliant, dazzling procession. The music of the trumpets fell like shattering dew and honey, and between cardinals and prelates, in the light of the glittering candles, the Pope all in white passed, lifted above the crowd.

Solemn as was the moment, Lucy Raynor from South Hebron, Dakota, seemed to see only Jim Armagh's face in the incense mist as though it were the face of a saint. Armagh began with difficulty to make his way back out of the crowd, and one by one put people between himself and the group round the pillar until the white figure of Lucy became vague, the distance greater. As he went, a curious sense of having passed into the crowd possessed him, a loss of individuality; and he began to thrill to the impersonal touch of these strangers pressing against him.

There had been acute bitterness in his soul always towards life and people, but suddenly all that changed. The music—most divine music—floated above his head. The odor of myrrh, of precious burning aromatics, mingled with the odor of the crowd, but he did not feel suffocated by it; it seemed cleansing and he felt a spiritual rest as though he, too, with his brothers and sisters, were receiving a blessing.

"O Heart, Heart, Heart! O bleeding drops of red!"

Why should that recall itself to him just now?

He crushed on, back, back among that mass toward the door.

But fresh from Capri Prince Cesarini was coming up the steps of the Basilica to meet him! The marks of Francesca's fingers were on his arms as she had clung to him trying to keep him from going to Rome. Sicilian jealousy and vendetta had awakened. He had arrived suddenly in Capri a few hours after Armagh had left her . . . Yellow as a lemon, panting like a hound, he came murderously on.

Armagh, intoxicated with the impersonal touch of strange garments, bodies, flesh of strangers, flesh of brothers, came on to meet his destiny, fairly fighting his way through priests and nuns, and men and women of the world, rich and poor, breast to breast, body to body. At the door he came face to face with the lemon-visaged Cesarini.

Jim was turning to look back toward the pillar when something struck him sheer, clean through the chest and to the spine, through his heart. He fell back upon the crowd with a knife that had been in the Cesarini family for three hundred years sticking out of his chest.

So fell Jim Armagh, gentleman thief, adventurer, gambler, rake; stabbed outside St. Peter's in Rome for his sins and his love. No, not for his love. Through that he had risen. Not that anyone would ever know! Not even Lucy Raynor in the South Hebron schoolhouse a year later, still crying for love of him as she drew the Rock of Gibraltar on the blackboard for the geography class the day she left school forever to be married.

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NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK,
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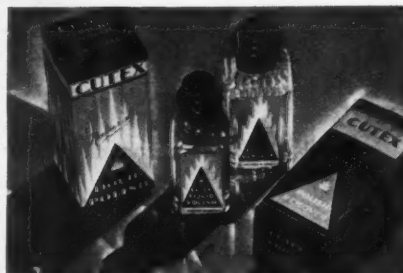
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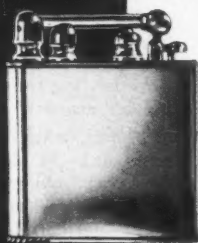
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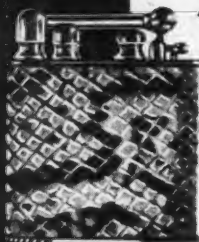


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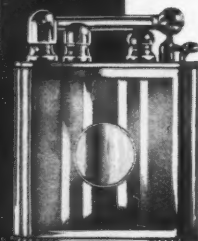
\$3⁵⁰

This model in a sturdy, polished nickel case, is just \$3.50, yet it has all the Douglass features!



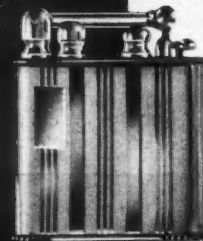
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Cased in one of many rare leathers this model with polished nickel ends is only \$4.



\$5⁰⁰

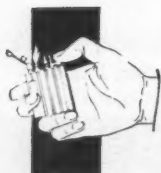
A Silhouette (thin) Douglass in nickel. Plain or chased case for \$5. In leather at \$6.



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Silhouettes in silver-plated cases with interesting lines and a shield for your monogram \$10.

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PRESS THE TRIGGER, THERE'S YOUR LIGHT!

Lincoln, the Husband

(Continued from page 39)

which makes it all the more charming to her, and all the more uncongenial to him.

Mary does not care for the only tree left near the house and has it cut down, but she loves her wonderful new chandeliers, and she delights in the musical box between the two cut-glass inkstands on her writing table. But of what avail are all these splendors when her husband still insists on cleaning his own boots; when he replaces a missing trouser button by a wooden peg, hitches it to his suspenders and humorously calls the arrangement a "gallows"?

Certainly, she has far from an easy time with him. Often, he does not come when dinner is ready. She has to send the two elder boys to look for their father, and they find him in one of the shops, sitting on a nail keg chatting with and listening to a crowd of customers. At length he gets up to come home, but stops again in the street outside the shop, the center of a little group, the two boys hanging to his coat tails, while he finishes his anecdote.

Then, when he is on his way home, the youngsters begin to cry. "What on earth is the matter?" asks a passer-by. "What on earth is the matter?" rejoins Lincoln. "I have three walnuts and each of them wants to have two."

Is it surprising that Mary is fretful at home? When one of the boys mispronounces the word "gentleman," which means so much to her, and nothing to him, Lincoln is pleased and tells all his friends about it. When he is asked why the Todds spell their name with two d's, he answers: "For God, one d is enough, but the Todds need two."

He is not the man to see to it that his boys are brought up properly, according to his wife's desires. On Sunday, he takes the two elder ones to his office while the mother is in church, sits plunged in thought or deep in his books, and never notices how they amuse themselves by messing up the pens, upsetting the inkpot, throwing legal documents on the floor and dropping pencils into the spittoon. It is left for his unhappy partner to discover on Monday that the young Lincolns have been making hay in the room.

At home, Lincoln usually shows a yielding disposition; does not ask how much his wife spends; leaves money lying about where she can take it when she pleases; is content with whatever arrangements she may prefer in matters concerning the house and the garden—and thus irritates her nervous susceptibilities and fosters her contradictoriness by his very passivity and indifference.

"He is of no account when he is at home," says Mary. "He never does anything except warm himself and read. He never went to market in his life. I have to look after all that. He just does nothing. He is the most useless, good-for-nothing man on earth."

Yet when her sister praises him and says she would be glad to have a husband with so much intelligence, Mary is delighted and agrees that his faults are only trifles.

While she wrangles with everyone—with her sisters, with the servants, and of course with Lincoln—he, on the other hand, records as a principle: "Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including

the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal rights and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own."

On these terms they are able to rub along together; and the death of one of their sons at the age of four years may have helped to promote a closer union between them. When Mary is afraid the boy is becoming consumptive, she urges the doctor to conceal the fact from Lincoln. In important matters she never pushes him too far, and she says of Lincoln after his death:

"He was mild in his manner, but a terrible firm man when he set his foot down. I could always tell when, in deciding anything, he had reached his ultimatum. At first he was very cheerful; then he lapsed into thoughtfulness, bringing his lips together in a firm compression. When these symptoms developed, I fashioned myself accordingly, and so did all others have to do sooner or later."

But things do not always go as well as this. On one occasion he orders a new newspaper to be sent to his house. Mary writes to the editor canceling the subscription. The letter is published, and Lincoln cannot openly repudiate what she has said, but the matter makes him quite ill.

Here is another instance: Lincoln is at home, talking business with a legal colleague, when Mary bursts in at the door asking whether he has done something he has promised to do. When he replies in the negative, she exclaims that he neglects her shamefully and goes out, slamming the door after her.

The visitor is consternated. Lincoln laughs the thing off, saying: "Why, if you knew how much good that little eruption did, what a relief it was to her, how she really enjoyed it, and if you knew her as well as I do, you would be glad she had had an opportunity to explode, to give vent to her feelings."

Sometimes, however, the atmosphere at home becomes unbearable. Then Herndon finds Lincoln in the office at seven o'clock in the morning, lying on the sofa gazing moodily at the ceiling, or else sitting hunched up on a chair, his feet on the window sill.

At dinner time, though his house is near by, he returns to the office with some cheese and biscuits; stays there till late in the evening, sitting on a box at the top of the stairway talking to anyone who comes along. There he remains for hours after closing time. Not until the night is well advanced does he slowly stroll homeward through the trees.

Can we be surprised, in view of the actual circumstances of his home life, that never in all these years does he venture to ask anyone to dine at his house? We have testimony as to Mary's outbreaks of fury from no fewer than six witnesses, some of whom even tell us that they saw her drive her husband out through the door with a broomstick.

We know that Lincoln's parents, who live only eighty miles away, never come to pay him a visit, and that the only one of his relatives, one of the Hanks cousins, to enter the house is made a drudge by Mary, so that Lincoln has to interfere. On the other hand, Mary always has a warm welcome for her fine friends from the South.

Have we not, then, good reason to agree with an intimate friend of Lincoln's who declares: "The fact that Mary Todd, by her turbulent nature and unfortunate manner, prevented her husband from becoming a domestic man operated largely in his favor; for he was



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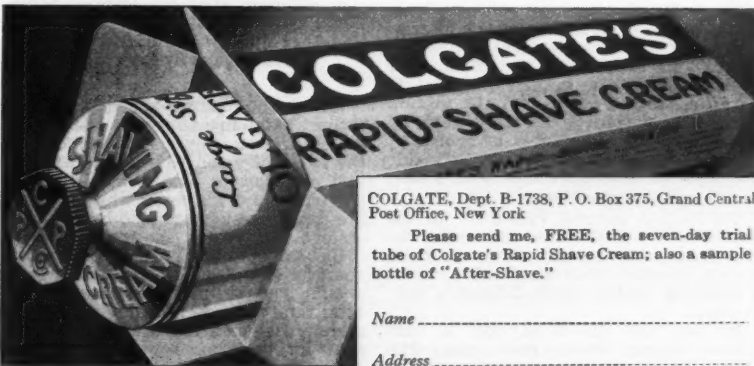
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Does your morning shave last as long as you wish?

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thereby kept out in the world of business and politics. Instead of spending his evenings at home, reading the papers and warming his toes at his own fireside, he was constantly out with the common people, was mingling with the politicians, discussing public questions with the farmers who thronged the offices in the courthouse and the statehouse, and exchanging views with the loungers who surrounded the stove in the village store on winter evenings.

"The result of this continuous contact with the world was that he was more thoroughly known than any other man in his community. His wife, therefore, was one of the unintentional means of his promotion."

What seems more likely than that Lincoln should have fallen in love with somebody on one or another of his long journeys? He is not a misogynist by nature; merely shy. What he avoids and despises is the triviality of society life. What he wants is sympathy, understanding.

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMEN

Had he been fortunate enough to marry a woman of an affectionate and patient disposition, one easy to guide, he would himself have been amenable to her guidance in many matters, would have been able to rid himself of his all-pervading melancholy, would have become gentler and happier.

He goes so often to hear a certain woman singer that people tease him about it, and even shake their heads at him warningly. His answer is: "Let me alone; she is the only woman that has ever said nice things to me."

But at a later date, when political feeling is running high against Abraham Lincoln, not one of his enemies is ever able to reproach him with an infringement of the strict moral standards of his time; and there is no record that Mary, though she is often left alone for long periods, though she is suspicious and irritable, is ever jealous of her husband during their life in Springfield.

He often and successfully defends women in divorce cases. Once when a couple of sturdy wives are prosecuted for entering a saloon where their husbands make it a daily habit to get drunk and emptying all the whisky, Lincoln, with his oratorical gifts is able to obtain their acquittal.

He even, on occasions, takes a woman's part in defiance of the law. A cobbler who lives near by, a wife-beater when in his cups, has been warned by him several times. Out of patience, at last, and hearing the poor woman's screams at a new beating, Lincoln gets two or three friends to help, seizes the offender, drags him out of his house and ties him to a post. Giving the wife a whip, they tell her to give her husband a sound lashing, which she does.

Our worthy lawyer may well have been prosecuted and punished for the offense. This man who, for the greater part of his life, in defiance of the dictates of his own heart, resists the proposal to free the slaves by force, on the ground that such a step would be illegal, in this little matter is induced by sympathy to play the ringleader in an escapade which is not altogether seemly in a man of his age and position.

Yet it is a natural outburst. In his mind, slavery and drink are twin evils, and thus he frequently refers to them in his speeches; but here the cries of a suffering woman make Lincoln a law-breaker.

We see that he is at once a man drawn towards women and a man who holds aloof from women. When he is

asked why he seems to take so little pleasure in women's society, he answers with an anecdote:

"When we lived in Indiana once in a while my mother used to . . . make some gingerbread . . . One day I smelled the gingerbread and came into the house to get my share while it was still hot. My mother had baked me three gingerbread men. I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

"There was a family near us poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down . . . 'Abe,' he said, 'gimme a man!' I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth in two bites and looked at me while I was biting the legs off my first one. 'Abe,' he said, 'gimme that other'n'."

"I wanted it myself, but I gave it to him and it followed the first. I said to him, 'You seem to like gingerbread.' 'Abe,' he said, 'don't s'pose anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do—and gets less'n I do.'"

How far back, already, seem the days of youth! Can it really be twenty years since the burial of sweet Ann Rutledge? Ah, yes, it is twenty years since McNamar, who had once been betrothed to her, returned to seek her and had to content himself with the story of his rival.

McNamar had liked this rival of his, at that time only a land surveyor; had thought him an honest straightforward fellow. He kept up the acquaintanceship later on, when the surveyor had blossomed out as a lawyer, in Springfield.

Lincoln looked after McNamar's local business interests, wrote to the man whom he had then regarded as the spoiled child of fortune, whose courtship of Ann had then been a cause of so much distress to him, letters beginning: "Honored Mr. McNamar: With regard to the taxes on the land you have purchased . . ."

His father and his brother seem quite as far away as McNamar. Old Thomas Lincoln, now well on in the sixties, lives a life of ups and downs much as he did in the days of his first marriage, troubled by debts and by dread of competitors. When things have taken an exceptionally bad turn with him, he applies for help to the son who has got on so well in the world.

My dear father . . . I very cheerfully send you the \$20, which sum you say is necessary to save your land from sale. It is singular that you should have forgotten a judgment against you; and it is more singular that the plaintiff should have let you forget it so long; particularly as I suppose you always have property enough to satisfy a judgment of that amount.

Before you pay it, it would be well to be sure you have not paid, or at least, that you cannot prove you have paid it. Give my love to Mother and all the connections.

Affectionately your son,

A. Lincoln

His doubts as to the truth of his father's statement are delicately concealed, and yet only half concealed. It is the letter of a son who is also a lawyer; and of a lawyer who is also a lover of the truth, and who even where strangers are concerned is disquieted by any transactions that bear a shady complexion.

He wants to avoid betraying the discomfiture he feels that his own father should not be perfectly straight with him; and yet every line discloses his sorrow that men are what they are and that his own homestead should be no better than the rest.

One day he opens his heart to Herndon about these private family concerns. The two men are driving together to see a client who wants to make his will. Some chance association recalls to Lincoln's mind the mystery of his mother's parentage, and he talks to his friend and partner of the matter.

Should he himself, he adds, be more highly gifted than the other members of the family, it is unlikely that this talented strain comes either from the Lincolns or from the Hankses, none of whom have ever displayed conspicuous ability. It must derive from his unknown grandfather in the South. His theory is that illegitimate offspring are apt to be more highly gifted than legitimate.

May we not suppose that such thoughts, which for decades in this lonely man's mind have been directed towards the unknown, have tended to sever him all the more from those relatives with whom nothing now keeps him in touch but their wish to get what they can out of him? If he is cold towards them, it is not because he has won a position, a reputation and sufficient means, while they remain impoverished and obscure.

For even when his name has become far more widely celebrated, we shall find that Lincoln, in his intercourse with the poorest farmer, is as simple and homely as ever. What he misses is signs of affection from his old home; and with a melancholy that is not untuned with pleasure, he withdraws into the stronghold of his reserve.

Two or three years later, his half brother writes to tell him that the father is breaking up. Will Abraham pay a visit home?

You already know (he rejoins)

I desire that neither Father nor Mother shall be in want of any comfort, either in health or sickness, while they live; and I feel sure you have not failed to use my name, if necessary, to procure a doctor or anything else for Father in his present sickness. My business is such that I could hardly leave home now . . . my own wife is sick abed . . .

I sincerely hope Father may recover his health, but at all events tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, Who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him.

Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant, but that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them. Write to me again when you receive this.

Affectionately,

A. Lincoln

LINCOLN AND RELIGION

Every word, every phrase, is carefully adapted to the mentality of a dying farmer who has certainly given far less thought to God than has the writer, but who no less certainly has a much stronger faith in God. The letter contains only the familiar consolations of an extreme unction, and Lincoln writes them because, his religious convictions and his nature being what they are, he cannot utter them by word of mouth.

How could it be painful to the father for the two to meet? How could it be anything but pleasant to the old man

to see the son's tall form coming through the low door and to look once more into Abraham's clear gray eyes? But the son fears his father's deathbed just as he feared his own wedding bed. His loneliness, his great loneliness, makes him dread such encounters and withdraw into himself.

In New Salem, already, Lincoln is spoken of as an infidel, a theist, a fatalist, in spite of his fondness for quoting the Bible; and at a later date he declares that his doubts became intensified when Ann Rutledge died. Writing of him when he was thirty years of age, Herndon says:

Sometimes he bordered on atheism. He went far that way, and shocked me. I was then a young man, and believed what my good mother told me . . . He would come into the clerks' office, where I and some young men were writing and staying, and would bring the Bible with him; would read a chapter and argue against it . . .

Lincoln was enthusiastic in his infidelity. As he grew older, he grew more discreet; didn't talk much before strangers about his religion.

Lincoln's first partner, Stuart, uses almost the same words:

He . . . went further against Christian beliefs and doctrines and principles than any man I ever heard . . . Lincoln always denied that Jesus was . . . the Son of God as understood and maintained by the Christian Church.

Ten years later, according to Judge Davis, Lincoln had no faith in the Christian sense of the term, had only faith in laws, principles, causes and effects. Another acquaintance writes:

Mr. Lincoln told me that he was a kind of immortalist; that he never could bring himself to believe in eternal punishment.

Here is a fifth report:

He believed in a Creator of all things, who had neither beginning nor end, and, possessing all power and wisdom, established a principle in obedience to which worlds move and are upheld, and animal and vegetable life comes into existence. A reason he gave for his belief was that in view of the order and harmony of all nature which we behold, it would have been more miraculous to have come about by chance than to have been created and arranged by some great thinking power . . . Evidence of Christ's divinity came to us in a somewhat doubtful shape; but . . . the system of Christianity was an ingenious one, at least, and perhaps was calculated to do good.

Others among those who knew Lincoln best are agreed in affirming that his religion was this ethical and undogmatic Christianity which he shared with all lovers of mankind before and since.

His expressed views on these and kindred topics were such as, in the estimation of most believers, would place him outside the Christian pale. Yet . . . his principles and practices and the spirit of his whole life were of the very kind we universally agree to call Christian.

After his death, Mary said: "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptance of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature . . . It was a kind of poetry in his

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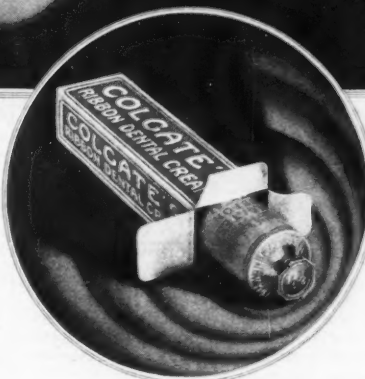


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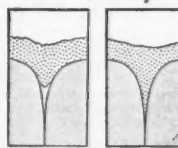
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nature, and he was never a technical Christian."

Herndon writes:

No man had stronger or firmer faith in Providence—God—than Mr. Lincoln, but the continued use by him late in life of the word "God" must not be interpreted to mean that he believed in a personal God. In 1854, he asked me to erase the word "God" from a speech which I had written and read to him for criticism, because my language indicated a personal God, whereas he insisted no such personality ever existed.

He is as frank, as straightforward with himself about religion and morality as he is in all his doings. He says that his code is like that of an old man: he once heard speak at a church meeting: "When I do good I feel good, and when I do bad I feel bad, and that's my religion."

He could not have any other religion than this; and even though, he reads Kant and Locke, Pichte and Emerson, is acquainted with the writings of the Illinois Freemasons and also with certain monistic books from Scotland, they are of little interest even to his brain, and certainly never touch his heart. When he makes an old woman's will, he can indeed, at her request, repeat for her a psalm from memory; and when, after the death of their little boy Eddie, Mary joins the Presbyterians, he rents a pew in the church and becomes friendly with the minister; but he himself does not become a church member.

He says: "Probably it is to be my lot to go on in a twilight, feeling and reasoning my way through life, as questioning, doubting Thomas did."

Yet when his son is bitten by a mad dog, he takes the boy to distant Indiana to touch a famous wonder-working stone there. Lincoln has grown up among simple-minded farmers and woodmen, and the knowledge and the doubts of riper years have not uprooted his primitive superstitions, but only refined them; indeed, they actually become intensified as he reaches the climax of his career.

This is natural enough. His loneliness, the growing recognition of his own eccentricity, inevitably incline the skeptic to believe in signs and wonders; and such a belief is in accordance with his general outlook on life.

"There are no accidents in my philosophy. Every effect must have its cause. The past is the cause of the present, and the present will be the cause of the future. All these are links to the endless chain stretching from the finite to the infinite." He smiles at the idea of the freedom of the will, says we are only entitled to speak of the freedom of the spirit, and is fond of quoting Hamlet's saying: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

So firm is his faith in predestination that he says, "Brutus was forced to kill Caesar by laws and conditions lying outside the power of his own will." Long after this, and after he meets his own fate at the hands of the Brutus who awaits him, this conviction of his is recorded by his wife, who says: "Lincoln's only philosophy was that what would happen, would happen, and that no prayer could avail to alter what was predestined."

There is, then, a tragical ring in what Lincoln once says to Herndon: "Billy, I fear that I shall meet with some terrible end."

So firm a conviction that everything which happens is an inevitable concatenation of causes and effects leaves one who holds it no room for choice.

The feeling that he is under the domination of necessity inclines him, nevertheless, to pay heed to signs which may forewarn him of coming events. Warn him, merely; not enable him to avert them.

Lincoln's superstition is passive and never leads to active determinations. In the crisis of his destiny he tries to interpret dreams and visions, but he does not act on their indications. All he hopes is that he may be able to get a glimpse through the veil hiding the future, to learn what is coming, though he will not be able to alter it.

We never find that he changes his plans because this sign or that has disquieted him; but he not infrequently has forebodings. Even on the last day of his life, we see him pensive in the shadow of such an anticipation.

HE RUNS FOR THE SENATE

The Douglas affair has done even more than Mary's urgings to revive Lincoln's repressed ambition after a lapse of five years. He decides to run for the Senate. The restlessness inspired by the feeling that he can make a better job of it than his rival, the belief that Douglas is animated by self-seeking, the long-standing awareness of the conflict between their characters—these things, in conjunction with the politician's natural desire to take advantage of the weakness of Douglas' present position, induce him to come forward as a candidate.

He describes his opponent privately as "the most dangerous enemy of liberty, because the most insidious one"; and he says: "You can't overturn a pyramid, but you can undermine it; that's what I've been trying to do." He is full of hope and confidence, writing that he has a good chance, and doing his best to enlist the support of influential people.

Mary is filled with enthusiasm. To become a senator's wife will repay her for all these dull years of waiting. She already fancies herself in Washington, in a position of much more importance than that of a Congressman's wife.

The Whigs really do not know how far their influence extends, for here in Illinois, as everywhere, half of the Democrats are forming against Douglas and are voting against slavery, thus favoring Lincoln's chances for the senatorship. But at the eleventh hour the shrewd Democrats put forward another candidate, Trumbull, opposed to slavery and one of Lincoln's close friends.

This leads to Lincoln's defeat, greatly to the wrath of Mary, who is in the gallery of the Legislature while the election is taking place. So fierce is her anger that never again does she speak to Trumbull or to his wife, who had been a girlhood friend of hers.

Lincoln speedily reacts from the depression of this reverse, writing to a friend next day: "I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it."

Matters ripen as the time for the Presidential election draws near. The Democrats, though to outward appearance they still form a compact body, are inwardly disunited; the Whig party actually breaks up, and it is decided to form a new party.

The discontented Democrats, who are known as the "free-soilers," and the antislavery section of the Whigs join forces, animated by the approval of the best-known men in America. Calling themselves Republicans, in honor of Jefferson, who had been Lincoln's exemplar for twenty years, they get together at Philadelphia and choose as Presidential candidate John C. Frémont,

pathfinder and pioneer, who in age and in appearance, in record and in views, is the best possible counterpart to old Buchanan, the Democratic nominee.

In his own state Lincoln is naturally to the fore in the foundation of the new party. Indeed, there is a general feeling that it is in large measure his creation, so that even at Philadelphia, where he is personally unknown, he secures a number of votes for the Vice-Presidential nomination. His destiny is, indeed, working itself out.

The abandonment of the Missouri Compromise and the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill have been the outcome of Douglas's ambition; thence has arisen the crisis in the Democratic Party, leading to the formation of the Republican Party; and the burden of the new party is being to a considerable extent upborne by Lincoln's strong shoulders. It is natural, therefore, that he should wield considerable influence in its councils and secure widespread support, as is shown shortly afterward in Decatur, where the constituent committee of the party recommend him as candidate for the governorship of Illinois.

Everyone knows that this is a step towards the Presidency. Lincoln promptly declines the recommendation, saying: "If I were chosen, the Democrats would say we were only trying to put new life into the old body of the Whigs; I should be elected as a Whig, and our new ideas would come to nothing."

He recommends, as alternate, a man whose nomination would bring a great many Democrats to their side. The old diffidence, the old caution; but in the mixture of motives, prudence now takes the lead over modesty, for there are many indications that his self-confidence is growing throughout this year.

In the crucible of the new party, various ingredients are to be smelted together. It includes outspoken abolitionist elements, like Herndon, now mayor of Springfield. When Herndon calls a meeting of those in Sangamon County who favor "the policy of Washington and Jefferson," to select delegates for a convention to be held at Bloomington, he includes Lincoln's name among the summoners of the convention without consulting his partner, who is absent on circuit. Some of Lincoln's old Whig friends disapprove, so Herndon writes to Lincoln for an indorsement.

Lincoln replies: "All right; go ahead. Will meet you—radicals and all." Thus does Lincoln declare himself a Republican.

In Bloomington, at this first Republican State Convention of Illinois, Lincoln delivers a unifying speech, a masterpiece of passion and shrewdness, diplomacy and conviction, designed to supply a common platform for those who have hitherto been representatives of three conflicting tendencies. For a remarkable reason, there is no detailed report of this speech. A few minutes after the orator begins, the reporters drop their pencils and devote themselves to listening with breathless attention.

Eyewitnesses say that Lincoln has the appearance of a man who is approaching a crisis in his life. He begins hesitatingly, with suppressed emotion, but grows vigorous and impassioned as he goes on.

As he moves slowly towards the front of the platform, eyes flashing, he seems to the audience to grow taller and taller; once, indeed, he increases his great height by rising on tiptoe, and a member of the audience says afterwards: "At this moment he looked to me the handsomest man I had ever seen in my life."

The reason for this excitement is the



"No, I'm too tired to play..."

TOO tired. You like to play... but your energy is low. Why? Has sluggish health taken the snap out of living and made your physical condition a source of constant complaint?

Constipation—insidious foe of health—will undermine even the strongest physique. The wastes produced by the body must be thrown off, else disaster is certain. Constipation is the root of nearly all sickness!

For all its bad effects, though, constipation is readily conquered. Simple water washing will dispel the most stubborn case. If ordinary drinking water were not absorbed and passed off by the kidneys, it would do the work admirably. But ordinary water does not reach the scene of the trouble. Pluto Mineral Water does, because of its mineral content.

Pluto Mineral Water comes direct to you from America's greatest spa—French Lick Springs. Here this natural mineral

water is fortified, sealed in sterilized bottles, and shipped to every part of the world. Thousands of people annually travel to French Lick to drink the health-giving waters; you, in your own home, may enjoy the same health benefits!

Used regularly, Pluto Mineral Water prevents constipation and its disagreeable results. (Many take a little each morning upon arising, diluted in plain hot water.) Or Pluto Mineral Water affords sure, safe, and rapid relief—even in the most stubborn case of constipation. It acts gently, yet surely. From thirty minutes to two hours is the usual time.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs, and is sold throughout the country at drug stores and at fountains. Ask the fountain specialist to mix your drink of Pluto Mineral Water with any of the popular thirst-quenchers.

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL

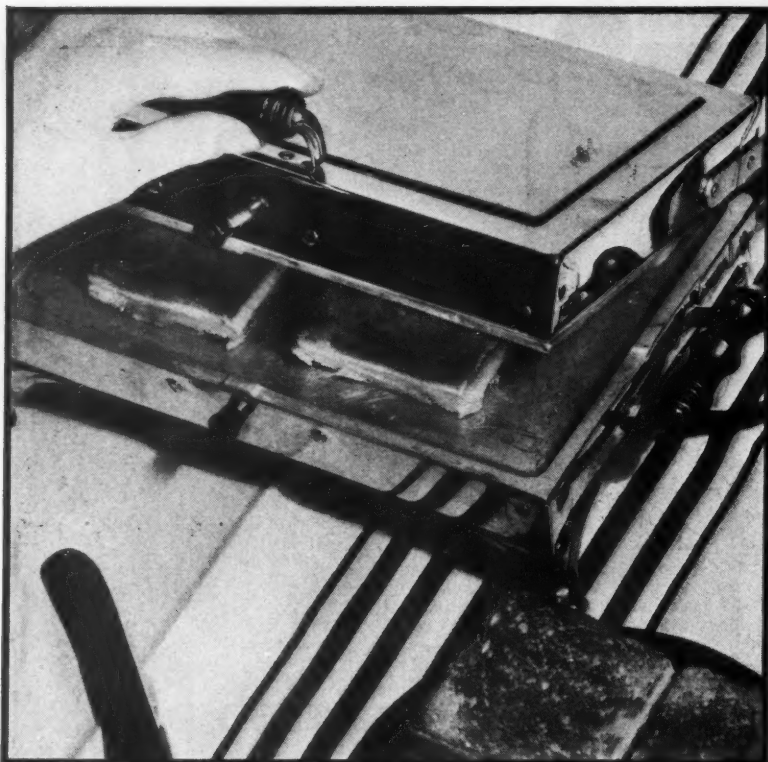
Since earliest times, French Lick has enjoyed a reputation as a health resort. Today French Lick is America's foremost spa, where thousands come to take rejuvenating baths and drink the health-giving waters. Golf (two eighteen-hole courses), horseback riding, tennis, hiking, and other outdoor sports; a huge 800-room fireproof hotel; complete medical staff in attendance. For reservations address French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind., T. D. TAGGART, Pres. Booklet free.



When Nature
Won't,
Pluto Will

PLUTO
America's Laxative

WATER
Mineral Water...



THE ARANIUM

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

TABLE COOKER—UNIQUE IN ITS SERVINGS AND IN ITS ELABORATE LUSTRE

IF TOASTED cheese sandwiches are in order, make them on the Manning-Bowman Table Cooker. In a minute and a half they are crisp confections, as delicate as cheese itself—with the butter-flavor and the cheese-flavor driven all through.

The Table Cooker does other unique things. It grills steaks or chops . . . it cooks bacon wrapped around mushrooms or oysters . . . bakes bananas in lemon juice . . . browns sausages in the cored hollows of apples. It has opened up a new school of cookery—always driving the flavor through a serving.

Unique as the Table Cooker is, its lustre is even more so! The whole outside of the Cooker is of shining Aranium. It looks like

silver, pewter, or white gold—and nothing can dim its lustre. Have an Aranium coffee urn bubbling coffee near the Table Cooker. A glistening Aranium tray awaiting the hot, crisp sandwiches. Aranium knives, forks, spoons.

Aranium is displayed at electric, house-furnishing and department stores. It is less expensive than silver. The Aranium Table Cooker costs little more than a waffle iron, yet you will find it more useful. Aranium Table Cooker, \$22. (Cooke made in nickel, \$18.)

If not in a store near you, a Cooker will be shipped to your address if you send us check or money-order for the amount. Manning-Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

ARANIUM TABLE APPOINTMENTS BY MANNING-BOWMAN
(a superior chromium finish with an extravagant lustre)

rapid advance in the South of a movement tending towards secession from the Union. Lincoln is aware of the imminence of this danger; he dreads the consequences; and he earnestly desires to prevent the disaster.

Clay and Webster, whom he takes as his models, had long since prophesied that civil war would be the upshot of an agitation for the freeing of the slaves. Here, Lincoln speaks more of the Union than of slavery. He strives to warn rather than to convince. The phrasing of his speech is simple; but the battleground seems to have been transferred from an economic and moral question to the very fundamentals of existence.

The audience hear the rumble of the coming thunderstorm, and the pleasure of their applause is mingled with alarm. At the climax, apostrophizing invisible adversaries, Lincoln exclaims: "We won't go out of the Union, and you sha'n't!"

The fame of this speech soon spreads throughout Illinois. No detailed reports are available, but those who have heard it declare that the speaker is ripening for the Presidential chair.

Buchanan is elected President. Once more the Democrats are victorious, but a third of their votes are transferred to the new party. Most of the leading spirits of the nation fight on the side of the Republicans. Emerson, Motley and Longfellow refrain from a proposed European tour in order to vote against slavery.

The leaders of the Republicans in the new Senate are Chase, author of an antislavery proclamation, a young and resolute man of a lively temperament, and Seward, ambitious but thoroughly trustworthy, a lover of mankind but too much of an optimist to escape disappointments. In contrast with the old leaders, these two men strongly advocate the continuance of the Missouri Compromise.

But most notable of all, a man of swiftly moving intelligence, is Sumner, a senator and professor of law at Harvard, who as a young man studied in Europe for three years. He is fearless, ardent and, like Lincoln, endowed with a keen sense of justice.

In the Senate, during the debate on the Kansas affair at the time when excitement about the election in that state is at its height and a senator takes the floor with a pair of cavalry pistols buckled round his waist, Sumner denounces the Kansas-Nebraska Bill as a swindle and holds one of its authors, Andrew Butler, up to the scorn of the world.

Two days later, Brooks, a nephew of Butler, attacks Sumner as he sits writing at his desk in the Senate chamber and beats him brutally over the head with a stick, so that he falls unconscious to the floor. For years Sumner's health is seriously impaired by this outrage.

The attack on Sumner is, in fact, the first blow struck in the Civil War. By the champions of the South, Brooks is acclaimed a hero. A number of students club together and present him with a gold-headed cane. The Northerners are scoffed at as cowards because no one issues a challenge against Brooks. In reply, the men of the North speak sarcastically about the honor of southern gentlemen and mock at their readiness to use pistols as well as bludgeons. The whole country is convulsed with excitement and everyone takes sides with Sumner or with his assailant.

A final decision of the Supreme Court during these days adds fuel to the flames. A southern gentleman had migrated to one of the new northwestern states,

taking his slaves with him. One of these, more intelligent than his master knew, aware that he was north of the Missouri Compromise line, had claimed freedom for himself and his family, taking the case through one court after another up to the Supreme Court.

Taney, the chief justice, is a learned and venerable man, one of the pillars of the nation. But the air of Washington, the prevailing opinion of the society in which he moves, the ruling-class mentality of the southern slave owners and to some extent, no doubt, party feeling influence Taney and the other justices of the Supreme Court, men appointed for life but pledged to guard the Constitution as a sacred flame. They decide that a negro slave is not entitled to sue in the United States courts, and that neither Congress nor a local legislature can forbid anyone to take back his slaves from a free state to a slave state.

This decision as to the freedom of the slave Dred Scott is a decision concerning the liberties of the United States. If the highest judges in the land protect slavery, the program of the new political party is unconstitutional. The North is furious; the South exults and expresses its firm intention to secede unless the Northerners bow before the decision of the Supreme Court. A fresh cause of turmoil comes when the constitution of Kansas, voted by force and fraud, is indorsed by the President and the Senate, but is not accepted by Congress, and the question arises whether, in these circumstances, the new state can become a part of the Union.

Two lightning flashes clarify the situation. With one exception, all the leaders know exactly where they stand. The exception is Douglas, whose position has now become extremely complicated. He has been the great champion of state sovereignty. How is he going to reconcile that championship with the Dred Scott decision and with the coercion that has been exercised upon Kansas? How can he at one and the same time, in the ensuing year, placate the Illinois voters upon whom he depends for his reelection to the Senate, and satisfy the Southerners to whom he must look subsequently to send him to the Presidential chair?

After all, the matter of the negro is not of such pressing importance; but the blow against Kansas cannot be justified. Deciding that the northern voters are more important to him for the moment, he votes against a slave-state constitution for Kansas. Feeling that a defeat in the senatorial election will wreck his future, he hastens back to Illinois.

At this juncture comes an unexpected offer, the acceptance of which requires more youth than is left to Douglas and more courage than he has ever possessed. Since the line he has taken upon the Kansas question has to some extent estranged him from the Democrats, it seems to the Republicans that there may be a chance of attracting this man of outstanding talent and reputation to their service.

Horace Greeley (editor of the New York Tribune and the most influential journalist of the North), Seward and some of the New England leaders, wishing to mitigate the extreme abolitionist trend of the newly-formed Republican Party, hope that under Douglas' leadership it will be easier for them to keep in touch with the South, to accommodate matters in a way which seems essential to the business affairs, the peace, nay, the very existence of the Union. Greeley, in particular, considers the line that is being taken by the Republicans unduly sentimental. He wants what he calls a practical policy; and he advises



Sometimes husbands must be mothered

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is to treat them as you do a child—simply give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he just talked about business strain and refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him. The caffeine is taken out of it.'

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he began to notice that his sleep had improved, and remarked on it. Then I told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is *real* coffee, with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. You will delight in its flavor and cheer at every meal and it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants everywhere. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1943, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name _____

Address _____



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

his readers in Illinois to vote for Douglas, hoping thereby to win over Douglas to the Republicans.

Thereupon, for the first time, Lincoln takes a strong line. As leader of the left wing of the Republicans in Illinois, he insists that such machinations are a danger to the integrity of the newly formed party.

Greeley does me an injustice. I am a true Republican and have always stood in the forefront of the battle. Now he is negotiating with Douglas, the typical compromiser, at one time the tool of the South, and now opposed to the South. This is the man he is trying to put in our front line . . .

He thinks Douglas' superior position, reputation, experience and ability, if you please, would more than compensate for his lack of pure Republican position, and therefore his reelection to the general cause of Republicanism would do more good than would the election of any one of our better undistinguished pure Republicans. What does the New York Tribune mean by its constant eulogizing, and admiring, and magnifying Douglas? Does it, in this, speak the sentiments of the Republicans at Washington?

Have they concluded that the Republican cause, generally, can be best promoted by sacrificing us here in Illinois? If so, we would like to know it soon; it will save us a great deal of labor to surrender at once.

As yet I have heard of no Republican here going over to Douglas; but if the Tribune continues to din his praises into the ears of its five or ten thousand Republican readers in Illinois, it is more than can be hoped that all will stand firm. I am not complaining—I only wish a fair understanding.

A FIGHTING LINCOLN!

Here is a new Lincoln—a fighting Lincoln! He is indignant; he feels that he is being unjustly sacrificed for the sake of a cunning adversary. Doubtless these letters will go the rounds in Washington, and it will surprise a good many to learn of the temerity of this tall lawyer in Springfield who ventures to measure swords with Douglas.

No one sees the anger that flames in the heart of the man who has been waiting so long when he finds his old rival represented as a sort of colleague, and one who is to be preferred to himself. To have Douglas as an enemy is tolerable, and is a spur to competition; to have Douglas ranking as a comrade and a superior in the struggle against slavery rouses Lincoln's ire.

New York is suspicious of Springfield; and Lincoln, who has just been nominated as candidate for the Senate, has to give proof that he is not intriguing against Seward. "I have made no move as regards the nomination for the next President, or as regards the governorship of Illinois. Neither directly nor indirectly have I taken any steps in this matter. We must be careful to avoid having any unjust suspicions of one another."

His political career being thus uncertain, Lincoln is obliged to devote himself for the time being more assiduously to his law practice; and at this juncture, when his career as a lawyer is almost finished, he wins several cases which greatly enhance his fame and thus react

favorably on his position in the political struggle.

His success in the suit of the Illinois Central Railroad has made his name known to thousands of the electors. Another famous case is a murder trial in which socially prominent people of his town are involved. In a brawl, a young man fatally stabs another, and is tried for murder.

The accused is the grandson of Peter Cartwright, who twenty years before had charged Lincoln with being no Christian. In the trial, Lincoln puts the aged Cartwright in the witness box and is able to elicit evidence which induces the court to acquit the accused.

In the West of those days, deadly quarrels, as the outcome of drink and political animus, were still common. One day Lincoln reads in the newspaper an account of such a dispute during a drinking bout, as a sequel to which two young fellows are accused of murdering a third youth. One of them has been condemned to eight years' imprisonment; the other has still to be tried. The latter, says the report, is named Armstrong.

Lincoln is startled. Can that be the son of Jack Armstrong, the friend of his youth? In fancy, Lincoln sees himself as a young flatboatman, newly arrived at New Salem, wrestling with the village champion Armstrong, and winning. He recalls how the vanquished wrestler defended him against the angry villagers, how he and Armstrong became fast friends, how Armstrong's house sheltered him when he returned in despair from Ann's grave. He pictures himself sitting beside the fire, rocking the baby—"Duff" Armstrong, now in danger of being hanged.

Dear Mrs. Armstrong:

I have just heard of your deep affliction, and the arrest of your son for murder. I can hardly believe that he can be capable of the crime alleged against him. It does not seem possible.

I am anxious that he should be given a fair trial, at any rate; and gratitude for your long-continued kindness to me in adverse circumstances prompts me to offer my humble services gratuitously in his behalf. It will afford me an opportunity to requite, in a small degree, the favors I received at your hand, and that of your lamented husband, when your roof afforded me a grateful shelter, without money and without price.

A country lawyer is writing to a poor widow whom he has not seen for twenty years, recalling the hospitality of her simple home, and yet the words sound as if addressed to humanity at large, as if spoken in the voice of one who feels an eternal responsibility.

Since local feeling has been running high against Duff Armstrong, Lincoln asks for a change of venue and succeeds in getting the trial removed to Beardstown. Believing that young men will be more sympathetic than old towards a hot-blooded youth, he sees to it that as far as possible the members of the jury are young.

In his examination of the principal witness against the accused, Lincoln shows that this witness had an animus against Duff, whereas Duff had not been an enemy of the man who was killed. This witness testifies to having seen Armstrong strike the victim in the right eye with what appeared to be a sling shot.

This had been within the edge of a wood at eleven o'clock at night. Lincoln asks the witness how he was able to see so clearly.

"By the light of the moon."

Lincoln sends for an almanac, consults it and gives it back to the attendant. The proceedings continue. Examining a medical witness, Lincoln shows that both the injuries to the dead man's head might have been caused by the same blow: either by a fall, or by a blow struck by the other assailant.

THE DEFENSE

As to the sling shot which Armstrong is alleged to have used, another witness testifies to having made this particular sling shot, which had been in his possession on the day of the fight, and the day after had been thrown away by him at the place where it was found. Lincoln cuts open the sling shot and shows that it is made as the witness had sworn.

When other evidence less favorable to the accused is being put in, his mother, who is in court, begins to cry. Lincoln goes up to her and says, "Be easy, Hannah. Duff will be freed before nightfall."

The mother looks up at his long, stooping figure half incredulously, and yet hopefully.

He begins his speech for the defense slowly and cautiously; dwells on the conflicting character of the evidence; seems to be feeling his way. But when he comes to discuss the evidence of the chief witness who testified to having seen the murderous attack by moonlight, he sends for the calendar once more and shows that at the hour named the moon had not been high in the heavens but low in the western sky, within an hour of setting.

However, the main force of Lincoln's speech for the defense lies in his appeal to the sympathy of the jurors. He speaks of the youth of the accused; describes what he himself owes to the kindness and friendship of young Armstrong's parents; refers to the recently deceased father's determination to devote all his worldly goods to the defense of his son; pictures the hopeless plight of the widow if Duff should be taken from her. As he has promised Hannah Armstrong, the young man is acquitted before nightfall.

Naturally the tale of this case goes the rounds at the time; and it still contributes to his popularity long after his death. Strange, is it not, how the temptations and the opportunities, the puzzles and the tests of fate come to the right person?

A murder trial in which there is a false witness, defended and won by any chance lawyer, may speedily be forgotten; but that letter in which Lincoln announces his determination to intervene, the emotional impetus with which he takes up the matter even before the accused's innocence has become plain to him, in conjunction with the caution and versatility of the born orator, are as typical of the man as his general behavior in the slavery question. The way in which he saves an innocent man from the hangman's noose is closely akin to the way in which, a few years later, he liberates millions of human beings from slavery.

He is guided by the practical idealism of one whose gaze is fixed on what is eternally right, but at the same time he knows how to realize his aims in the hard world of reality.

Such is Lincoln's way.

Next Month—Emil Ludwig shows Lincoln as President-elect—melancholy still, constantly on the watch for signs and portents, asking himself whether he should not resign to prevent the outbreak of civil war

1929

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FROM figured floor to fan-light window, this bath-
room is packed with new ideas. The room as a
whole effectively illustrates the present mode of im-
aginative decoration. The gleaming black and the ar-
chitectural design of *Corwith* lavatory, bath, and dress-
ing table, tell the story of color and form in fixtures.
But newest of all are the jewel-like faucets and wastes
and shower trimmings. Spouts square, escutcheons
severely plain, handles crystal glass, they are here

shown gold-plated to match the gold-plated legs of the
fixtures. They may be silver or chromium plated to
harmonize with other decorative themes... There are
also other new Crane art-designs for trimmings, octag-
onal or richly chased. When planning the unusual
bathroom, see them at nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms.
Write for the book, *Bathrooms for Out-of-the-Ordinary
Homes*. About installation, consult your architect and
a responsible plumbing contractor.

150
Pounds Pressure



CRANE



2500
Pounds Pressure

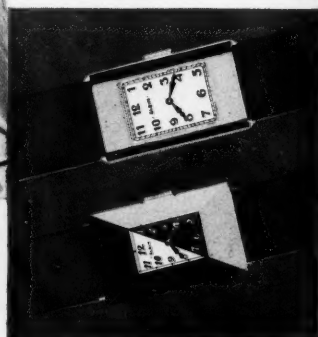
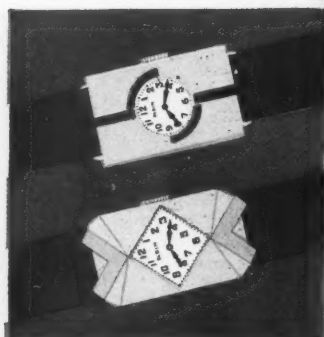
FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago + 23 W. 44th St., New York + Branches and sales offices in one hundred and eighty cities

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for November 1929



A portrait of Hope Livermore (Mrs. Arthur Richardson) especially painted by Floyd Davis. Lelong designed her evening frock of eggshell white chiffon, embroidered on bodice and skirt. The hem-line is petal-like and charming.



H O P E · L I V E R M O R E

[MRS. ARTHUR RICHARDSON]

HER CLOTHES BY LUCIEN LELONG . . . HER WATCH BY LUCIEN LELONG . . . AND ELGIN

Every now and then, in the social columns of the newspapers of New York, you will see an item something like this: "Mrs. Arthur Richardson (Hope Livermore) sailed for Paris today aboard, etc., etc., etc. . . ." And you know, if you know her, that she will be sure, sooner or later, to appear at the salon of Lucien Lelong, for Lelong clothes are favorites of hers. But her Lelong-designed Elgin Parisienne wrist watch she purchased at her nearest Elgin jeweler's only a short stroll from her home. Usually one must go to Paris for Parisian elegance and chic in the original... but as far as your watch is concerned Paris comes to you. For Elgin engaged the greatest couturiers to create new

watch-case designs. Outwardly the Lelong Parisienne Elgins are smart as his smartest costumes. Inwardly they are staunch and trustworthy as Elgin efficiency could make them. The chic of Paris to look upon . . . the timekeeping accuracy of Elgin to depend upon. Designed in Paris . . . made and cased by Elgin. The highest practices and ideals of American manufacture dwell in every one. Your own jeweler has six Lucien Lelong Elgins to show you . . . three enamelled, three plain . . . all \$35. (Four of them are shown

above.) And three diamond-set Parisiennes by Callot Soeurs at \$75. And many more by Agnes, Premet, Jenny, Louise-boulanger, and almost all really great Paris authorities.

THE ELGIN
PARISIENNE
THIRTY FIVE DOLLARS

Jeeves and the Love that Purifies (Continued from page 61)

the thing was off. I decided to have a word with the old boy to make sure.

He was still in the smoking room, looking very frail over the morning's Times. I got to the point at once.

"What ho, Mr. Anstruther!" I said. "I don't like the way the American market is shaping," he said. "I don't like this strong bear movement."

"No?" I said. "Well, be that as it may, about this Good Conduct prize of yours."

"Ah, yes?"
"I don't quite understand how you are doing the judging."

"No? It is very simple. I have a system of daily marks. At the beginning of each day I accord the two lads twenty marks apiece. These are subjected to withdrawal either in small or large quantities according to the magnitude of the offense. To take a simple example, shouting outside my bedroom in the early morning would involve a loss of three marks; whistling two. The penalty for a more serious lapse would be correspondingly greater. Before retiring to rest at night I record the day's marks in my little book. Simple, but, I think, ingenious, Mr. Wooster?"

"Absolutely."
"So far the result has been extremely gratifying. Neither of the little fellows has lost a single mark."

"I see," I said. "Great work. And how do you react to what I might call general moral turpitude?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, I mean when the thing doesn't affect you personally. Suppose one of them did something to me, for instance—set a booby trap or something? Or, shall we say, put a toad in my bed?"

He seemed shocked at the very idea. "I would certainly in such circumstances deprive the culprit of a full ten marks."

"Only ten?"

"Fifteen, then."

"Twenty is a nice round number."

"Well, possibly even twenty. I have a peculiar horror of practical joking."

"Me, too."

"You will not fail to advise me, Mr. Wooster, should such an outrage occur?"

"You shall have the news before anyone," I assured him.

And so out into the garden, ranging to and fro in quest of young Thos. I knew where I was now. Bertram's feet were on solid ground.

I found him in the summerhouse, reading an improving book.

"Hullo," he said, smiling a saintlike smile.

THIS scourge of humanity was a chunky kid whom a too-indulgent public had allowed to infest the country for a matter of thirteen years. His nose was snub, his eyes green, his general aspect that of one studying to be a gangster. I had never liked his looks much, and with a saintlike smile added they became ghastly to a degree.

I ran over in my mind a few assorted taunts. "Well, young Thos.," I said. "So there you are. You're getting as fat as a pig."

It seemed as good an opening as any other. Experience had taught me that if there was a subject on which he was unlikely to accept persiflage in a spirit of amused geniality it was this matter of his bulging tum.

On the last occasion when I made a remark of this nature, he had replied to me, child though he was, in terms which I should have been proud to have in my own vocabulary. But now, though

a sort of wistful gleam did flit for a moment into his eyes, he merely smiled in a more saintlike manner.

"Yes, I think I have been putting on a little weight," he said gently. "I must try to get a lot of exercise while I'm here. Won't you sit down, Bertie?" he asked, rising. "You must be tired after your journey. I'll get you a cushion. Have you cigarettes? And matches? I could bring you some from the smoking room."

It is not too much to say that I felt baffled. In spite of what Aunt Dahlia had told me, I don't think that until this moment I had really believed there could have been anything in the nature of a sensational change in this young plug-ugly's attitude towards his fellows. But now, hearing him talk as if he were a combination of Boy Scout and delivery wagon, I felt baffled. However, I stuck at it in the old bulldog way.

"Are you still at that rotten kids' school of yours?" I asked.

He might have been proof against gibes at his *embonpoint*, but it seemed to me incredible that he could have sold himself for gold so completely as to lie down under taunts directed at his school. I was wrong. The money-lust held him in its grip. He merely shook his head.

"I left this term. I'm going to Cheltenham next term."

"They wear mortar boards there, don't they?"

"Yes."

"With pink tassels?"

"Yes."

"What a priceless ass you'll look!" I said, but without much hope. And I laughed heartily.

"I expect I shall," he said, and laughed still more heartily.

"Mortar boards!"

"Ha, ha!"

"Pink tassels!"

"Ha, ha!"

I gave the thing up. "Well, teuf-teuf," I said moodily, and withdrew.

A couple of days later I realized that the virus had gone even deeper than I had thought. The kid was irremediably sordid.

It was old Mr. Anstruther who sprang the bad news.

"Oh, Mr. Wooster," he said, meeting me on the stairs. "You were good enough to express an interest in this little prize for Good Conduct which I am offering."

"Oh, ah?"

"I explained to you my system of marking, I believe. Well, this morning I was impelled to vary it somewhat. The circumstances seemed to me to demand it. I happened to encounter our hostess' nephew, the boy Thomas, returning to the house, his aspect somewhat weary, it appeared to me, and travel-stained."

"I inquired of him where he had been that early hour—it was not yet breakfast time—and he replied that he had heard you mention overnight a regret that you had omitted to order the Sporting Times to be sent to you before leaving London, and he had walked all the way to the railway station, a distance of more than three miles, to procure it for you."

The old boy swam before my eyes. He looked like two old Mr. Anstruthers, both flickering at the edges. "What!"

"I can understand your emotion, Mr. Wooster," said the old boy. "I can appreciate it. It is indeed rarely that one encounters such unselfish kindness in a lad of his age. So genuinely touched was I by his goodness of heart that I have deviated from my original system

and awarded the little fellow a bonus of fifteen marks."

"Fifteen!"

"On second thoughts, I shall make it twenty. That, as you yourself suggested, is a nice round number."

He doddered away, and I bounded off to find Aunt Dahlia.

"Aunt Dahlia," I said, "matters have taken a sinister turn."

"You bet your Sunday spats they have," agreed Aunt Dahlia emphatically.

"Do you know what happened just now? That crook Snettisham offered Bonzo ten shillings if he would burst a paper bag behind Mr. Anstruther's chair at breakfast."

"Thank heaven, the love of a good woman triumphed again. My sweet Bonzo merely looked at him and walked away in a marked manner. But it just shows you what we are up against."

"We are up against worse than that, Aunt Dahlia," I said. And I told her what had happened.

She was stunned. Aghast, you might call it. "Thomas did that?"

"Thos. in person."

"Walked six miles to get you a paper?"

"Six miles and a bit."

"The young hound!"

"A blighter, beyond question."

"Good heavens, Bertie, do you realize that he may go on doing these Acts of Kindness daily—perhaps twice a day? Is there no way of stopping him?"

"None that I can think of. No, Aunt Dahlia, I must confess it. Bertram is baffled. There is only one thing to do. We must send for Jeeves."

"And about time," said the relative churlishly. "He ought to have been here from the start. Wire him this morning."

There is good stuff in Jeeves. His heart is in the right place. The acid test does not find him wanting. Many men in his position, summoned back by telegram in the middle of their annual vacation, might have cut up rough a bit. But not Jeeves. On the following afternoon in he blew, looking fit, and I gave him the scenario without delay.

"So there you have it, Jeeves," I said, having sketched out the facts. "The problem is one that will exercise your intelligence to the utmost. Rest now, and tonight, after a light repast, get down to it."

"Is there any particularly stimulating food or beverage you would like for dinner? Anything that you feel would give the old brain just that extra flip? If so, name it."

"Thank you very much, sir, but I have already hit upon a plan which should, I fancy, prove effective."

I gazed at the man with reverent awe.

"Already?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not already?"

"Yes, sir."

"Something to do with the psychology of the individual?"

"Precisely, sir."

I shook my head, a bit discouraged. Doubts had begun to creep in.

"Well, spring it, Jeeves," I said. "But I have not much hope. Having only just arrived, you cannot possibly be aware of the frightful change that has taken place in young Thos. You are probably building on your knowledge of him, when last seen. Useless, Jeeves. Stirred by the prospects of getting his hooks on five of the best, this blighted boy has become so dashed virtuous that his armor seems to contain no chink."

"I mocked at his waistline and sneered at his school and he merely smiled in a pale, dying-duck sort of way. Well, that'll show you. However, let us hear what you have to suggest."

"It occurred to me, sir, that the most judicious plan would be for you to request Mrs. Travers to invite Master Sebastian Moon here for a short visit."

I shook the onion again. The scheme sounded to me like pure apple sauce.

"What earthly good would that do?" I asked, not without a touch of asperity.

"He has golden curls, sir."

"What of it?"

"The strongest natures are sometimes not proof against long golden curls."

WELL, it was a thought, of course. But I can't say I was leaping about to any great extent. It might be that the sight of Sebastian Moon would break down Thos.' iron self-control to the extent of causing him to inflict mayhem on the person, but I wasn't any too hopeful.

"It may be so, Jeeves."

"I do not think I am too sanguine, sir. You must remember that Master Moon, apart from his curls, has a personality which is not uniformly pleasing. He is apt to express himself with a breezy candor which I fancy Master Thomas might feel inclined to resent in one some years his junior."

I had had a feeling all along that there was a flaw somewhere, and now it seemed to me that I had spotted it.

"But Jeeves. Granted that little Sebastian is the pot of poison you indicate, why won't he act just as forcibly on young Bonzo as on Thos.? Pretty silly we should look if our nominee started putting it across him. Never forget that already Bonzo is twenty marks down and falling back in the betting."

"I do not anticipate any such contingency, sir. He is in love, and love is a very powerful restraining influence at the age of thirteen."

"H'm," I mused. "Well, we can but try, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll get Aunt Dahlia to write to Slippy tonight."

I'm bound to say that the spectacle of little Sebastian when he arrived two days later did much to remove pessimism from my outlook. If ever there was a kid whose whole appearance seemed to call aloud to any right-minded boy to lure him into a quiet spot and inflict violence upon him, that kid was undeniably Sebastian Moon. He reminded me strongly of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

I marked young Thos.' demeanor closely at the moment of their meeting and, unless I was much mistaken, there came into his eyes the sort of look which would come into those of an Indian chief—Chingachcook, let us say, or Sitting Bull—just before he started reaching for his scalping knife. He had the air of one who is about ready to begin.

True, his manner as he shook hands was guarded. Only a keen observer could have detected that he was stirred to his depths. But I had seen, and I summoned Jeeves forthwith.

"Jeeves," I said, "if I appeared to think poorly of that scheme of yours, I now withdraw my remarks. I believe you have found the way. I was noticing Thos. at the moment of impact. His eyes had a strange gleam."

"Indeed, sir?"

"He shifted uneasily on his feet and his ears wiggled. He had, in short, the appearance of a boy who was holding himself in with an effort almost too great for his frail body."

"Yes, sir?"

"Yes, Jeeves. I received a distinct

impression of something being on the point of exploding. Tomorrow I shall ask Aunt Dahlia to take the two warts for a country ramble, to lose them in some sequestered spot, and to leave the rest to Nature."

"It is a good idea, sir."

"It is more than a good idea, Jeeves," I said. "It is a pip."

You know, the older I get the more firmly do I become convinced that there is no such thing as a pip in existence. Again and again have I seen the apparently sure thing go phut, and now it is rarely indeed that Bertram Wooster can be lured from his aloof skepticism.

Fellows come sidling up to him at the Drones' and elsewhere, urging him to invest on some horse that can't lose even if it gets struck by lightning at the starting point, but Bertram Wooster shakes his head. He has seen too much of life to be certain of anything.

If anyone had told me that my cousin Thos., left alone for an extended period of time with a kid of the outstanding foulness of Sebastian Moon, would not only refrain from cutting off his curls with a pocketknife and chasing him across country into a muddy pond but would actually return home carrying the ghastly kid on his back because he had got a blister on his foot, I would have laughed scornfully. I knew Thos. I knew his work. I had seen him in action. And I was convinced that not even the prospect of collecting five pounds would give him pause.

And yet what happened? In the quiet evenfall, when the little birds were singing their sweetest and all Nature seemed to whisper of hope and happiness, the blow fell. I was chatting with old Mr. Anstruther on the terrace when suddenly round a bend in the drive the two kids hove in view. Sebastian, seated on Thos.' back, his hat off and his golden curls floating on the breeze, was singing a comic song, and Thos., bowed down by the burden but carrying on gamely, was trudging along, smiling that bally saint-like smile of his.

He parked the kid on the front steps and came across to us.

"Sebastian got a nail in his shoe," he said in a virtuous voice. "It hurt him to walk, so I gave him a piggy-back."

I heard old Mr. Anstruther draw in his breath sharply.

"All the way home?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this hot sunshine?"

"Yes, sir."

"But was he not very heavy?"

"He was a little, sir," said Thos., uncorking the saintlike once more. "But it would have hurt him awfully to walk."

I pushed off. I had had enough. If ever a septuagenarian looked on the point of handing out another bonus, that septuagenarian was old Mr. Anstruther. I withdrew, and found Jeeves in my bedroom.

He pursed the lips a bit on hearing the news. "Serious, sir."

"Very serious, Jeeves."

"I had feared this, sir."

"Had you? I hadn't. I was convinced Thos. would have massacred young Sebastian. I banked on it. It just shows what the greed for money will do. This is a commercial age, Jeeves. When I was a boy, I would cheerfully have forfeited five quid in order to deal faithfully with a kid like Sebastian. I would have considered it money well spent."

"You are mistaken, sir, in your estimate of the motives actuating Master Thomas. It was not a mere desire to win five pounds that caused him to curb his natural impulses. I have ascertained the true reason for his change of heart, sir."

I felt fogged. "Not religion, Jeeves?"

"No, sir. Love."

"Love?"

"Yes, sir. The young gentleman confided in me during a brief conversation in the hall shortly after luncheon. We had been speaking for a while on neutral subjects, when he suddenly turned a deeper shade of pink and after some slight hesitation inquired of me if I did not think Miss Greta Garbo the most beautiful woman at present in existence."

I clutched the brow. "Jeeves! Don't tell me Thos. is in love with Greta Garbo?"

"Yes, sir. Unfortunately such is the case. He gave me to understand that it had been coming on for some time, and her last picture settled the issue. His voice shook with an emotion which it was impossible to misread. I gathered from his observations, sir, that he proposes to spend the rest of his life trying to make himself worthy of her."

It was a knock-out. This was the end.

"This is the end, Jeeves," I said.

"Bonzo must be a good forty marks behind by now. Only some sensational outrage upon the public weal on the part of young Thos. could have enabled him to wipe out the lead. And of that there is now, apparently, no chance."

"The eventuality does appear remote, sir."

I brooded. "Uncle Thomas will have a fit when he comes back and finds Anatole gone."

"Yes, sir."

"Aunt Dahlia will drain the bitter cup to the dregs."

"Yes, sir."

"And speaking from a purely selfish point of view, the finest cooking I have ever bitten will pass out of my life forever, unless the Snettishams invite me in some night to take potluck. And that eventuality is also remote."

"Yes, sir."

"Then the only thing I can do is square the shoulders and face the inevitable."

"Yes, sir."

"Like some aristocrat of the French Revolution popping into the tumbrel, what? The brave smile. The stiff upper lip."

"Yes, sir."

"Right ho, then. Is the shirt studied?"

"Yes, sir."

"The tie chosen?"

"Yes, sir."

"The collar and evening underwear all in order?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll have a bath and be with you in two ticks."

It is all very well to talk about the brave smile and the stiff upper lip, but my experience—and I dare say others have found the same—is that they are a dashed sight easier to talk about than actually to fix on the face. For the next few days, I'm bound to admit, I found myself, in spite of every effort, registering gloom pretty consistently. For, as if to make things tougher, Anatole at this juncture suddenly developed a cooking streak which put all his previous efforts in the shade.

Night after night we sat at the dinner table, the food melting in our mouths, and Aunt Dahlia would look at me and I would look at Aunt Dahlia, and the male Snettisham would ask the female Snettisham in a ghastly, gloating sort of way if she had ever tasted such cooking and the female Snettisham would smirk at the male Snettisham and say she never had in all her puff, and I would look at Aunt Dahlia and Aunt Dahlia would look at me and our eyes



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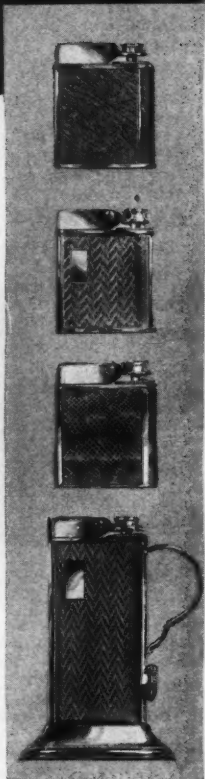
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would be full of unshed tears, if you know what I mean.

And all the time old Mr. Anstruther's visit was drawing to a close.

And then, on the very last afternoon of his stay, the thing happened.

It was one of those warm, drowsy, peaceful afternoons. I was up in my bedroom getting off a spot of correspondence, and from where I sat I looked down on the shady lawn, fringed with its gay flower beds. There was a bird or two hopping about, a butterfly or so fluttering to and fro, and an assortment of bees buzzing hither and thither. In a garden chair sat old Mr. Anstruther, getting his eight hours.

It was a sight which, had I had less on my mind, would no doubt have soothed the old soul a bit. The only blot on the landscape was Lady Snettisham, walking about and probably sketching out future menus, curse her.

And so for a time everything carried on. The birds hopped, the butterflies fluttered, the bees buzzed, and old Mr. Anstruther snored—all in accordance with the program. And I worked through a letter to my tailor to the point where I proposed to say something pretty strong about the way the right sleeve of my last coat bagged.

There was a tap on the door, and Jeeves entered, bringing the second post. I laid the letters listlessly beside me.

"Well, Jeeves," I said somberly.

"Sir?"

"Mr. Anstruther leaves tomorrow."

"Yes, sir."

I gazed down at the sleeping septuagenarian. "In my young days, Jeeves," I said, "however much I might have been in love, I could never have resisted the spectacle of an old gentleman asleep like that. I would have done something to him, no matter what the cost."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. Probably with a pea shooter. But the modern boy is degenerate. He has lost his vim. I suppose Thos. is indoors, showing Sebastian his stamp album or something. Ha!" I said, and I said it rather nastily.

"I fancy Master Thomas and Master Sebastian are playing in the stable yard, sir. I encountered Master Sebastian not long back and he informed me he was on his way thither."

"The motion pictures, Jeeves," I said, "are the curse of the age. But for them, if Thos. had found himself alone in a stable yard with a kid like Sebastian—"

I broke off. From some point to the southwest, out of my line of vision, there had proceeded a piercing squeal.

It cut through the air like a knife, and old Mr. Anstruther started as if it had run into the fleshy part of his leg. And the next moment Sebastian appeared, going well and followed by Thos., who was going even better.

In spite of the fact that he was hampered in his movements by a large stable bucket which he bore in his right hand, Thos. was running a great race. He had almost come up with Sebastian, when the latter, with great presence of mind, dodged behind Mr. Anstruther, and there for a moment the matter rested.

But only for a moment. Thos., for some reason plainly stirred to the depths of his being, moved adroitly to one side, and poisoning the bucket for an instant, discharged its contents. And Mr. Anstruther received, as far as I could gather from a distance, the entire consignment. In one second, he had become the wettest man in Worcestershire.

"Jeeves!" I cried.

"Yes, indeed, sir," said Jeeves, and seemed to me to put the whole thing in a nutshell.

Down below, things were hotting up nicely. Old Mr. Anstruther may have been frail, but he undoubtedly had his moments. I have rarely seen a man of his years conduct himself with such a lissom abandon. There was a stick lying beside the chair, and with this in hand he went into action like a two-year-old. A moment later, he and Thos. had passed out of the picture round the house, Thos. cutting out a rare pace but, judging from the sounds of anguish, not good enough to distance the field.

The tumult and the shouting died; and after gazing for a while with considerable satisfaction at the Snettisham, who was standing there with a sand-bagged look watching her nominee pass right out of the betting, I turned to Jeeves. I felt quietly triumphant. It is not often that I score off him, but now I had scored in no uncertain manner.

"You see, Jeeves," I said, "I was right and you were wrong. Blood will tell. Once a Thos., always a Thos. Can the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his what not? What was that thing they used to teach us at school about expelling Nature?"

"You may expel Nature with a pitchfork, sir, but she will always return? In the original Latin—"

"Never mind about the original Latin. The point is that I told you Thos. could not resist those curls, and he couldn't. You would have it that he could."

"I do not fancy it was the curls that caused the upheaval, sir. I think Master Sebastian had been speaking disparagingly of Miss Garbo."

"Eh? Why should he do that?"

"I suggested that he should do so, sir, not long ago when I encountered him on his way to the stable yard. It was a move which he was very willing to make, as he informed me that in his opinion Miss Garbo was definitely inferior both in beauty and talent to Miss Clara Bow."

I sank into a chair. The Wooster system can stand just so much.

"Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"You tell me that Sebastian Moon, a stripling of such tender years that he can go about the place with long curls without causing mob violence, is in love with Clara Bow?"

"And has been for some little time, he gave me to understand, sir."

"Jeeves, this Younger Generation is hot stuff."

"Yes, sir."

"Were you like that in your day?"

"No, sir."

"Nor I, Jeeves. At the age of fourteen I once wrote to Marie Lloyd for her autograph, but apart from that my private life could bear the strictest investigation. However, that is not the point. The point is, Jeeves, that once more I must pay you a marked tribute."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"Once more, like the great man you are, you have stepped forward and spread sweetness and light in no uncertain measure."


"I am glad to have given satisfaction, sir. Would you be requiring my services any further?"

"You mean you wish to return to Bognor and its shrimps? Do so, Jeeves, and stay there another fortnight, if you wish. And may success attend your net."


"Thank you very much, sir."

I eyed the man fixedly. His head stuck out at the back and his eyes sparkled with the light of pure intelligence. "I pity the shrimp that tries to pit its feeble cunning against you, Jeeves," I said.

And I meant it.



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Dark Dolores by Damon Runyon (Continued from page 75)

any too well of each other to begin with. I can see they are getting more and more hostile toward each other over her, but when they are not with Dolores, they stick close to each other for fear one will cop a sneak, and get her to himself.

I am very much puzzled because Black Mike and Scoodles and Benny do not get their rods out and start a shooting match among themselves over her, but I find that Dave the Dude makes them turn in their rods to him the second day because he does not care to have them doing any target practice around Atlantic City. So they cannot start a shooting match among themselves if they wish, and the reason they do not put the slug on each other is because Dolores tells them she hates tough guys who go around putting the slug on people. So they are being gentlemen, bar a few bad cracks passing among them now and then.

WELL, it comes on a Friday, and there we are in Atlantic City since a Monday and nothing stirring on the peace conference as yet, and Dave the Dude is very much disgusted indeed, especially as Miss Billy Perry is laying the blast on him plenty every night over the telephone until Dave is sorry that he ever thinks of marrying Miss Billy Perry.

All night Friday and into Saturday morning we are in Joe Goss', and personally I can think of many other places I will rather be. To begin with, I never care to be around gorills when they are drinking, and when you take gorills who are drinking and get them all crazy about the same doll, they are apt to turn out to be no gentlemen any minute. The only reason I stick around is because Dave the Dude sticks, and the only reason Dave the Dude sticks is to keep these guys from giving Atlantic City a bad name.

I do not know who it is who suggests a daybreak swimming party, because I am half asleep, and so is Dave the Dude, but I hear afterwards it is Dolores. Anyway, the next thing anybody knows we are out on the beach and Dolores and Black Mike and Scoodles Shea and Benny the Blond Jew are in their bathing suits and the dawn is touching up the old ocean very beautiful.

Of course Dave the Dude and me are not in bathing suits, because in the first place neither of us is any hand for going in bathing, and in the second place, if we are going in bathing we will not go in bathing at such an hour. Furthermore, as far as I am personally concerned, I hope I am never in a bathing suit if I will look no better in it than Black Mike, while Scoodles Shea is no Gene Tunney in regards to shape. Benny the Blond Jew is the only one who looks human, and I do not give even him more than sixty-five points.

Dave the Dude and me stand around watching them, and mostly we are watching Dolores. She is in a red bathing suit, with a red rubber cap over her black hair, and while most dolls in bathing suits hurt my eyes, she is still beautiful. I will always claim she is the most beautiful thing I ever see, bar Blue Larkspur, and of course Blue Larkspur is a race horse and not a doll. I am very glad that Miss Billy Perry is not present to see the look in Dave the Dude's eyes as he watches Dolores in her bathing suit, for Miss Billy Perry is quick to take offense.

When she is in the water, Dolores slides around like a big beautiful red

fish. You can see she loves it. The chances are I can swim better on my back than Black Mike or Scoodles Shea can on their stomachs and Benny the Blond Jew is no Gertrude Ederle, but of course I am allowing for them being well loaded with Joe Goss' liquor, and a load of Joe Goss' liquor is not apt to float well anywhere.

Well, after they paddle around in the ocean a while, Dolores and her three Romeos lay out on the sand, and Dave the Dude and me are just figuring on going to bed, when all of a sudden we see Dolores jump up and start running for the ocean with Black Mike and Benny head-and-head just behind her, and Scoodles Shea half a length back.

She tears into the water, kicking it every which way until she gets to where it is deep, when she starts to swim, heading for the open sea. Black Mike and Scoodles Shea and Benny the Blond Jew are paddling after her like blazes. We can see it is some kind of a chase, and we stand watching it. We can see Dolores' little red cap bouncing along over the water like a rubber ball on a sidewalk, with Black Mike and Scoodles and Benny staggering along behind her, for Joe Goss' liquor will make a guy stagger on land or sea.

She is away ahead of them at first, but then she seems to pull up and let them get closer to her. When Black Mike, who is leading the other two, gets within maybe fifty yards of her, the red cap bounces away again, always going farther out. It strikes me that Dolores is sort of swimming in wide circles, now half turning as if coming back to the beach, and then taking a swing that carries her seaward again. When I come to think it over afterwards, I can see that when you are watching her it does not look as if she is swimming away from the beach and yet all the time she is getting away from it.

One of her circles takes her almost back to Benny, who is a bad last to Black Mike and Scoodles Shea, and in fact she gets so close to Benny that he is lunging for her, when she slides away again, and is off faster than any fish I ever see afloat. Then she does the same to Black Mike and Scoodles. I figure they are playing tag in the water, or some such, and while this may be all right for guys who are full of liquor, and a light-headed doll, I do not consider it a proper amusement at such an hour for guys in their right senses, like Dave the Dude and me.

So I am pleased when he says we better go to bed, because by this time Dolores and Black Mike and Scoodles Shea and Benny seem to be very far out in the water indeed. As we are strolling along the Boardwalk, I look back again and there they are, no bigger than pin points on the water, and it seems to me that I can see only three pin points, at that, but I figure Dolores is so far out I cannot see her through the haze.

"They will be good and tucked out by the time they get back," I say to Dave the Dude.

"I hope they drown," Dave says, but a few days later he apologizes for this crack, and explains he makes it only because he is tired and disgusted.

Well, I often think now that it is strange neither Dave the Dude or me see anything unnatural in the whole play, but we do not even mention Dolores or Black Mike or Scoodles Shea or Benny the Blond Jew until late in the afternoon when we are putting on the

old grapefruit and ham and eggs in Dave's room and Dave is looking out over the ocean.

"Say," he says, as if he just happens to remember it, "do you know those guys are away out yonder the last we see of them? I wonder if they get back okay?"

And as if answering his question there is a knock on the door, and who walks in but Dolores. She looks all fagged out, but she is so beautiful I will say she seems to light up the room, only I do not wish anybody to think I am getting romantic. Anyway, she is beautiful, but her voice is very tired as she says to Dave the Dude:

"Your friends from St. Louis will not return, Mister Dave the Dude. They do not swim so well, but better than I thought. The one that is called Black Mike and Scoodles Shea turn back when we are about three miles out, but they never reach the shore. I see them both go down for the last time. I make sure of this, Mister Dave the Dude. The pale one, Benny, lasts a little farther although he is the worst swimmer of them all, and he never turns back. He is still trying to follow me when a cramp gets him and he sinks. I guess he loves me the most, at that, as he always claims."

Well, naturally, I am greatly horrified by this news, especially as she tells it without batting one of her beautiful eyes.

"Do you mean to tell us you let these poor guys drown out there in all this salt water?" I say, very indignant. "Why, you are nothing but a cad."

But Dave the Dude makes a sign for me to shut up, and Dolores says:

"I come within a quarter of a mile of swimming the English Channel in 1927, as you will see by looking up the records," she says, "and I can swim the Mississippi one-handed, but I cannot pack three big guys such as these on my back. Even," she says, "if I care to, which I do not. Benny is the only one who speaks to me before he goes. The last time I circle back to him he waves his hand and says, 'I know all along I see you somewhere before. I remember now. You are Frankie Farrone's doll.'"

"And you are?" asks Dave the Dude. "His widow," says Dolores. "I promise him as he lays in his coffin that these men will die, and they are dead. I spend my last dollar getting to this town by airplane, but I get here, and I get them. Only it is more the hand of Providence," she says. "Now I will not need this."

AND she tosses out on the table among our breakfast dishes a little bottle that we find out afterwards is full of enough cyanide to kill forty mules, which always makes me think that this Dolores is a doll who means business.

"There is only one thing I wish to know," Dave the Dude says. "Only one thing. How do you coax these fatheads to follow you out in the water?"

"This is the easiest thing of all," Dolores says. "It is an inspiration to me as we lay out on the beach. I tell them I will marry the first one who reaches me in the water. I do not wish to seem hard-hearted, but it is a relief to me when I see Black Mike sink. Can you imagine being married to such a bum?"

It is not until we are going home that Dave the Dude has anything to say about the proposition, and then he speaks to me as follows:

"You know," Dave says, "I will always consider I get a very lucky break that Dolores does not include me in her offer, or the chances are I will be swimming yet."

Your face knows it's winter...

*And so does your
Gillette Blade, for it
has extra work to do*

THE biting winds of winter contract your skin, make it rough—hard to shave. Your razor then has a far more difficult job to do than it has in summer.

Yet you can always get a comfortable shave, no matter what the weather does to your face. Why?

Because your smooth, sure Gillette Blade never changes, under *any* conditions. It can't. Machines, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch, ensure its even precision.

Four out of every nine employees in the Gillette blade department are skilled inspectors who actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

You may not wear the same face in November that you do in May, but count on Gillette Blades to shave you smoothly, swiftly, surely. They keep your face feeling young, and looking it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

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There's a lot of difference between the cold, wind-stiffened skin of late autumn and the tanned, freely perspiring face of July—and it makes a lot of difference in shaving. Yet it's easy to enjoy shaving comfort all the year round. Simply take ample time to soften your beard. And use a *fresh* Gillette Blade frequently.



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THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

The Boston Police Strike by Calvin Coolidge *(Continued from page 47)*

restrictive regulations, from a multiplicity of Boards and Commissions which had reached about one hundred, and from a large increase in the number of people on the public pay rolls, all of which was necessarily accompanied with a much larger cost of state government that had to be met by collecting more revenue from the taxpayers.

The people began to realize that something was wrong and began to wonder whether more laws, more regulations, and more taxes, were really any benefit to them. They were becoming tired of agitation, criticism and destructive policies and wished to return to constructive methods.

When I went home at the end of the 1915 session it was with the intention of remaining in private life and giving all my attention to the law. During the winter the Lieutenant-Governor had announced that he would seek the nomination for Governor which caused some mention of me as his successor, but I was President of the Senate and did not propose to impair my usefulness in that position by involving it in an effort to secure some other office, so I gave the matter no attention.

A very estimable man who had done much party service and was a brilliant platform speaker had already become a candidate, but although my record in the General Court was that of a liberal, the business interests turned to me. In this they were not alone as the event disclosed.

To the people I seemed in some way that I cannot explain to represent confidence. When the situation became apparent to me I went to Boston and made the simple statement in the press that

I was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, without any reasons or any elaboration.

It was at this time that my intimate acquaintance began with Mr. Frank W. Stearns. I had met him in a casual way for a year or two but only occasionally. In the spring he had suggested that he would like to support me for Lieutenant-Governor.

He was a merchant of high character and very much respected by all who knew him, but entirely without experience in politics. He came as an entirely fresh force in public affairs, unhampered by any of the animosities that usually attach to a veteran politician.

It was a great compliment to me to attract the interest of such a man and his influence later became of large value to the party in the Commonwealth and nation. I always felt considerable pride of accomplishment in getting the active support of men like him.

While Mr. Stearns always overestimated me he nevertheless was a great help to me. He never obtruded or sought any favor for himself or any other person, but his whole effort was always disinterested and entirely devoted to assisting me when I indicated I wished him to do so.

It is doubtful if any other public man ever had so valuable and unselfish a friend.

My activities were such that I began to see more of the Honorable W. Murray Crane. When he came to Boston he was accustomed to have me at breakfast in his rooms at the hotel.

Although he had large interests about which there was constant legislation he never mentioned the subject to me or

made any suggestion about any of my official actions. Had I sought his advice he would have told me to consult my own judgment and vote for what the public interest required, without any thought of him.

He confirmed my opinion as to the value of a silence which avoids creating a situation where one would otherwise not exist, and the bad taste and the danger of arousing animosities and advertising an opponent by making any attack on him. In all political affairs he had a wonderful wisdom and in everything he was preeminently a man of judgment, who was the most disinterested public servant I ever saw and the greatest influence for good government with which I ever came in contact.

What would I not have given to have had him by my side when I was President! His end came just before the election of 1920.

These men were additional examples of good influences coming into my life to which I referred in relating the experience of some of my younger days. I cannot see that I sought them but they came. Perhaps it was because I was ready to receive them.

In the summer of 1915 politics became very active in Massachusetts. There was a sharp campaign for the nomination for Governor, my own effort to secure the Lieutenant-Governorship, and many minor contests. I shall always remember that Major Augustus P. Gardner, then in Congress, honored me by becoming one of the Committee of five who conducted my campaign.

Many local meetings were held calling for much speaking. In the end Samuel

Keeping pace
with pleasure



W. McCall was renominated for Governor. I was named as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor by a vote of about 75,000 to 50,000. The news reached my father on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of his father.

My campaign was carried on in careful compliance with the law, and the expense was within the allowed limit of \$1500, which was contributed by numerous people. I was thus under no especial obligation to any one for raising money for me.

In the campaign for election I toured the State with Mr. McCall, making open air speeches from automobiles during the day, and finishing with an indoor rally in the evening. It was the hardest kind of work but most fascinating. I remember that Senator Harding and Representative Longworth came into the State to promote our election and spoke with us at a large meeting one night at Lowell.

I did not refer to my own candidacy but spent all my time advocating the election of Mr. McCall. He was a character that fitted into the situation most admirably. He was liberal without being visionary, and conservative without being reactionary.

The twenty-five years he had spent in public life gave him a remarkable equipment for discussing the issues of a campaign. Whatever information was needed concerning the state government I was in a position to supply.

Much emphasis was placed by me on the urgent necessity of preventing further increase in state and national expenses and in a drastic reduction wherever possible. The state was ready for that kind of a message.

When the election of 1915 came Mr. McCall won by 6313 votes and my plurality was 52,204. After having been held

five years by Democrats the Governorship of Massachusetts was restored to the Republican party where it was to remain for the next fifteen years and probably much longer.

The extended struggle in which the Republicans had been engaged to restore the people of Massachusetts to their allegiance to sound government under a reunited party had at last been successful. With that prolonged effort I had been intimately associated.

The office of Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts differs from that of most states. As already disclosed he does not preside over the Senate. The constitution of our Commonwealth is older than the Federal Constitution and so followed the old Colonial system, while most of the states have followed the Federal system. I was ex officio a member of the Governor's Council and chairman of the Finance and Pardon committees.

As the Council met but one day each week I was pleased with the renewed opportunity I expected to have to practice law. But it soon developed that I must be away so much that I asked Ralph W. Hemenway to become associated with me and he has since carried on my law office so successfully that it has become his law office rather than mine.

It has become the custom in our country to expect all Chief Executives from the President down to conduct activities analogous to an entertainment bureau. No occasion is too trivial for its promoters to invite them to attend and deliver an address.

It appeared to be the practice of Governor McCall to accept all these invitations and when the time came, to attend what he could of them, and parcel the rest out among his subordinates. In

this way I became very much engaged.

It was an honor to represent the Governor and a part of my duties according to our practice. Some days I went to several meetings for that purpose, ranging well into the night, so I was obliged to stay in Boston most of the time. It was during this period that I wrote nearly all of the speeches afterwards published in "Have Faith in Massachusetts." They were short and mostly committed to memory for delivery. This forced me to be a constant student of public questions.

It did not seem best for me to take a very active part in the Presidential primaries of 1916 but I quietly supported the regular ticket for delegates which was elected. We had at least three candidates for President in Massachusetts with all of whom I was on friendly terms, as I had never allied myself with any faction of the party, but I felt the convention did the wise thing in turning to the great statesman Charles Evans Hughes, and I supported him actively in the campaign for election.

He carried Massachusetts by a small vote. My renomination came without opposition as did that of the Governor who had a plurality of 46,240 at the election. My own was 84,930.

During the summer I had been chairman of a special commission to consider the financial condition of the Boston Elevated Street Railway and helped make a report, recommending that the Governor be authorized to appoint a Board of Trustees who should have the control of this property and be vested with authority to fix a rate fares sufficient to pay the costs of operation and a fair return to the stockholders. This was adopted by the General Court and solved the pressing problem of street railway transportation which became so

Modern mouth hygiene has brought new health and vitality to thousands of women because they guard The Danger Line

WOMEN who are popular frankly acknowledge that health is their most valued charm. And still, thousands risk this priceless gift through lack of proper mouth hygiene.

Here is the danger. Modern science has discovered that heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, nervous disorders frequently develop from decayed teeth and diseased gums.

This is the reason: The same blood which supplies all the tissues of the body with food and carries off their waste also comes in contact with the gums and teeth. Thus poisonous substances and disease germs are carried away from neglected teeth and lodged in some other tissue or organ.

You must guard The Danger Line
For protection, however, it is not enough merely to brush your teeth.

You must visit your dentist regularly and use a dentifrice which can neutralize the acids that cause tooth decay.

These acids form particularly in pits and crevices of your teeth and at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. There is one dentifrice which can bring you protection. It is Squibb's Dental Cream, which is made with more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. When you use it, particles of this Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the tiny crevices where your tooth-brush cannot reach and neutralize dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans and polishes the teeth beautifully, in addition to protecting them. It contains no grit, no harsh abrasives. It is extraordinarily soothing. You can safely use it to brush the gums.

At drug stores everywhere—only 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

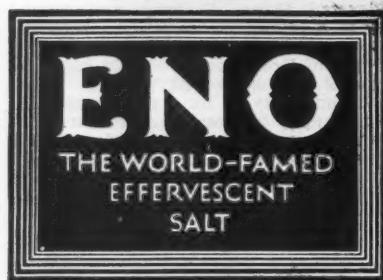


SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA, from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from unpleasant earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.

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of today's traveler:*

INTESTINAL HYGIENE



NEVER do we know such carelessness in matters of intestinal hygiene as when traveling. We have been told about the dangers of intestinal toxicity due to upsetting changes in water and food while traveling. Yet, when train headaches, seasickness or tired digestion warn us of an abused system, we are satisfied to take a pill and let the matter drift until "we get home."

But why let intestinal toxicity spoil your trip? Why take such chances? Why permit poisons to endanger your entire system? It is quite easy to combat intestinal toxicity. Thousands are doing it by perfectly natural means—a balanced diet, fresh air, exercise. If, in addition, a certain degree of assistance is necessary, why not trust yourself to the gentle, thorough action of ENO instead of using bitter, drastic cathartics?

Perhaps you already have encountered this delightful, sparkling laxative on your travels and know of its pleasant taste and gentle, thorough action . . . how different it is from the ordinary cathartic.

ENO Effervescent Salt never leaves you "all dragged out." It

simply flushes and cleanses the intestinal tract and speeds up normal action. It does not gripe you nor disturb the day's routine.

Try ENO for a week—regularly morning or evening. You'll give it a place in your grip or on your bathroom shelf when once you have experienced the clear-eyed health possible to those free from the attacks of intestinal toxins . . . poisons carried by the blood to all parts of the body. Its valuable anti-acid qualities are particularly effective in certain cases of acidosis too!

This famous effervescent saline is available at all druggists at 75c and \$1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th Street, New York.



"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself"

ENO—health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO in a glass of water. Taking this sparkling saline regularly helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take a glass of ENO. At soda fountains everywhere.

acute on account of the increasing costs of operation.

Later the plan was applied to the other large company in the eastern part of the State. It was not perfect but saved the properties from destruction and gave a fair means of travel at cost which was to be ascertained by public authority.

It was in the ensuing year that the United States entered the World War. While this took most of our thoughts off local affairs it did not prevent opposition to the renomination of Governor McCall. Had it been successful it would have deferred any chance for me to run for Governor for two or three years and probably indefinitely.

Under the circumstances most of my friends supported the Governor and he was renominated by a wide margin. I had no opposition. But interest in the election was not great so that the vote was light. Nevertheless the Governor ran 90,479 votes ahead of his nearest competitor.

In my own contest my opponent secured the Democratic, the Progressive and the Prohibition nomination. I did not think the combination would prove helpful to him and it did not. He fell off 77,000 from the vote of his predecessor and I won by 101,731.

While the United States had been engaged in the World War every public man, and I among them, had been constantly employed in its many activities. It increased every function of government from the administration in Washington down to the smallest town office. The whole nation seemed to be endowed with a new spirit, unified and solidified and willing to make any sacrifice for the cause of liberty.

I was constantly before public gatherings explaining the needs of the time for men, money and supplies. Sometimes I was urging subscriptions to war loans, sometimes contributions to the great charities, or again speaking to the workmen engaged in construction or the manufacture of munitions.

The response which the people made and the organizing power of the Country were all manifestations that it was wonderful to contemplate. The entire nation awoke to a new life.

It was no secret that I desired to be Governor. Under the custom of promotion in Massachusetts a man who did not expect to be advanced would scarcely be willing to be Lieutenant-Governor. But I did nothing in the way of organizing my friends to secure the nomination.

It is much better not to press a candidacy too much but to let it develop on its own merits without artificial stimulation. If the people want a man they will nominate him, if they do not want him he had best let the nomination go to another.

The Governor very much desired to be United States Senator but made no statement indicating he would seek that honor which would cause him to retire from his present office. Neither I nor my friends approached him or sought to influence him.

Finally he called me aside and told me to announce that I would run for Governor which I did. As no one knew what he had told me some supposed I would run against him which I would not have done.

I had a strong liking for this veteran public servant and so I feel sure he liked me. He was away on many occasions, which under the constitution left me as Acting Governor, but at such times I was always careful not to encroach upon his domain.

While I may have differed with my subordinates I have always supported loyally my superiors. They have never found me organizing a camp in opposition to them.

Finally the Governor sought the Senatorship, but before his campaign was under way he very manfully announced that as the country was at war he was entirely unwilling to divert public attention from the national defense to promote his political fortunes and therefore withdrew. My nomination was again unanimous.

The campaign was difficult. The really great qualities of my principal colleague Senator John W. Weeks, had been displayed mostly in Washington and were not appreciated by his home people. A violent epidemic of influenza prevented us from having a State Convention, or holding the usual meetings, and the party organization was not very effective.

In spite of my protest and the fact that we were engaged in a tremendous war, criticism was too often made of President Wilson and his administration. My own efforts were spent in urging that the people and government of Massachusetts should all join in their support of the National government in prosecuting the war.

While I was elected by only 16,773, Senator Weeks to my lasting regret was defeated, so the State and Nation lost for a time the benefit of his valuable public service. Later he was in the Cabinet where he remained until during my term he retired due to ill health and did not long survive.

Again I supposed I had reached the summit of any possible political preferment and was quite content to finish my public career as Governor of Massachusetts,—an office that has always been held in the highest honor by the people of the Commonwealth.

To get a few days' rest I went to Maine the next Friday after the election. It was there that I was awakened in the middle of Sunday night to be told that the Armistice had been signed. I returned to Boston the following day to take part in the celebration.

What the end of the four years of carnage meant those who remember it will never forget and those who do not can never be told. The universal joy, the enormous relief, found expression from all the people in a spontaneous outburst of thanksgiving.

While the war was done its problems were to confront the State and Nation for many years. I was to meet them as Governor and President. They will remain with us for two generations. Such is the curse of war.

In my inaugural address I dwelt on the need of promoting the public health, education, and the opportunity for employment at fair wages in accordance with the right of the people to be well born, well reared, well educated, well employed and well paid. I also stressed the necessity of keeping government expenses as low as possible, assisting in every possible way the reestablishing of the returning veterans, and reorganizing the numerous departments in accordance with a recent change of the constitution which limited their number to twenty.

There being no Executive Mansion the Governor has no especial social duties, so I kept my quarters at the Adams House, as I had always lived there when in Boston, where Mrs. Coolidge came sometimes but as our boys needed her she staid for the most part in Northampton. She never had taken any part in my political life but had given her attention to our home. It was not until we went to Washington that she

what a whale of a difference
just a few *inches* make



YES
and what a whale of
a difference just a
few cents make

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

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CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

came into public prominence and favor.

In February President Wilson landed at Boston on his return from France and spoke at a large meeting, where I made a short address of welcome, pledging him my support in helping settle the remaining war problems. I then began a friendly personal relation with him and Mrs. Wilson which has always continued.

Our service men were constantly returning and had to be aided in getting back into private employment. About \$20,000,000 was paid them out of the state treasury.

In the confusion attending the end of the war the work of legislation dragged on well into the summer. While I did not veto many of the bills which were passed I did reject a measure to increase the salaries of members of the General Court from \$1000 to \$1500, but my objection was not sustained.

IN THE great upward movement of wages that had taken place those paid by street railways had not been proportionately increased. It is very difficult to raise fares, so sufficient money for this purpose had not been available, though some advances had been made.

Because of this situation a strike occurred in midsummer on the Boston Elevated that tied up nearly all the street transportation in the city district for three or four days. Finally I helped negotiate an agreement to send the matter to arbitration so that work was resumed. The men secured a very material raise in wages which I feel later conditions fully justified.

In August I went to Vermont. On my return I found that difficulties in the Police Department of Boston were growing serious and made a statement to the reporters at the State House that I should support Commissioner Edwin U. Curtis in his decisions concerning their adjustment. I felt he was entitled to every confidence.

The trouble arose over the proposal of the policemen who had long been permitted to maintain a local organization of their own, to form a union and affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. That was contrary to a long established rule of the Department, agreed to by each member when he went on the force and had the effect of law.

When the policemen's union persisted in their course I was urged by a Committee appointed by the Mayor to interfere and attempt to make Commissioner Curtis settle the dispute by arbitration. The Governor appoints the Commissioner and probably could remove him but he has no more jurisdiction over his acts than he has over the Judges of the Courts, besides I did not see how it was possible to arbitrate the question of the authority of the law, or of the necessity of obedience to the rules of the Department and the orders of the Commissioner.

These principles were the heart of the whole controversy and the only important questions at issue. It can readily be seen how important they were and what the effect might have been if they had not been maintained.

I decided to support them whatever the consequences might be. I fully expected it would result in my defeat in the coming campaign for reelection as Governor.

While I had no direct responsibility for the conduct of police matters in Boston yet as the Chief Executive it was my general duty to require the laws to be enforced so I remained in Boston and kept carefully informed of conditions. I knew I might be called on to act at any time.

On Sunday, September seventh I went to Northampton by motor and remained overnight as I had an engagement to speak before a state convention of the American Federation of Labor at Greenfield Monday morning which I fulfilled. I left that town at once for Boston stopping at Fitchburg to call my office to learn if there were any new developments. I reached Boston some after four o'clock that afternoon, and had a conference with some of the representatives of the City. I did not leave Boston again for a long time.

When it became perfectly apparent that the policemen's union were acting in violation of the rules of the Department the leaders were brought before the Commissioner on charges, tried and removed from office, whereat about three quarters of the force left the Department in a body at about five o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, September ninth. This number was much larger than had been expected.

The Metropolitan Police of more than one hundred, and the State Police of thirty or forty men, had been kept in readiness and were at once put on duty, the Motor Corps of the State Guard was held at the armory, and that night I kept the Attorney General, the Adjutant General and my Secretary at my hotel to be ready to respond to any call for help. As everything was quiet the Motor Corps went home.

Around midnight bands of men appeared on the street who broke many shop windows and carried away quantities of the goods which were on display. Many arrests were made but the remaining police and their reinforcements were not sufficient to prevent the disorder. I knew nothing of this until morning.

The disorder of Tuesday night was most reprehensible but it was only an incident. It had little relation to the real issues. I have always felt that I should have called out the State Guard as soon as the police left their posts.

The Commissioner did not feel this was necessary. The Mayor, who was a man of high character, and a personal friend, but of the opposite party, had conferred with me. He had the same authority as the Governor to call out all the Guard in the City of Boston.

It would be very unusual for a Governor to act except on the request of the local authorities. No disorder existed, and it would have been rather a violent assumption that it was threatened, but it could have been made.

Such action probably would have saved some property but would have decided no issue. In fact it would have made it more difficult to maintain the position Mr. Curtis had taken, and which I was supporting, because the issue was not understood and the disorder focussed public attention on it, and showed just what it meant to have a police force that did not obey orders.

On reaching my office in the morning it was reported to me that the Mayor was calling out the State Guard of Boston to report about five o'clock that afternoon. He also requested me to furnish more troops. I supplemented his action by calling substantially the entire State Guard to report at once. They gathered at their armories and were patrolling the streets in a few hours. When they came with their muskets in their hands with bayonets fixed there was little more trouble from disorder.

It was soon reported to me that the Mayor, acting under a special law, had taken charge of the police force of the City, and by putting a Guard officer in command had virtually displaced the Commissioner, who came to me in great

distress. If he was to be superseded I thought the men that he had discharged might be taken back and the cause lost. Certainly they and the rest of the policemen's union must have rejoiced at his discomfort.

Thinking I knew what to do I consulted the law as is my custom. I found a general statute that gives the Governor authority to call on any police officer in the State to assist him. I showed this to the Attorney General and to Ex-Attorney General Herbert Parker who was advising Mr. Curtis. They thought I was right and consulted a profound judge of law, Ex-Attorney General Albert E. Pillsbury, who confirmed their opinions.

The strike occurred Tuesday night, the Guard were called Wednesday and Thursday I issued a General Order restoring Mr. Curtis to his place as Commissioner in control of the police, and made a proclamation calling on all citizens to assist me in preserving order and especially directing all police officers in Boston to obey the orders of Mr. Curtis.

This was the important contribution I made to the tactics of the situation which has never been fully realized. To Mr. Curtis should go the credit for raising the issue and enforcing the principle that police should not affiliate with any outside body whether of wage earners or wage payers but should remain unattached, impartial, officers of the law, with sole allegiance to the public. In this I supported him.

When rumors started of a strike at the power house which furnished electricity for all Boston a naval vessel was run up to the station with plenty of electricians on board ready to go over the side and keep the plant in operation. A wagon train of supplies, arms, and ammunition was brought in from Camp Devens and all the State Guard mobilized.

A statement was made by President Wilson strongly condemning the defection of the police. Volunteer police began to come in and over half a million dollars was raised by popular subscription to meet necessary expenses in caring for dependents of the Guard and even for helping the families of some of the police who left their posts.

Later I helped these men in securing other employment but refused to allow them again to be policemen. Public feeling became very much aroused. While offers of support came from every quarter the opposition was very active.

SOON Samuel Gompers began to telegraph me asking the removal of Mr. Curtis and the reinstatement of the union policemen. This required me to make a reply in which I stated among other things that, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by any body, any time, any where."

This phrase caught the attention of the nation. It was beginning to be clear that if voluntary associations were to be permitted to substitute their will for the authority of public officials the end of our government was at hand. The issue was nothing less than whether the law which the people had made through their duly authorized agencies should be supreme.

This issue I took to the people in my campaign for reelection as Governor. Though I was hampered by an attack of influenza and spoke but three or four times I was able to make the issue plain even beyond the confines of Massachusetts. Many of the wage earners both organized and unorganized who knew I had always treated them fairly must have supported me for I won by 125,101 votes. The people decided in favor of the integrity of their own government.

Their Thier Their



It's a wonder any child can spell

THE child learns a word as a type picture—not as a collection of letters. All the rest of the child's life, that word will be recognized instantly. That is why the child can read.

Any child can detect when a typed word is misspelled. That has been proved. Yet the same word will be misspelled constantly when hand-written.

The written word is an entirely different picture—a clumsy, hand-drawn picture. A picture without the slightest resemblance to the type picture. Is it any wonder that written work is full of spelling errors?

How illogical and ridiculous it is to impose this added burden and confusion at a time when the mind is struggling to grasp the first principles of education. If every child could be given a typewriter and taught to use it, an amazing improvement in spelling would result. Why? Simply because each word, as typed, would look right. It would correspond to

the type picture that was in the child's mind.

Is your youngster having a hard time to find out what school work is all about? Is there growing in the young mind a feeling of discouragement—inferiority—failure? Are report cards distressing?

The most intelligent aid you can give your child during this vital period of mental development is to take home a Corona typewriter. In a surprisingly short time the child will learn to operate it automatically. It is such fun to type that home work will become a pleasure. Exercise and compositions will be neatly and accurately prepared, spelling will improve and the report card will be dotted with "A" and "B" instead of with "C" and "D."

The New Corona is small in the sense that a fine watch is small. Its touch is

remarkably easy and its operation simple. Its mechanism is so sturdy, simple and scientifically sound that, even with abuse, it will give a lifetime of service.

We can arrange with our local dealer to have a Corona delivered to your home for a trial without imposing any obligation to buy.

When you appreciate what a fine instrument it is, and how quickly you learn to operate it you can, if you wish, pay for it gradually.

There is a choice of many charming colors. The new Corona, with standard keyboard, costs \$60. Corona Special, with three-row keyboard, costs \$39.50.

Price includes attractive carrying case.

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CORONA

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YOUNG TEETH NEED THIS CARE

DO YOU KNOW that cleaning teeth is one of the important uses for Arm & Hammer Baking Soda? Dentists recommend it both for this purpose and as a mouth wash.

Used as a dentifrice Baking Soda both cleans and protects teeth. Its natural "bite" removes stains, discolorations and film without injuring the enamel. Its mild alkalinity neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay.

Baking Soda as a dentifrice is most economical. You can buy it at any grocery store. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

== SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS ==
CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.

80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.
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Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

President Wilson sent me a telegram of congratulations.

I felt at the time that the speeches I made and the statements I issued had a clearness of thought and revealed a power I had not before been able to express which confirmed my belief that when a duty comes to us with it a power comes to enable us to perform it. I was not thinking so much of the Governorship which I already had as of the grave danger to the country if the voters did not decide correctly. My faith that the people would respond to the truth was justified.

The requirements of the situation as it developed seem clear and plain now and easy to decide but as they arose they were very complicated and involved in many immaterial issues. The right thing to do never requires any subterfuges, it is always simple and direct. That is the reason that intrigue usually falls of its own weight.

After the election I had the work of making the appointments in order to reduce the entire State administration to the limit of twenty Departments and a special session of the General Court to deal with some street railway problems so I had little time to think of politics. But I soon learned that many people in the country were thinking of me.

The two years that I served as Governor were a time of transition from war to peace. New problems constantly arose, great confusion prevailed, nothing was settled and it was possible only to feel my way from day to day.

But they were years of progress if partly in a negative way. The new position of the wage earners was perfected and solidified. A forty-eight hour week for women and minors was established by a bill passed by the General Court which I signed. The budget system went fully into effect the first year I was

Governor and helped keep the State finances in good condition. The departments were reorganized and the street railways given relief.

In my second year a bill was passed allowing the sale of beer with a 2.75 per cent alcoholic content which I vetoed because I thought it was in violation of the constitution which I had sworn to defend. The veto was sustained.

A constant struggle was going on to keep the costs of living down and the rate of wages up. A State Commission was held in office with increased powers to resist profiteering in the necessities of life.

In the depression of 1920 some of our banks and manufacturers found themselves in difficulties. All of these things reach the Governor in one form or another.

But in general conditions were such that the entire efforts of the people were engaged in easing themselves down. There was little opportunity to direct their attention towards constructive action. They were clearing away the refuse from the great conflagration preparatory to rebuilding on a grander and more pretentious scale. Nothing was natural, everything was artificial.

So much energy had to be expended in keeping the ship of state on a straight course that there was little left to carry it ahead. But when I finished my two terms in January 1921 the demobilization of the country was practically complete, people had found themselves again, and were ready to undertake the great work of reconstruction in which they have since been so successfully engaged.

In that work we have seen the people of America create a new heaven and a new earth. The old things have passed away, giving place to a glory never before experienced by any people of our world.

What was Mr. Coolidge's real attitude towards the Vice-Presidency? He tells you for the first time in the Concluding Chapter of his autobiography—Next Month.

The Office Wife (Continued from page 69)

violent secret love affair that had been unearthed and given all the pitiless sardonic publicity of the times; a headlined divorce; a complete betrayal and repudiation of old vows—hearing the whispers, "Harrington! Who could believe it of him, with a wife and children!" beneath his astonishment and contempt would feel a keen pang of—could it be *envy*?

He never inquired into the nature of these inexplicable experiences. Yet involuntarily he would wonder what it might be like to be caught up by a devastating force which swept everything before it, which knew no law save the fulfillment of its lawlessness, which scorched and tormented, harrowed and hunted, and which contained its own punishment—and its own reward.

If he had ever heard strange gods—or, more accurately, goddesses—calling, he had not followed their alluring voices—far. He had not been guiltless of minor, passing attractions and relaxations. But technically, at least, Eaton had kept to the letter of his public vow to Linda.

Sometimes he wondered at himself: at his quick, if temporary, response to the turn of a head, the fall of an eyelash, the murmur of a phrase; wondered whether he would have been rendered

immune from—well, from the visualizing of colorful and fragrant gardens lying beyond the highroad and over the high walls of his own particular matrimonial estate, if that first passionate devotion to his wife had held through the years, with its initial mystery and glamour.

And he extended his wonder to all men. Did they, too, look over the walls; those, that is, who still refrained from jumping them entirely? It was not, he reasoned, that he was a sensual man. It took more than the mere appeal of sex to stir him; it took mood, mystery, the vague promise, the dim warning somewhere within his consciousness that life is fleet and no man is sure of immortality.

Sometimes he wondered about Linda. How did she feel toward other men? What were her unfathomable thoughts? How well did he know her after ten years of intimacy? How well did any man know his wife or, for that matter, himself?

And now, over the bridge table, waiting for Mrs. Lucien to return from her conversation on the telephone, Jameson asked:

"Have you decided about the club, Larry? We have things well under way now, but I didn't want to rush you. I

did drop in at the office one day when you were out."

Eaton said: "I know. I'm sorry. Yes, I'll go in with you, Dick, but I can't promise to use the place much."

"How about wives?" Linda asked in her deep, lazy voice. "Am I permitted to invade these sacred premises?"

"As far as I am concerned you are not only permitted but urged and welcomed," Jameson told her gallantly.

Linda smiled across the table at him. She liked Jameson. He was such a "good sort." And also, quite without vanity, she suspected Jameson liked her—more than a little. They'd been thrown together often in the past two years on house parties, at various resorts, at dinners—and Jameson had sometimes acted as her escort in Eaton's stead.

It would not have occurred to Linda Eaton to indulge in a cheap flirtation with any man of her acquaintance; that was not in her code. But as long as she did not exhibit her knowledge of Jameson's preference for her, she reasoned that she neither encouraged him nor imperiled herself.

"By the way," Jameson told his host, "I noticed at the office the other day that you have a new secretary."

His eyes were amused, quite without malice, and Eaton answered:

"Yes. Miss Andrews sent in her resignation some time ago. Her health—"

But Jameson's amusement was becoming a trifle too marked and Eaton was glad when Linda interrupted with a rush of words.

"Andrews gone? You didn't tell me. Poor old thing! What was wrong? She was so devoted to you, Larry!"

Now Jameson was grinning openly. He said, before Eaton could answer his wife: "The change is for the better, old man. That's a pretty little Cerberus you have slaving for you now."

"Larry, I'm amazed at you!" Linda laughed. "I thought you couldn't stand dolls around the office."

"Miss Murdock is far from a doll," Eaton answered quickly. "She's pretty, as any man with eyes in his head must admit, but she has a lot of gray matter. Things have gone on even better than they did under Miss Andrews' régime."

"Well, you won't keep this baby long," Jameson warned him. "She's too darned good-looking. Some smart lad will snatch her away from you. Wonder it hasn't happened before this!"

"Lord, I hope not!" exclaimed Eaton, and was conscious of an instant inner rebellion at the thought. "She's becoming far too valuable."

Mrs. Lucien had returned in time to hear part of the conversation. "How do you feel about it, Linda—Beauty and the Business Beast and all?" she asked.

"Well," Linda replied, "such problems are mercifully hidden from me. I don't visit Larry's office. Only comic-strip wives do that, I fancy. Look here, Larry, may I borrow this paragon some day? You used to lend me the priceless Andrews occasionally, you know."

"Oh, Linda!" sighed Jameson. "I thought you were above that sort of thing."

"It's not all curiosity," she assured him. "I really need help on the Hospital Committee's business. The volunteer secretary is too dumb for utterance, and I'm swamped in lists."

"I'll ask Miss Murdock," Eaton said, "if you'll remind me in the morning. Perhaps she'll come up some Saturday afternoon, if that's all right."

His wife smiled her thanks, nodded and picked up the cards she had dealt some time before.



U-type dental curves can best be cleaned with the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Here's a perfect V-type dental curve — she needs the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.

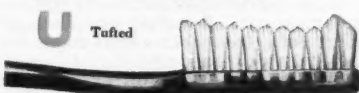


The square-type dental curve needs the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Does your tooth brush fit your Dental Curve?

DON'T say "yes" until you've read the next sentence. Do you know that every set of teeth is arranged in one of three dental curves . . . like a U . . . or a V . . . or more in a Square shape?

Unless you have the brush scientifically shaped to clean your particular dental curve, you clean your teeth only passably.



That's why *Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers three new brushes — each carefully and scientifically designed to clean one of these dental curves . . . U . . . V . . . or Square.

It's a simple matter to decide which is the brush for you. Look in the mirror. If you have a round face, you want the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted. Slender-faced folks belong to the V-type — they need the Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval. Squarish jaws can best be cleaned by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso.

Pick your type . . . then the proper Pro-phy-lac-tic built for it. Drop in and see your druggist today. He has the Pro-phy-lac-tic brush that science meant for you. There are six colored handles to choose from. In the familiar sanitary yellow carton. 50¢.

*"Guarding or preserving against disease" — Webster's New Standard Dictionary.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

50¢ Tooth Brushes 50¢

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASS.

Her partner, Jameson, looked at her over his inferior hand. She was really lovely. Her heavy dark hair was knotted at the nape of her fine neck and pierced with a jeweled pin. There were diamonds in the lobes of her close-set ears, but her eyes did not suffer by that difficult comparison. The décolleté of her semi-formal evening gown displayed the curve of her magnificent shoulders and breast.

Jameson sighed. She was his friend's wife and Jameson was a nice person, yet he thought gloomily: "Confound it, some men have all the luck! Larry doesn't half appreciate his." And glancing at Eaton, marking his strength and his attraction, Jameson's gloom increased.

But if Eaton did not appreciate his wife, he appreciated his secretary. And on the following morning he found himself looking at her with increased interest and some trepidation. She was—exquisite. Jameson was right, devil take it! Some man would probably come along and marry her, and then where would he be?

Men, he pondered further, choose their wives through a combination of emotional motivation, propinquity and chance, but their secretaries are selected with a knowledge of certain definite needs—needs which do not alter with the years.

As he had said, Anne was becoming invaluable to him. He marveled how well and how swiftly she had fitted in; how easily she had taken Miss Andrews' place. Little by little, he had turned over to her the duties which Miss Andrews had grown into during her long years of service. Anne now attended to his personal bills, kept track of his club dues and his life-insurance premiums. She was in communication with his brokers; she kept a separate engagement pad for his social activities and never failed to remind him of them.

Yes, she was invaluable. There were other things with which, gradually, he might trust her. But if, as Jameson had said, he could be assured that she would leave him, what was the use?

The following morning he asked her: "Are you going to be busy Saturday afternoon, Miss Murdock?"

"No, Mr. Eaton."

As a matter of fact she had a *matinée* engagement with Betty Howard, but Betty would understand.

"It's not the office," he told her. "I shan't need you, but," he went on as Anne waited, aware of disappointment, "Mrs. Eaton is in a jam with one of her charity affairs. She asked me last night if she might borrow you. Miss Andrews helped her out occasionally in such matters."

"I'll be glad to," said Anne.

She afterwards confessed to herself that she was curious. She welcomed the opportunity to meet Linda Eaton.

ON SATURDAY, therefore, Anne and her notebook were called for at the office by Linda's car and chauffeur, and delivered at the apartment.

Anne waited in the library for some time before her employer's wife came in. She looked about her gravely; it was a lovely room, restful, hospitable.

Anne's heart ached. Here were the things she loved, beautiful material things, valuable to her not for the luxury, the expenditure they represented, but for the satisfaction they afforded her senses and spirit. These were the things she longed for but would never attain.

Yet why shouldn't she attain them in a comparative measure? If she could ever have a little place of her own somewhere, which would hold the things she would save up for . . .

Her brows drew together. Lately there had been a loud explosion in the brick house outside of town. For Kathleen, now a decorative member of the "Sky Girl" company, had left home. She had explained patiently that it was too hard for her to travel back and forth for *matinées* and evening performances. So she had gone to live with three other girls in the company, sharing a flat over a flower shop in the East Forties.

Mr. Murdock had raged; Mrs. Murdock had commanded, and then warned with rare, distressing tears, but Kathleen had been firm.

"Anne, make them see. I wouldn't get home till all hours. It's so much easier this way and not expensive, with the four of us. And Lola is providing the furniture."

So Anne, with some effort, made them see as she herself saw. For, she argued, Kathleen was sensible. She was more than sensible, Anne thought secretly. Why shouldn't Kathleen have her good times? Why shouldn't she live her own life?

The battle had raged for weeks, but Anne had seen it through. Kathleen had been forgiven, and now came out often to see her mother and turned up on Sunday, flushed with her little triumphs, full of the ultimate gossip of her new circle.

Anne had been to the apartment. She liked two of the girls—pretty, hardworking, healthy youngsters. Lola, who had "provided the furniture" and through whom Kathleen had procured the engagement, was older, more sophisticated, with that sophistication which is not surface veneer nor yet a matter of jargon and argot and youth's easy mimicry, but rather a wisdom born of personal experience—devious experience, thought Anne, judging by the girl's shallow eyes, hard as turquoises, and by the lines of her bitter mouth.

Anne was deep in her thoughts when Mrs. Eaton entered. Linda had been riding and had stopped at her club for luncheon without changing, as was sometimes her custom, and now came in booted and breeched, her derby and crop in a gauntleted hand.

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting!" she cried, as she shook hands with the younger woman.

Anne observed how handsome she was, and magnetic. Somehow she had pictured Mrs. Eaton otherwise—more "society," harder, less cordial.

Linda said hospitably: "Do take your things off and sit down. There are books all around. I've got to change. It won't take long."

She disappeared, whistling in the boyish way she had. Anne took off her coat and her tight-fitting hat. She had worked hard all morning and her head was aching.

She sat down on the sofa near the fireplace, a book in her hands, but she did not read. She looked instead into the blue and scarlet, gold and green blazing of the driftwood fire which burned there, and let the serene loveliness of the room sink into every pore of her thirsty spirit. Suddenly she found herself fitting Lawrence Eaton into this, his proper *milieu* out of office hours.

Presently Linda came back, wearing a jade-green tea gown of chiffon velvet, severely cut, with only the fall of lace at throat and sleeves to soften it. She was smoking, and she looked radiant and happy.

"Was I too long?" she asked apologetically. "Did you find something to read?"

Anne nodded and indicated the book of short stories she held. "I didn't get

very far into it," she confessed, and explained: "I was admiring the room."

"It is nice," agreed Linda. "I like it a lot. Do you smoke?"

"Now and then; not often."

"Well, you're better off without it; you'll save your pretty skin," commented Linda. "And now"—she drew up a chair to the long library table and produced a typewritten list of names, envelopes, stamps and cards—"this is where I need your help."

She explained to Anne that these were appeals to be sent out in a charity drive for several hospitals.

"It's not hard," said Linda, "but volunteer workers are the supreme limit. Of course I could have sent this to you at the office, but I didn't want to take your time from your work. I thought you'd get through here more quickly and with fewer interruptions." She gave Anne the material and, after further instructions, led her to a small square room off the library where there were books and flowers and a desk with a portable typewriter.

"You can work here quietly," she said. "It is Mr. Eaton's workroom. He works here at night, to my despair. Now, I have a fitting. I'll be back later to see how you're coming on and we'll have tea."

SHE smiled and departed. Anne settled herself at the desk and looked after her employer's wife thoughtfully. She liked her. She had decided that at once. Yet, thought Anne oddly, for all her warmth of manner and natural good humor, you might be Linda's best friend and live beside her for fifty years and never get to know her well. She was so—self-contained.

Anne could not imagine Mrs. Eaton staging a scene, losing her head or her temper, or in any way putting herself at a disadvantage in any situation.

Sighing unconsciously, she turned to her work.

Shortly before five Mrs. Eaton returned, followed by a man servant. She stood in the archway of the workroom while the tea service was being arranged near the fireplace.

"Well, how goes it?" she asked cheerfully.

"Finished just this minute," Anne replied and rose to stretch her cramped muscles.

"Good. You're a wonder," Linda praised sincerely. "Now, come and have a cup of tea."

Anne watched the long capable hands pour the tea into fragile cups. Linda talked on casually.

"These committees are such a nuisance. I inherited them from my mother—somehow I keep on with them—I don't know why!"

She was friendly. She might have been pouring tea for a woman of her own circle. She had the rare faculty of setting people at their ease.

"By the way," Linda went on, "there's a woman on this committee whose sister is employed in the agency. Miss Ames. I've meant to ask Mr. Eaton about her. Do you know her by any chance?"

She is trying to make me comfortable by talking about things which she knows interest me, thought Anne.

Aloud, she answered: "I think so, if it is Polly Ames you mean. I know her slightly."

"What does she do?" asked Linda with genuine interest.

"She's in the art department. She does—oh, borders, lettering, that sort of work. She's really quite clever," Anne explained.

"I don't understand much about advertising," admitted Mrs. Eaton without

regret. "Tell me, what does she look like?"

Anne, slightly astonished, thought the question over. "Well," she answered after a moment, "she's pretty; she has fair curly hair and a round face; she's rather short and inclined to lots of curves."

"I see," Linda chuckled to herself. "I asked because this sister of hers is so amazing. One of these spare lean women who wear men's straw hats and dinner jackets."

"Dinner jackets?" Anne asked, amused. "Well, practically. Very utilitarian. I should say. Rather Miss Andrews' type, only much more so. She must be forty-odd, old enough to be her sister's mother from your description. She is a social-service worker and one of the more professional members of the committee."

ANNE listened while Linda talked of the hospital work. She was entertained by the introduction of Polly Ames into the conversation. Anne had not thought of Polly for weeks. She saw her rarely but, according to Betty Howard, Polly was smitten with young O'Hara. However, when Anne had accused him of turning the girl's curly head—through sheer idle mischief, not believing it and not caring particularly if it were true—Ted had grown embarrassed and had flushed as red as his hair.

As a matter of record, he was rather involved with little Polly, who lived in the Village under the austere guardianship of her sister. Polly was an excellent cook, and it was to her he went for an occasional home supper, and also for soft consolation upon those evenings when Anne had no time for him.

Polly was restful even if she was "artistic." She had soft eyes and softer ways. She clung and had no strong code concerning kissing. Yet she was circumspect, discreet.

She was a "home girl"—a girl who frankly admitted that earning a living was a necessity, not a pleasure. She showed Ted sketches she had made of pretty, impossible cottages smothered in roses, with fat little chimneys from which smoke rose to a cloudless sky. She called these "my dream castles."

After tea Anne took her departure. Linda shook hands with her, and remarked absently, as she pulled on her hat, "You have lovely hair. It's a pity to hide it." At the door she added: "Thank you again. You've taken a load from my shoulders, Miss Murdock, and I'm most grateful to you."

Nothing patronizing there; nothing consciously superior. Yet Anne was distinctly and unhappily aware of the situation—Employer's Wife and Husband's Secretary. "I'm too darned sensitive," she accused herself, "and it's so silly!"

She did not go home at once, but went instead to her brother's apartment for dinner. She arrived there tired and conscious of mental let-down.

Jim Murdock, large, untidy and two years her senior, was home for a wonder and greeted her at the door with a roar of appreciation.

"If it isn't the little Business Woman!" he exclaimed, his arm heavy about her shoulders. "What you been doing this afternoon? Putting Somebody's Superior Soap on the advertising map?"

"No. I've been getting out charity appeals for Mrs. Eaton and feeling," Anne said, immediately restored to spirits, "rather like an object of charity myself."

"How come?" Jim pulled her into the living room and removed her hat and coat.

"Oh, I don't know. Just me, I guess."

"Well, sit down. Have a pipe? Have a cigaret? Have two? The missis is out in the kitchen. She'll be along presently. Let's have a look at you. Haven't seen you for a week."

He smiled down at her, perched on the arm of her chair. He looked very like his sister, and when he smiled at her, his eyes were as darkly blue as her own.

Anne smiled back. She was fond of Jim. "How's tricks?" she wanted to know.

"Rotten. Hasn't been a good murder in a couple of days," he answered gloomily. "If someone doesn't shoot somebody soon, or drink poison, or dig up a scandal, or unearth some graft, I'll be out of a job."

He was an alert young person, a favorite on his tabloid. He had started in as a cub reporter but was now assigned to the more sensational cases, signing occasional articles. He made good money and spent every cent of it. He gambled it and he drank it, but most of it he gave away. Anyone who needed a ten-spot could touch Jim Murdock for it and get it.

Sara, his wife, called to Anne from the kitchen: "Come in, will you, Anne? I've got my hands full."

Anne went in. Sara was shutting the oven door, a fretful baby in her arms. She wore a bungalow apron over her pretty frock. On one round wrist there was an angry burn.

She dumped the baby into Anne's arms. "Take Pete, will you? I've set the table and just as soon as I take the pudding out I'll put him to bed. He's teething and cross as the dickens, bless him."

Anne cuddled Pete, who was fat and warm. He was a heavy baby, gay and frolicsome when normal, but heavy-eyed and feverish now. He had his mother's dark eyes and his father's blond hair. His brother, eighteen months Pete's senior, called sleepily from his crib.

"Give Junior a drink of water, do!" implored Sara, distracted.

Later, they sat down to dinner, both babies tucked away and quiet for the moment. Sara regarded Anne enviously.

"You look cool, Anne," she said.

"Why not? It's cold as sin outside." "I don't mean that. It's just that I'm always fussing about something." She pushed the dark hair away from her eyes and laughed.

"I've told her to get someone in," Jim complained. "She frets herself to death and she needn't. We can afford help."

"None that I can trust with the babies," his wife said. "We've had in a succession of incompetent colored women for cleaning and looking after the children. They're more worry than they're worth. But I have one now who takes the kids out in the afternoons."

"You work too hard," Anne told her with affectionate concern.

Sara elevated her charming nose, a little shiny now from the heat of the kitchen. "You should know!" she said scornfully. "It's better than being at the beck and call of some man who doesn't care whether you live or die!"

"Well, I'll take the man and an office and no hot stoves and my pay envelope every day in the week," Anne told her, laughing.

Jim grinned at his wife. Sara had been a filing clerk before their marriage.

"She's more to be pitied than scorned, isn't she?" he asked, but Anne sighed.

Sara's narrow, anxious life seemed to her so tragic. Jim and his careless expenditures, his happy-go-lucky existence, appeared so futile, so wrong to his sister. She, the outsider, free from domestic responsibilities, looked at the

husband and wife with concern. Would nothing ever make them see how handicapped they were? she thought.

"You'll think differently some day," Sara told her, as if she had read her sister-in-law's mind.

"Of course she will," Jim said. "We're pretty well fixed and dashed happy, even if we bicker occasionally—just like the wealthy—aren't we, Sara?" he asked, looking across at his wife.

"We sure are," she agreed instantly, and flashed a smile at him.

Later, as Anne was leaving, Sara drew her into the bedroom, lowering her voice in order not to awaken the children.

"Sorry I was upset tonight," she apologized, "but things piled up and I was so rushed. And I don't feel awfully well. I think I'm going to have another baby," she explained gallantly.

"Sara—another!" cried Anne.

"Oh, it's no use scolding and being horrified," Sara said patiently. "You'd understand if you were married."

Pete woke and cried out. His mother went in to him and came back, looking prophetically haggard.

"I'm in for a night of it," she said with resignation. "And I'm so tired."

"Couldn't Jim—?"

"Jim has to go out," said Sara.

On the way home Anne pondered. Her tired mind unrolled shifting and kaleidoscopic pictures before her mental vision: the library in the Eatons' apartment, the books and flowers, the outward and visible signs of expensive, ordered, cultured living, and Jim's flat that all Sara's care couldn't keep trim. Sara shouldn't have married; she had been better off working. She'd been good at her job, minor though it had been, and she had loved it.

Sara and her two babies and perhaps another to come; Jim and his drinking, his mistaken generosity. Jim who was so clever but who never would get far because he couldn't say no.

"You'd understand if you were married."

"Married!" thought Anne, with contempt and a sort of blind terror. "Not me! Not much!"

YET she remembered the interchange of glances between Jim and his wife; quick it had been, but warm and secret—and disturbing. She wondered if Linda Eaton sometimes looked at her husband in that way, as if she saw him for the first romantic time and yet had known him always. But then, Linda and Lawrence Eaton were different. They knew nothing of this economic pressure, of the demands of babies, the selfish beloved demands.

And that set her to wondering whether Lawrence Eaton and his wife had ever wanted children; whether they missed not having them.

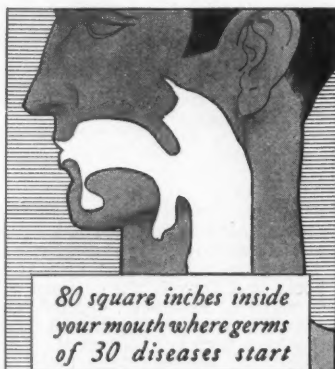
Reaching home, she put her idle speculations aside and managed a laugh at herself and her anxiety about her brother's little family. "Sara wouldn't thank me," she thought as she fitted her key in the lock. "But if she expects me to follow her example she's mistaken."

Marriage? A greater gamble than ever nowadays, thought Anne. To undertake it as the sheltered girl marrying the eligible man was one thing; to undertake it as a girl earning her living, her choice among eligibles generally limited to men on the difficult make, that was another—and too great a risk.

A day or so later, Eaton, at his desk, heard someone enter Anne's office and found himself listening shamelessly when the sound of a vibrant masculine voice

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temperature, 98.6°
FOOD DECAYS



THE taint of an unpleasant mouth is at once eliminated with a daily mouth rinse with LA LASINE. This active antiseptic stops the dangerous growth of decay bacteria. This odor producing bacterial growth immediately forms in the tenacious food film left on the 80 square inches of mouth membrane after each meal. Hot mouth temperature—98.6° provides the ideal foundation for food decay bacterial growth. This obnoxious condition, *always accompanied by its indicative odor*, cannot be stopped by any quickly evaporating antiseptic. LA LASINE, by its amazing ability to mix with the mouth secretions flows over the most secluded membrane areas never reached, never cleaned by your tooth brush and instantly destroys all food decay bacteria at their source. Lastingly effective, a mouth rinse with LA LASINE leaves a medication-holding deposit over all the membrane—a definite security of absolute, refreshing cleanliness so vital to your social happiness—and your health. Druggists and department stores now carry the distinctive flasks and bottles of LA LASINE.

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(All with convenient screwcap top)

Parse or Vest Pocket
Flask (1½ oz.) 10c

Traveling Flask
(5 oz.) 35c

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(10 oz.) 65c

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size (20 oz.) 1.00



reached his ears through the half-open door.

"Is the chief available, Anne?"

"No," Anne replied; "not until after lunch. He has an appointment presently and isn't to be disturbed until then."

"All right; it doesn't matter. I'll see Mr. Sanders." The voice lowered a little and Eaton discovered that he was straining his ears to hear. "Are you going with me to the Lindstrom party tonight?"

"No. I'm sorry, Ted; I'm going to work."

"You always have an excuse! I never see you any more, Anne. I'm sure I don't know why I waste my breath asking you," marveled Ted glumly, "as I'm practically certain to get the air."

"Why not take Polly?" suggested Anne and chuckled faintly—so faintly that Eaton did not hear, but O'Hara did.

"Well, why not?" was Ted's defiant reply. "It's an elegant idea. She likes to go out, and she's darned good company."

"Meaning that I am not?"

"Anne, you know how I feel—as if anyone could take your—"

"Oh, run along," Anne told him. "I was only joking. Go on, there's a good boy. Tell the Lindstroms I'm awfully sorry but I've promised to stay here this evening."

There were sounds of departure, but presently the voice spoke again; this time from the door, Eaton judged.

"Sure you won't reconsider?"

"Perfectly. Go ahead and have a good time, Teddy."

"But Anne"—there was a note of pleading in the voice—"am I never to see you?"

"You see me now, don't you? And I'm awfully busy." Then she added: "Don't look so crushed, and come to supper Sunday night."

Somehow, Eaton could visualize her warm smile as she spoke and knew a curious resentment. Ted's voice reached him again, no longer overcast.

"I'll be there. Don't you dare call it off!"

A few minutes later Eaton called Anne from her work. When she appeared:

"Someone to see me just now, Miss Murdock?" he inquired guilelessly.

"Mr. O'Hara. I told him you were busy. He's gone in to Mr. Sanders. Something about the Parker copy, I believe."

"I see. He's a clever lad," Eaton mused aloud. Then he looked at his secretary and smiled. "I'm sorry. I couldn't help overhearing. I'm afraid I spoiled your evening."

"No," Anne assured him. "It's quite all right. I—the Lindstroms give lots of parties—I can always go."

"Well, I suppose I'm a selfish brute. I never stop to think what your plans may be." Suddenly he asked, taking her completely by surprise as he had intended, "You and O'Hara are pretty good friends, aren't you?"

Anne nodded. She was furious with herself because she could not control the hot tide of color that flushed her cheeks to scarlet. That childish trick of blushing when off her guard was the bane of her existence. And she could not know how attractive it was to the man who watched her intently.

"We—I've known him ever since I came to the agency," she explained.

"I see. Next time when I ask you to stay don't hesitate to tell me if you have an engagement," he told her, and dismissed her with a smile.

But he did not forget. And during the afternoon, happening to be with Sanders, he spoke of the young man.

"O'Hara's coming on well, Sandy?"

"Sure. Why not? He's a good kid and a hard worker."

"He was in Miss Murdock's office this morning. They seem to know each other rather well," suggested Eaton.

"Oh, that? He's been crazy about the girl ever since she first caught his Irish eye," Sanders answered indifferently.

"Oh? Well, one can't blame him," Eaton answered, and went out, leaving Sanders to stare after him thoughtfully.

Back at his desk Eaton swore silently. It was as Jameson had warned him, apparently. He wouldn't be able to keep Anne with him much longer. If it wasn't O'Hara it would be someone else. That was the worst of women secretaries—the good-looking ones! No sooner were they trained to satisfaction than they exchanged the typewriter for the mixing spoon. Things were arranged most unfairly in the business man's world.

He had planned for some time to delegate to the efficient Miss Murdock more important duties. But why bother now? Perhaps, after all, a man secretary or an older woman would be better in the long run. A woman whose time wouldn't be taken up by the interruptions of love-sick boys.

He knew that he was unjust. It could not be said that Anne had encouraged O'Hara to "hang around her desk," as Eaton put it mentally. But unjust or not, the fact remained that he had hung around this morning, and perhaps on previous mornings, not to mention the likelihood of mornings to come.

There was no harm, thought Eaton, wondering why he was so disturbed, in keeping an eye open, interviewing likely people, just in case . . .

He could return Anne to Sanders' office, on her present salary, of course. And then it would be Sanders who would have the pleasure of wishing her Godspeed when she decided to change a business career for one of domesticity.

The remainder of the day went so badly that at closing time he told Anne he had decided not to work that evening and added that he hoped she could rearrange her plans.

She said coolly that she could, conscious of an unspoken challenge in his regard. However, she made no attempt to telephone O'Hara, but went home instead to wonder what had happened to her employer's usually even temper.

A few days later a well-dressed, good-looking, brisk young man marched into her office.

"Richmond is my name," he announced. "I have an appointment with Mr. Eaton at ten-thirty."

Anne looked at her pad. The hour had been left blank. She was aware of no such appointment. Nevertheless, she rose and went into Eaton's office.

"A Mr. Richmond to see you, Mr. Eaton. He says he has an appointment." "Quite so," Eaton answered; "send him in."

And Anne, returning, ushered the mysterious stranger into the office.

"Miss Mackaye sent me—" began Richmond at once.

"Sit down," Eaton interrupted hastily, and Anne turned back to her office and proceeded to ponder.

The plot thickened. Miss Mackaye? Of the Secretarial Employment Agency? A little later, as Richmond passed through on his way out, she heard Eaton's parting words:

"Nothing yet, you understand. Miss Mackaye told me that you were comparatively satisfied with things at present. However, I'll let you know."

It occurred to Anne that her employer sounded relieved, as if Mr. Richmond

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OLD-FASHIONED ways cannot withstand the merry onslaught of the modern girl. Her enthusiasm is so sane and contagious, she is so everlastingly right in refusing the drudgeries and repressions of her mother's girlhood that the whole world is approving her gay philosophy, which demands the best and nothing but the best.

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voted to surgical dressings produced Modess. Modess is amazingly better. It is really and truly comfortable. It is deodorizing.

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MODERNIZING MOTHER... Episode Number Nine

Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess')



SO INFINITELY
FINER

had been too brisk and self-assured. During the course of the next week various other strangers wandered through Anne's office; more alert young men, a middle-aged gentleman and one elderly woman. It therefore became apparent to Anne that Eaton was interviewing possible secretaries.

She was angry and she was amazingly hurt, as well. If he was not satisfied with her, why didn't he tell her? Why resort to this underhand—yes, it was underhand!—method of replacing her? What sins of omission or commission had been hers? It wasn't fair, she thought, her mind aching with speculations, her heart heavy with fear and a sense of betrayal.

Perhaps, she thought wearily, it had been too easy—the years of congenial work, the eventual, apparently logical, reaching of the goal ambition had set her.

She was abstracted at home, cool to Ted when he came to see her and unwontedly sharp with Kathleen, who had taken to borrowing money from her. "I must dress, Anne. I can't get ahead unless I have proper clothes. I have to be seen about town with Lola and her crowd. I can't look shabby."

When Anne gave her sister money for the third time in as many weeks she was not sympathetic.

"I'm awfully sorry to keep touching you," Kathleen told her with fleeting compunction, "but it isn't as if you hadn't something put away."

"I know I have. But I'd like to keep it," Anne informed her. "There's nothing to this business of living up to every cent you earn. I've managed to save my raise and buy clothes and incidentals and give Mother what's due her."

"But she doesn't demand it," Kathleen said. "She and Dad get along beautifully. It isn't as if you *had* to help." "It's just because she doesn't demand it that I want to," Anne replied. "I like her to have something extra. I wish she'd spend it on herself. If I weren't living at home, Kathleen, I'd be paying rent somewhere."

She drew a deep breath. She—oh, she didn't want to desert her people, of course, but to have a place of her own, a small place with a little beauty in it, a quiet place, seemed more than ever a dream of heaven.

Now, faced with the fear of losing her position with Eaton, she was unhappier than she had ever been in her life. If she had gained the promotion merely to lose it again, she might as well never have left Sanders! He'd liked her work and said so, and she might have stayed with him forever.

Apparently, for a little added prestige, more exciting surroundings and a ten-dollar raise she had imperiled her present and future safety.

But the thing that cut was Eaton's attitude. "He might have told me," she kept repeating to herself. "It isn't like him. He might have told me."

Whenever she was free to think of her own affairs she found herself reviewing mentally all the details of her association with him, trying to see where she'd failed, where her judgment had erred, where she'd hindered instead of helped. Of course she'd made mistakes, but they'd been minor. And for all the mistakes Eaton had had no word of anger or impatience for her.

On Christmas Eve day Anne found a box of candy on her desk with Eaton's card slipped into the bow. She looked at it dully, her eyes filling with tears.

A box of candy! It represented so many pounds of cold poison if he had

given it to her knowing that in the course of time—tomorrow; next week; a month hence—he intended letting her go.

Just before the luncheon hour Eaton called her to him, and she found him frowning at a scribbled slip of paper.

"Miss Murdock, I wonder if you could help me out here?" he said, and flicked a finger at the slip.

She looked at the slip, a scrambled affair. Names and addresses written in a firm hand, with penciled notes after each, wavering and question-marked.

"Christmas gifts," explained Eaton with a groan. "Mrs. Eaton attends to our mutual friends and the servants, but these are acquaintances, business associates and the like to whom I give personally. I've made some suggestions but you needn't follow them. Here's a list of the shops in which I have accounts. Could you take this afternoon to buy the things and see that they're sent by special messenger?"

"I'd be glad to," she said, but her tone was cool and he looked up ruefully.

"I'm sorry I always do things like this—at the last minute," he said, and then asked with the first note of personal interest in his voice that she had heard for some time: "Get your own shopping done all right Saturday?"

"Yes, thank you," Anne answered, thinking of the crowds and the press and the weariness of that afternoon.

Then she picked up the list: candy, flowers, books and hosiery for the few women on it. Ties and socks, cigars and cigars for the men.

"I'll go right from lunch," she told him. "It needn't take long."

"I don't know what I'd do without you," he commented, forgetting he had been planning to do without her for all time. "Mrs. Eaton has so much to do for Christmas. I can't burden her with this, and I can't get away myself. Miss Andrews has attended to it for some years."

He looked at her and smiled and drew a breath as if a load had dropped from his shoulders.

"I don't know *how* I'd get along," he said again.

With this for encouragement, Anne took her business life in her hands. It might not be ethics, but her future was too important for her not to take the risk. She asked quietly:

"Mr. Eaton, has my work been satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," he replied and looked at her first in astonishment, and then in misgiving.

"I suppose I shouldn't say anything"—Anne twisted her hands together with sudden nervousness—"but I couldn't help knowing that you have interviewed secretaries lately. One—a woman—asked me things. And I thought if my work wasn't satisfactory, perhaps you'd tell me now before you—"

He was as embarrassed as she was, and interrupted quickly: "I didn't go about it very well, did I?"

There was something so absurdly crestfallen in this question that she had to smile, and Eaton smiled back and went on:

"Your work has been splendid, Miss Murdock. I couldn't ask for better. But frankly, I understood you were thinking of making a change yourself, and so I thought—"

He broke off. He couldn't say, "It was gossip, perhaps, but forewarned is forearmed." Nor could he tell her honestly, "You're much too pretty to waste your youth in an office."

"I? A change?" asked Anne in astonishment.

"Thinking of getting married," he explained. "Of course it was to be expected. You're young and"—before he was aware of the indiscretion, the truth had slipped out—"so very pretty," he ended and halted, annoyed at himself as he waited between fear and hope for her answer.

"But I haven't the least idea of getting married!" repudiated Anne, wanting to laugh, feeling her heart lighten to a featherweight, wanting to remember what he had said. "And so very pretty," he'd said.

"You're not—engaged or anything?"

"Of course not. I—I shan't get married, ever!" announced Anne extravagantly.

Eaton drew a tremendous breath of relief and found himself able to laugh at her, to tell her: "Come, you don't mean that!"

"Yes, I do. Why, I like my work, Mr. Eaton," Anne told him, breathless with earnestness. "I'm an idiot over it, I like it so much, and I wouldn't exchange it and my independence for any man living!" she cried. "I can't imagine why you'd think such a thing!"

"Oh," said Eaton, "that's an old challenge! Still, if you assure me that marriage isn't in the immediate future for you I'll have to let the challenge go unargued."

"Well," Anne told him, "if I ever go crazy and change my mind I'll tell you first, 'way ahead of time.'"

"Good!" he said heartily.

It was their first purely personal conversation. Each was aware of it, Anne rather tremulously, Eaton with a sense of mounting excitement, or was it just—business interest?

After a moment he told her: "I am selfishly glad, of course. Please forgive my leaping at conclusions, won't you? And in turn I promise there won't be any more interviews. I couldn't stand any of 'em, anyway," he confided youthfully, experiencing a sense of happiness which transcended his natural relief at not losing a good secretary.

Anne went back to her work. It had been office gossip. A foolish mistake—a canard. He liked her work; he wasn't going to let her out. Suddenly Christmas was really Christmas and not just another holiday.

At luncheon time she put on her things and sallied forth to snatch a sandwich and a glass of milk, and to do the chief's shopping. She accomplished this accurately and swiftly, and was amused to admit to herself that it gave her a definite kick to sail into the shops, place her orders, demand special service and instruct the salesmen to "charge it, please."

But she didn't forget the source of her worry and misgiving, and she reminded herself that she must speak to Ted. He came to her home for Christmas dinner, but she had no opportunity to speak to him alone. But several evenings later, when they were at the theater, that opportunity arrived.

"Ted, you'll have to stop coming to my office except for honest-to-heaven business reasons."

"Now why that edict, Anne?" he demanded.

"People are talking. I won't have talk. I hate it. And besides, you interrupt my work."

"Anne, you're darned hard on a fellow!"

"No, I'm not—and if I am," she said inconsistently, "I can't help it. I won't have people gossiping about us, Ted. Now don't start a discussion. The curtain's going up."



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Said Eaton to Jameson, at the club on the occasion of a holiday dinner and raffle: "You were all wrong about Miss Murdock!"

"Whom? And why especially? I'm always wrong."

"My secretary. I had a talk with her recently and she told me she wouldn't marry the last man on earth."

"Well, who would?" inquired Jameson reasonably. "Or rather, who *could*? The competition would be something fierce."

"Oh, be sensible, you incomparable ass! I mean, the girl's modern. Her job means more to her than love in a walk-up."

"Are there any?" Jameson mused.

"Any what, for Lord's sake?"

"Modern girls," said Jameson.

Eaton caught his friend's arm and suggested: "Come on and have a drink, and let's find someone for bridge."

HE WAS more light-hearted than his subsequent moderate consumption of Scotch warranted. He needn't worry about losing the best secretary a man ever had. He believed her. She had a quality of sincerity which impressed him enormously . . .

As the winter progressed Eaton trusted Anne with more and more of his private affairs, giving her power of attorney for use when he was away on his frequent trips.

Late that spring, Anne was with Eaton in the conference room at an informal meeting with important clients, the Hatton Woolen Mills people. Half a dozen men sat around the long table.

The Hatton concern had recently purchased a smaller competitive company, and a new advertising campaign had been discussed and tentatively agreed upon.

Anne, notebook in hand, listened to Lawrence Eaton, who was speaking quietly to Hatton, the president, and Mayne, the general manager.

"May I make a suggestion?" he said. "Of course," Hatton responded with his habitual refrigerated geniality. "Always glad to listen to any suggestions from you, Eaton."

"It's this, then: In taking over another concern, I know it is the custom to replace a number of their men with men of your own. There is, I suppose, much to be said for this. You, for instance, have your own policies, your routine, your particular way of going about things. And it is doubtless more difficult to convert a new company to your ways than to put your own men in and carry on without a break. But I'd like to make a plea for the men in the Smithson Company who have given years of their lives to building up the business."

"It is no light thing for them to be thrown out of work. All the kind, regretful words in the world, coupled with bonuses or two months' salary, won't help them. They've lost much more than a job, Mr. Hatton. They've lost—if they are good men, and I presume they are or their company would never have reached competitive proportions—they've lost the very mainspring of their existence."

"Wouldn't it be possible, Mr. Hatton, to utilize such men as are still active factors in the Smithson Company, taking the trouble to train them to your methods, interesting them in the larger scope of the new concern? It seems to me that it would be very worth while. They can't have held their jobs so long without having their own ideas. And those ideas may be—probably are—helpful and constructive."

"There's something in what you say," Hatton admitted, with his maybe-yes-maybe-no manner. He turned to Mayne. "Day, the old superintendent, has a good record," he remarked casually.

Mayne nodded. "He's responsible for most of the improvements during the last ten years, I believe."

"It certainly won't harm your prestige," suggested Eaton, "to be known as one of the few companies which, upon buying out a competitor, refuse to follow the ancient and honorable—although the latter term is open to argument—custom of firing all the lesser executives of the purchased concern."

"I'll think it over," said Hatton, which was, with him, tantamount to an agreement.

Back in his office, Eaton asked Anne: "Do you think I put it over?"

"I certainly do!"

"I hope so," he went on. "I've sat in on dozens of these conferences, always with the gloomy mental picture of men given the gate after years of service. It's been a dream of mine to persuade some open-minded concern to do the generous thing, even at the expense of a more difficult task of reorganization."

"Hatton's a tough nut to crack. When we first got that account I was up against it. He rarely committed himself. Their advertising methods were old-fashioned in the extreme; their copy wore crinolines. It took everything I had to persuade him to a tremendous increase in appropriation and the modern slant."

"He was under the impression that he had hired a couple of bright boys to write pretty copy and draw pretty pictures for him. It took a long time to prove to him that we did more than that. He wanted his work done in six months. I said, 'No.' That interested him. He wasn't used to being crossed. I made him give us a year—which wasn't time enough, really—and we sent a man into the field to make a complete survey; we sent others to the dealers; we worked like nailers."

"That was my first big job on succeeding my uncle. And Hatton has grudgingly admitted to me that their returns from their half-million yearly expenditure have been enormous."

"Lord, during that campaign I ate, drank and slept wool—from the sheep to the blanket. We gave them a new trademark; we concentrated on advertising quality—the generations of tradition and integrity back of them."

"And now, I hope, I've won him over to my pet theory: that it's a waste of good material to throw your competitors' old employees out when you take them over." He paused and laughed. "I appear to be in the lecture room," he said apologetically.

"I was terribly interested," Anne told him. It was true. But if it hadn't been she would have said so anyway. She was a good secretary.

"I know it. I watched you during the first heated moments of the conference. You have a most expressive face. You should never play poker. I can always tell when things are going well or badly by your eyes. And because I rely on your judgment, you've become a sort of barometer."

Anne laughed. She felt near her employer in the garrulous, boyish moods which always followed a victory or the promise of one. Going home that night she thought how well she had grown to know him.

She saw him practically every day. She saw the quick temper which he controlled so well, the vitality, the occasional pettiness, the worry over delays,

the rare evasions. But she saw, too, the manner in which he handled big issues, the sureness of his judgments and decisions, and the never-sleeping vision—the dreamer's vision—which was not locked in his desk at closing time, but which went everywhere with him, daring, broad of scope, working, planning, seeing ahead.

It was this vision, coupled with the practical mind, the grasp of a situation and the dogged attention to detail, which made him a big man. So big a man, in fact, that Anne found herself judging all other men by this difficult standard.

She was seeing him, also, in his home. For lately she had been called often to work there with him at night. At first they had worked in the office, but the office was never quite silent; there was always someone there. The telephone never slept.

Now, when Eaton had a piece of work to do which required the maximum of concentration, he found it practical to work in his small study at the apartment. On these occasions Linda would be out, returning late to drag her husband and his secretary from their work and insist that they rest—have something to eat and drink—before Anne started on the long trip home.

Upon one such occasion:

"My word," said Linda, appearing in the study sometime after midnight, "you two are gluttons for punishment!"

The night was unseasonably warm. Eaton, his hair damp and lank on his forehead, one cheek branded with the mark of a blue pencil, a green shade over his eyes, looked up blindly, as if Linda's cool voice had called him back from another world and he could not adjust himself. Anne, pale with fatigue, the collar of her dress wilted and soiled, looked up, too, from the smaller typewriting desk which Eaton had had put in the room for her. She smiled at her employer's wife with frank admiration.

LINDA had dined out and been to a play. She was wearing a charming gown, sea-green chiffon, from which her shoulders rose superbly.

"Gosh, but she's lovely!" thought Anne with a miserable feeling of depression which certainly wasn't envy.

"I've ordered food," Linda told them briskly, "and you two will kindly rise and follow me. Miss Murdock looks ready to drop, Larry. Simon Legree was an angel of mercy compared with you! Don't you know the girl has to sleep long enough to be able to conduct your nefarious business tomorrow without dying at the post?"

"Ten minutes?" begged Eaton, but he observed Anne with sudden anxiety. She did look white; the dark blue eyes were heavy and circled with fatigue.

"No, not five! Come along this instant! Roberts has sandwiches, coffee and fruit cup and things. I dodged the Garretts' supper party in order to break up this little tête-à-tête!"

Eaton rose, filled with compunction, yet casting a reluctant glance at the desk. It had been pleasant to work there in the quiet room at top speed, with Anne beside him, silent and quick and—and near.

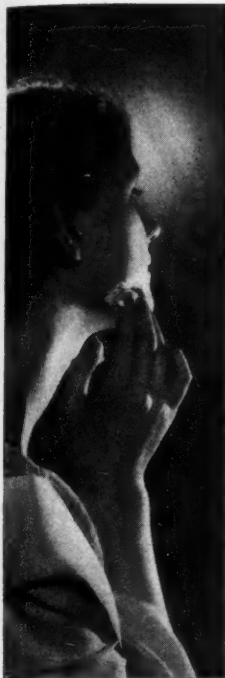
"Nice reputation you're giving me!" he told Linda.

"My dear, you deserve it. You forget that Miss Murdock is not of your superior sex, does not stand five-feet-ten or so, does not weigh one hundred and sixty pounds or whatever it is."

"I'm sorry," Eaton told Anne. "Why didn't you stop me?"

Anne rose, tired in every muscle. "Why should I?" she asked him. "I'm not

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tired. I was glad to get the work done. I—enjoyed it," she said with a faint suggestion of defiance, looking at Linda.

But Linda only smiled and led the way to the supper table.

A day or so later Mrs. Eaton, motor-ing to a polo game at Fort Hamilton with Jameson, remarked resignedly:

"I tried to persuade Larry to come but he's working today, and then catching a train to Washington. He likes polo. He used to play on a scratch team, but he hasn't lately."

Jameson answered, his hands steady on the wheel of the high-g geared roadster: "He'll be busy with golf soon."

"Oh, he plays so sporadically; too hard when he does, too rarely to do him any real good. If it weren't for that trainer who comes in and puts him through the mill every morning he wouldn't keep fit." After a moment she said: "Dick, I think Larry's little secretary is falling in love with him!"

"That's a—pity," Jameson answered carefully. "Does he know it?"

"Not yet. Perhaps she doesn't, either. Poor Andrews was mad about him, and he never guessed until she left. She went off at the deep end, hysterical and all that. No; he didn't tell me. It came to me in a roundabout way from the sister of one of the girls in the art department. And all she said was: 'I understand Miss Andrews has had a nervous breakdown.'"

"That was enough for me. But Larry was deaf, dumb and blind while she was with him. I was sorry for her, and I'm sorry for this girl. She's pretty and young, and life surely holds more for her than sitting around taking orders from a man who doesn't know she exists except for his business convenience."

Jameson was not so sure that Eaton didn't know Anne existed. But he said merely: "It happens often. Office wives."

"Is that what you call them?" asked Linda, delighted.

"Not original with me, I assure you. It's as current a term as T.B.M."

"Perhaps; but I never heard it before. Office wives. It's odd," mused Linda, "the complete separation of personality."

"How do you mean?"

"Office and home. In a way that little Murdock girl knows far more about Larry than I do."

Jameson was Lawrence Eaton's friend. He liked him. He admired him. But Jameson was in love with Eaton's wife. He was an honorable man. He was careful never to overstep the limits he had imposed upon himself. He was grateful for what she gave him; a close understanding friendship.

He might easily have said something, given her a hint; he knew that he was much in her confidence. But he said nothing, for his emotions were involved. Still, he was no more than human and could not help voicing a warning, not, be it said to his credit, in malice.

"The little Murdock is a different type from Miss Andrews, Linda. It would be one thing to awaken to the devotion of an unattractive woman of forty and another to awaken to—"

"Anne's?" Linda was thoughtful. "I suppose so. But I'm not alarmed. Larry has had his moments. I've known and said nothing. There was nothing to say. Besides, we understand each other. He knows that I would not tolerate anything of the sort you suggest—any more than he would tolerate its counterpart in me."

After a moment they spoke of other things and presently, reaching the Fort, parked the car and took their seats. The beautiful ponies raced down the long green stretch.

Overhead a plane was stunting lazily; not far off were the blue waters of the Narrows. The band struck up—some commonplace ballad of the day, but oddly stirring in that setting. The captain of one of the teams galloped past, a heavy man and a perfect performer. Settling back, Linda said:

"What a game. *What a game!*" She had forgotten about Anne and Eaton. But Jameson had not.

If Anne were really in love with her employer? If, as was on the cards, Eaton came to a realization of that fact?

Not that there was any comparison between the two women, thought Jameson, who loved Linda and was loyal to her, but he and Larry Eaton were two different men. Eaton was immersed in the business he'd built up—and Linda frankly had no interest in his work save to deplore that he gave too much time to it. But Anne's interest was probably keen, doubtless unfeigned. There was a meeting place made to order.

Between Linda and Larry there was no common ground, pondered Jameson uncomfortably, unless it was the ground of physical passion. But that, after ten years of slow drifting apart, Jameson doubted, or preferred to doubt.

"Goal for the Whites!" exclaimed Linda. He turned and smiled into her brown eyes. If Larry, in his turn, should fall in love with Anne, what of Linda then? Linda was a sportswoman; more than that, she was a good sport, thought Jameson, and permitted himself to dream under the arching blue sky.

In the office that quiet Sunday afternoon Eaton and Anne were working together. A long-distance call came through for him and Anne listened to his terse answers:

"No, I can't possibly . . . No, I'm leaving for Washington tonight to be gone three days . . . Mr. Sanders is out of the question. He has to carry on here."

At last he hung up and turned to Anne. "How can I go to Chicago and be in Washington at the same time?" he asked her.

He shook his head, frowning, and went on. "Air mail won't do. There's a hitch in the tentative plans I sent out to the Lawson Lock people. Somebody has to explain it to them. Lawson is convalescing from the 'flu. He can't come here. He doesn't think anyone in his outfit understands English, apparently, so he won't send a substitute. Sanders would do but he can't leave."

He ran his hand through his thick hair and stared at Anne. She'd been with him the better part of a year; he had come to trust her absolutely. She knew how to think for herself, and for him. She'd been over the Lawson Lock plan a dozen times with him.

Anne waited.

Suddenly he asked: "Look here, Miss Murdock, could *you* go?"

She had been thinking: If he asks me to go; wondering if he considered her capable. Yet his question came as a shock and brought with it a thrill of pure delight with an increased sense of power. She nodded, grave eyes intent on his.

"Of course I'll go," she said.

And Eaton thought, still watching her: "Of course I'll go"—just like that—"of course"—no whys and wherefores.

"Of course she would, the *darling!*" said Eaton to himself.

Despite Anne Murdock's vow to keep her head in the dangerous game she begins to play with her employer, she finds herself, steadily becoming more woman than worker—in Faith Baldwin's December Installment

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PRECISION—The quality of being precise, strictly accurate—identical. Standard Dictionary

That Old Sweetheart of Mine (Cont. from page 35)

you, Will. Are you still with Boyer?"
"I'm back with Boyer. I quit them for a while; gave them a chance to miss me. They hired me back for fifteen thousand a year; five thousand more than my old contract."

Fifteen thousand a year was big money in Will's eyes; it was three thousand more than he was getting, and he didn't relish Stella's comment:

"That ought to be plenty for you, a bachelor with no responsibilities. If you were married and living in a place like New York—well, Ralph makes nearly thirty thousand and we aren't able to save much. We don't spend much either, but it goes. Food and clothes and rent—everything's so frightfully high."

It didn't occur to Will that she might have overestimated Ralph's income as he had his own, and he was not interested in the cost of New York living. He changed the subject.

"I got tickets for 'Journey's End.'"

"Oh, you'll love it," said Stella after the briefest of pauses. "Everybody's mad about it, especially the men."

"You haven't seen it, have you?"

"Yes, I have, but I don't mind a bit."

"You told me you hadn't seen anything."

"I didn't think you'd pick it out. I thought you liked musical shows. But it honestly doesn't make any difference."

"It does, too. I'm going to see if I can't get something else."

"Please, Will, don't! For one thing, it's late, and I swear I'd just as soon see this again. If it wasn't so good, I'd let you change. But I wouldn't have you miss it for the world. There's no girl in it and it's a war play and probably more interesting to men than women, but I don't care."

"I do. Let me see if I can't get something for 'Follow Thru.'"

"Oh, they say that's wonderful, but I know they'd be sold out. And I really want to see 'Journey's End' again; I may get more out of it the second time."

"I wish you'd told me. Maybe we can go to 'Follow Thru' tonight."

"Don't let's talk about it any more. Let's talk about you."

"That won't be very interesting."

"It will to me. I want to hear all about your business affairs and your love affairs, and everything."

"Well," said Will, "I've done pretty well in business; that is, for me. Nothing like Ralph, I suppose, but I'm satisfied. As for love affairs, you ought to know as much about that as I do."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I haven't had any since you."

Now this was the sort of conversation that appealed to Stella and would have kept her in her most attractive rôle, that of an interested, almost mute audience. Unfortunately the waiter arrived with food and Will was diverted from his "line," his appetite for victuals being the one thing powerful enough to make him forget Romance.

"These scallops are great!" he said.

"Don't you like scallops?"

"Yes, indeed! I often order them. I love the way they fix them at the Ritz."

"Is the Ritz a better place to eat?"

"I don't know. I guess they're about the same, only the Ritz is more expensive. Maybe it isn't either, but you think of it as more expensive. That's why I didn't suggest meeting you there."

"Listen, I'm not a pauper!"

"Of course not, Will. Just the same, I'd feel guilty if you spent more on me than you can afford."

"A man making fifteen thousand a year—"

Stella laughed. "You're the same old Will! You talk like a millionaire. Why, the men I know, Ralph's friends and mine, men who make even a bigger income than Ralph, you don't see them spending five or six dollars on lunch. They appreciate the value of money, and that's what you never did, Will. I hate stingy people, but there's a big difference between stinginess and thrift, and it's the thrifty ones who get along in this world."

Will could not boast that he was thrifty, but he did think he had got along and Stella's theory that he hadn't would have made him pretty mad if the food had been short of delicious.

"You didn't answer my question," said Stella at length.

"What question?"

"I asked about your love affairs."

"I told you I hadn't had any since you ditched me."

"Don't say I 'ditched' you, Will. It was just—well, I liked Ralph a lot, and he was serious, and marrying him meant getting away from that deadly place. And you must admit you couldn't have married anybody in those days. I did care for you, Will. I still do—"

She stopped as if in embarrassment. She hoped he would sustain the sentimental note and his next remark sounded encouraging.

"Not like you used to."

"How do you know?" she said softly.

"What?"

"I won't repeat it."

"I wish you would."

"No. I mustn't."

Will was too intent on his spumoni to insist.

"It will be dark in the theater," he thought. "I'll hold her hand and see how she takes it."

"It will be dark in the theater," thought Stella, "and maybe he'll call me 'dear' again."

Her lecture on economy cost the waiter fifty cents, Will giving him half a dollar instead of a whole one as he had planned. He could not help regarding her as a bit inconsistent when she vetoed his suggestion that they walk to the Henry Miller, not four blocks away.

"I'm frightfully lazy," she said, not mentioning the fact that her shoes hurt.

"All right," said Will, "but if you're going to let me buy a taxi, you've got to let me take you to dinner at the Ritz."

"I couldn't think of it!" said Stella. "For one thing, I'd be sure to see somebody I know. And haven't you business to attend to, people to look up? I mustn't take too much of your time."

"I'll postpone business till Ralph gets back."

"I can't decide just now."

"You want to be sure you like me."

"It isn't that. You know I like you. But there are things to be considered."

The seats were in the twelfth row.

"These are rotten seats!" said Will.

"You can't get good ones at the box office."

"I got these at my hotel."

"Well, they're all right. You mustn't worry on my account. I told you I'd seen it before. We had the fourth row that night, right in the center, just perfect. Herb Small got them through the University Club. He always gets grand seats."

The curtain rose.

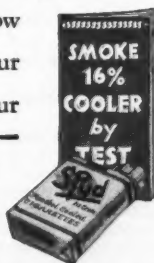
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"This is the British front, in the war," explained Stella. "It's what they call a dugout, where the officers stay. The whole three acts all take place in the one scene."

"That officer, that lieutenant or whatever he is," she continued, "he's a school-teacher in England. I mean he was, before the war. He gets killed later on. It's a terribly depressing play. Lillian Fields cried the night we saw it."

A customer in the eleventh row turned round and gave Stella a nasty look, after which she whispered.

"This young boy, he's a new officer, he hasn't been at the front before; at least, not at this front. He's been transferred or something. And the hero, the captain, is in love with the boy's sister."

"Not this captain, I don't mean," she went on. "The other captain, the leading man, takes this one's place. He gets mad when he sees his sweetheart's brother. He doesn't want anybody that he knows around, because he's really a coward and of course he's afraid people will find it out, especially his girl."

The man in front of them turned round again and said "Ssh!" in none too friendly a manner. Stella thought he must be ssh-ing someone else.

"The only way he can 'carry on,' as they call it, is by drinking, so he drinks hard all the time."

"That man wants us to quit talking," said Will, and congratulated himself on the diplomatic plural.

"It's somebody back of us he's complaining of," said Stella. "Now when the other captain comes in, you notice him, notice how big he looks. And they say he isn't really big at all; I mean, off the stage. Some friends of ours, the Coopers, they met him at a party and they say he's not nearly as big as he looks. He wears some kind of shoes or something that make him look big; I mean, on the stage. You notice when he comes in."

The theater was dark, but Will seemed to have forgotten the hand-holding test.

"The hero, the captain, the man that's in love with the young boy's sister, he went to the same school the young boy went to, and he was the idol of the school. The boy, the girl's brother, worships him. Of course he doesn't know he's a coward and drinks to hide it."

"That other officer there, that young one, he's a coward, too, and he pretends he's sick so they'll send him away from the front. But the hero threatens to kill him unless he quits pretending he's sick. He points a revolver right at him and says he'll shoot him dead if he doesn't 'buck up.'"

"I was frightened to death that he really would shoot him, the night I saw it. I don't like that part of it at all, and it hasn't anything to do with the rest of the play, but the play would have been too short without it. It's awfully short as it is. It doesn't begin till nearly nine; I mean, at night, and it's over about half past ten; that's half past four for a matinee."

Will wished he had brought a box of molasses taffy.

"Here's the real captain now, the hero. See how big he looks? And he really isn't big at all off the stage. He's mad at the girl's brother being there. After a while the brother writes a letter to his sister and the captain is afraid he'll tell her about his drinking and so forth. So he wants to read the letter and the boy doesn't want him to, but he says he has a right to censor all mail. Finally the school-teacher reads the letter out loud and it's so complimentary to the captain that he's ashamed of having made him read it."

"Isn't the sergeant funny? I guess he's a sergeant. It makes you laugh just to look at him. They're all English, the whole company. I think there are other companies playing it out West or somewhere, and they're all English, too. And it's going to be a picture, a talking picture. Do you like talking pictures?"

"No," said Will. "Or people."

"After a while the colonel comes in and tells the captain that they want to find out who the Germans are in the trench facing them; that is, the number of the German regiment or something. I don't see what difference it makes as long as they're Germans, but Ralph says they always want to know so they can figure out the distribution of the German troops, how they're distributed. So the captain has to send some men over to the German trenches, across No Man's Land, and they're supposed to capture a German prisoner and bring him back and then they'll know what regiment is facing them."

"The captain hates to send anybody because it's almost sure death, but he's got to obey orders. He sends the young boy, the brother, the girl's brother, and that school-teacher, and the young boy gets a prisoner and the school-teacher gets killed."

"The funny thing about it is that you kind of wish it was the boy that got killed in place of the school-teacher. But the boy gets killed later."

"Of course they know what it means to do it and the boy is terribly nervous, but still he's glad of a chance to do something important. He and the school-teacher recite 'Alice in Wonderland' before they go; not all of it; just quotations from it so as not to think of what's before them. That's the school-teacher's way of keeping his mind off danger, instead of drinking, like the captain."

"You wait till you see how the captain drinks. It must be colored water or tea or something. If it were real whisky he'd fall off the stage. It can't even be tea or he'd get sick. Do you drink much, Will?"

"I've been on the wagon," said Will, "but I think I'm going to fall off tonight; maybe this afternoon."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just feel like it."

"I wish you wouldn't. You used to get so silly when you drank."

"I still do."

"But you were kind of funny and amusing, too. And then you usually got very affectionate."

"I'm different now. I get silly at first; not funny at all. Then I get brutal and want to fight people, whoever is with me, my best friends, even girls."

"You don't mean really fight them!"

"Yes, I do. The reason why I got on the wagon is because I was with a girl, a girl I cared quite a lot for; we went on a party and I had about four drinks, and for no reason at all, I socked her in the mouth and knocked her down. It's whoever I happen to be with when I get that way."

"Then you ought never to drink anything."

"That's good advice, but sometimes I just have to. And it doesn't seem right not to enjoy myself, my first time in New York."

"You certainly don't call it enjoying yourself, to hit women!"

"I do, though. I get quite a kick out of it. I don't mean I pick on women especially, but this girl just happened to be there."

For the sake of those readers who have not seen "Journey's End" and who

hope to, I will not divulge any more of its content, but will merely state that there were at least two men in the audience who wished they could borrow the captain's gun.

"Will," said Stella as they went out, "I don't believe we'd better have dinner together. I'm tired and you look tired yourself."

"I'm not tired," said Will. "Even if I was, a few shots of rye will fix me up."

"But I'm afraid. I'm afraid Ralph might come home."

"You said he wouldn't be home till day after tomorrow."

"He changes his mind sometimes. He never stays away longer than he has to."

"That's what he tells you."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing at all. But I'm not going to urge you against your better judgment. Do exactly as you like."

"Well, I really think you'd better send me home. It's been grand—"

"I'll take you home."

"No, that isn't necessary at all," she said. "And the maid might see you and wonder."

"All right, Stell'. We mustn't let the maid wonder."

"I'll get in this taxi. Good-by, Will. It was wonderful of you to give me such a treat."

"I'm the one that got the treat."

"You're the same old Will!"

The taxi drove off and Will hurried to his hotel, where he immediately called Endicott 9546.

"Betty? Say, I just had another wire from Charlie Prince. He was driving from Buffalo and he burnt out a bearing at Binghamton and can't get here till tomorrow. You haven't made another date, have you? That a girl!"

Vampire Woman

(Continued from page 71)

or the stuff you use to stop a cut when shaving, only much more violent. It must have hurt her tongue dreadfully. I think there is a bit of adrenaline mixed with it too—you know it acts directly on the blood vessels, constricts them. Well, I guess that's the end of our Mademoiselle Lupochenko."

"Alas," sighed Père Joseph amiably, "what a pity people should complicate things so with fraud when life already contains more mysteries than either science or religion seems capable of solving. Suppose we have a drop of port and talk of something more interesting—that reported case of the stigmata in Germany, for instance. There was something really worth investigation."

So we talked for a while of matters which lie in that borderland category, past and present. Saint Francis, Saint Theresa of Avila, the miracles at Lourdes, certain phenomena difficult of explanation which I had seen among the voodoo worshipers in the West Indies, and among the Yezidis in Kurdistan. Finally Rudolph Zorn, who had been listening more than talking, said:

"I must be going in a moment, but before I go I wish you'd tell me—that talk a while ago about vampires—just what is a vampire? I know about vampire bats, naturally, and I've read Bram Stoker—saw the 'Dracula' play in New York—but I mean, have such creatures any real existence outside of superstition and fantastic fiction?"

"Certainly outside of fiction, and in a sense outside of mere folklore superstition too," replied Père Joseph, "for many learned treatises have been written on the



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LESQUENDIEU

subject, ecclesiastical, historical and even scientific, but despite the immense bibliography and omitting certain elements of obvious superstition, the thing remains a profound and terrifying puzzle.

"In the demonology of the Middle Ages the vampire was believed to be an evil spirit which took up its abode in the body of a human being, sometimes a living person—usually a beautiful woman, the better to entice its victim—sometimes a newly buried corpse, which then acquired power to issue from the grave by night. The vampire sustained itself by sucking blood.

"Sometimes the victim, a husband, a lover or even a brother or sister, would lie asleep in a deep trance and awaken weak but unaware of what had occurred. In other cases the vampire would slay the victim outright and then slake its dreadful thirst. There you have the classic tradition.

"Now the dreadful fact is that, from the thirteenth century in Europe to the sixteenth, mysterious tragedies of this sort actually occurred. There were even epidemics of them in certain localities. We may dismiss the graveyard type of vampire, I think, but the human vampire, whether demon-inhabited or not (we have since invented a new terminology), was an unquestionable fact.

"Many of them confessed under torture, and though confession under torture is worthless unless carefully verified by supplementary evidence, complete *post-facto* evidence was in most cases found. That most of these vampires believed themselves to be demoniac, just as honestly as did their examiners, was an inevitable outcome of the superstition of the time. Dom Augustin Calmet in his *Traité sur les apparitions, et sur les vampires de Hongrie et Moravie* cites numerous historically authenticated cases, as does Leone Allacci in his *De Græcorum hodie quorundam opinionibus*; not to mention Michélet, who went into the subject deeply.

"Curiously enough, though there were male vampires, in the best-known cases the vampire was usually a woman, usually young and beautiful, so that it is thus we find the vampire oftenest depicted in art, poetry and fiction. Of course the romantic tendency enters there, and I am inclined to guess that the tradition ascribing red hair to these fatal ladies lies in that category.

"By the bye, speaking of that, I do hope that my innocent pleasantry concerning Helen did not distress her—that it had nothing to do with her collapsing. I was so sorry."

"Nonsense, my dear friend," said Doctor Koël. "I don't believe she was even listening to us."

SOME weeks later, toward the end of May, I had gone down to Cannes and received there a letter from Ann Trumbull saying that she had opened her villa at Le Trayas, and that Helen was with her, all right again, "having a good rest." Would I run over to see them soon? I answered, thanking her and promising to come, but chance prevented me.

Another fortnight elapsed, and then one morning a long-distance telephone call—Ann's voice on the buzzing wire, insistent, urgent: "Please . . . Yes, I need you badly . . . You must get a car. Don't wait for the train. I can't explain, but something's happened."

It was a matter of only thirty miles or so along the Corniche Road, and in less than an hour, I arrived at the villa, an old two-story pink stucco house, isolated among stunted pines on a hillside overlooking the Mediterranean

shore. Ann was standing alone on the terrace waiting for me.

"Sit down here," she said. "It's Helen. I want you to see her presently, but I must talk with you alone first. Something strange has happened; rather dreadful, I'm afraid. She's up there locked in her room now—but let me try to begin at the beginning.

"It must have been about three o'clock this morning—naturally I was sound asleep—when I was awakened by something. I suppose it was her knock on the door. I switched on the night light beside my bed, and there stood Helen.

"She was in her pajamas, barefooted. Her hair, which she usually does up in braids at night, was wild, loose all over her shoulders; her eyes and mouth were wide, as if she wanted to scream and couldn't. She was beautiful, like something in a nightmare, and she didn't seem to know what she was doing.

"For a moment she seemed unable to speak. Then she called, 'Ann! Ann!' like a frightened child, and came over and sat down on the foot of my bed and went all to pieces.

"She kept saying, 'Ann! Ann! It's happened! It's really happened! If only I could kill myself—but I aren't! That's the awful part of it. I can't kill myself. I can't escape that way. Killing myself would only make it worse!'

"Make what worse?" I said. "Helen, pull yourself together and tell me. What on earth has happened?"

"She said, a little more calmly, 'I can't tell you. It's too awful to tell you, but something has snapped. Something that was always in me has come out, and it's too terrible.' I tried to quiet her and I thought she was getting calmer, but then she suddenly took another tack.

"She said—and the worst part of it was that she was quiet; her voice was as sensible as mine is now: 'Ann, I want you to do something for me, maybe the last you'll ever have a chance to do. I want you to tie me up, chain me up, until you can have people come for me. I mustn't ever be free again, do you understand? Perhaps that room down in the cellar, behind the garage . . . Please—now, while I'm still all right.'

"I wish I could make you understand what it was like. You have heard of mad people insisting that they were not crazy? Well, this was worse. It was a perfectly sane person—my best friend, too—insisting that she was a dangerous maniac. It was like that. She had become absolutely herself again, yet she kept begging me, until finally I agreed, though it seemed perfectly absurd, to lock her in her own bedroom.

"I got her to take a dose of that stuff Koël had given her to make her sleep. When I went in after breakfast she seemed perfectly all right, and I came to the conclusion that the whole thing had been nothing more than a brain-storm, some sort of nervous fantasy, perhaps from a too-vivid nightmare."

Ann hesitated, and then continued:

"I wish that was all I had to tell, but something else happened last night in this house. You remember that big blond girl, Alice Maynard, pretty in a cowl-like sort of way? Nice, though. Well, she was here too this week, had the room next to Helen's. She slept late, apparently hadn't heard anything, and naturally I said nothing to her about it.

"Around ten o'clock, just before I telephoned you, she called to me, and asked if I'd come upstairs a moment. She was standing before her mirror. She said: 'Look here, I think a spider or something has bitten me. What do you suppose it could have been?'

"I looked. There was a circular spot

on her throat, red but not swollen, an inch or so wide—and in the center of it there was a little wound . . ."

Ann stopped talking. She seemed to avoid looking at me.

I said: "What is this you are telling me? You were talking about people going crazy a while ago. Am I crazy now, and are you crazy too? Are we thinking about the same thing—the talk that night just before she fainted?"

"Hush," Ann replied. "It's you who said that. I haven't said it. But what on earth are we to do?"

I thought a while and said: "Ann, coincidences don't pile up like that forever. I'm afraid we are on the verge of something pretty dreadful, and in what realm I frankly do not know. Let me make a suggestion. Père Joseph is a priest, and he's also a doctor. He loves Helen. I suggest that we telegraph him immediately and get him down here as quickly as we can."

Père Joseph arrived late the next night. On the following day, after he had had a long private talk with Helen Penfield and a short conference with us in which he seemed intensely worried and revealed nothing, we took Helen to the hospital at Cannes. She was apparently her normal self again, except that she seemed suffering from profound depression.

WEEKS passed, and then one morning in late June—Helen's mother had meanwhile arrived from New York and all was going well at the hospital—Père Joseph sat with us again on the terrace overlooking the sea at Le Trayas. There were only the three of us, he and I and Ann. We sat silent for a while and then he began to speak.

"You and Ann already know so much about what has occurred that Helen, who is now on the road to complete recovery in mind and body, has agreed with me it is best for you to know everything. So before entering upon my attempted explanation I want to tell you her own strange story.

"It was some two years ago that she first began to be visited by occasional vague daydreams—fantasies so monstrous that they fascinated and puzzled rather than terrified her, until they began recurring more insistently. I must not repeat many of them to you, but I think it is necessary to indicate their trend.

"One was of being a baby again at her mother's breast, suckling milk 'which was red instead of white.' Another was of being an Oriental queen, a sort of Semiramis, seated on a throne bathing her bare jeweled feet in the blood of decapitated slaves. And then soon after she began to have more definite and dreadful impulses, secret wishes, visions of herself in the rôle which she had not yet identified with a specific appellation—but which we know.

"This became such an obsession with her that at times she feared she was losing her reason. Yet she couldn't keep away from it. She began to read old books on kindred gruesome subjects, and soon she became in reality a bit unbalanced, for she began to be terrified by what she had gathered from these volumes concerning the supposed supernatural nature of her obsession—the coincidence of her beautiful red hair—the fear that she was literally in the grip of some demoniac possession.

"You will see later how just that growing superstitious fear must have seemed logically to her the real and dreadful truth, how she felt that she was being driven by something inside her yet which was not herself, and that

some day she must succumb to its demoniac will.

"I want to point out here a much neglected fact which has led to many misapprehensions: Behind certain persistent so-called superstitions, witchcraft, lycanthropy, diabolic possession, there lurks distorted and sometimes very dangerous truth. People in the old days were not entirely wrong but rather glimpsed a truth darkly when they attributed vampirism to demoniac possession, and it was thus with Helen Penfield. Even before that night in my library she had contemplated suicide and had been deterred from it only by the dread of a supernatural force that would pursue her even to the grave.

"You must understand, however, that these obsessions were periodic and that in the intervals when she was free from them she was normal, though depressed and unhappy. She used her work as a sort of anodyne, drove herself like a slave in a desperate effort to keep her balance.

"Finally, having worn herself out, she came down here to rest, and with no work-recourse of escape, with her resistance weakened, the force became stronger than herself, and the thing which she had so long dreaded happened. Indeed, she ceased to be herself on that one dreadful night. I have promised to explain these matters without recourse to occult terms, but you

must understand that it was not Helen Penfield who crept into the adjoining room that night where the girl she had drugged lay sleeping—though it was Helen Penfield, hysterical yet restored again to her true self, who begged you to put her in confinement."

Père Joseph paused a moment in his recital, and then continued:

"That was still Helen's hopeless wish, her only solution, two days later when she poured out to me this whole tragic story, withholding nothing. But she was of course as sane as you or I except for that one dreadful aberration, and fortunately I was able to reach a different diagnosis.

"To make you understand how I arrived at the truth, I must draw a simple analogy. Science has known for a long time that most purely physical human anomalies—monsters, as they are technically known to physiology, such as midgets, dwarfs and giants—occur as the result of chemical maladjustments, usually in the pineal or thyroid gland.

"Lately science has begun to learn, or at least suspect, that anomalies in the realm of psychology and behavior are equally traceable to organic-chemical causes. Our bodies are made up of countless billions of living cells which have a separate life-cycle of their own, a life struggling, primordial and ruthless, in which survival is the only

good and extinction is the only evil.

"Now, on examining Helen Penfield I found that she had been suffering from an obscure form of anemia in which the red blood cells of her body were slowly disintegrating, in which her whole chemical organism was involved in a terrific struggle to balance itself and survive. Normally the red blood cells, the erythrocytes, number five million per cubic millimeter. In her case we found that they had dropped to less than two and a half million. Her whole unconscious desperate life-urge was to supply that deficiency, which we are now supplying by transfusion.

"How and why in her special case it fought itself up to the conscious strata of her brain and took the form of those dreadful fantasies is a problem in individual psychology. To her it must indeed have seemed as if a demon were directing her. But now she has lost all terror of them and soon, with the cause removed, they will be no more to her than the memory of an evil dream."

Père Joseph paused again, and then concluded gently: "It was Pascal, I think, who said a hundred years ago that to know all is to forgive all. Today we can say even more: that to know all is not merely to pity and forgive but often to provide a remedy, to cure—or, if I may use a more old-fashioned word that includes the healing of both body and soul—to save."

And That is What Mr. Bieber Left! (Continued from page 41)

knew what would do him good, but nobody had any of it, and he was quite unable to borrow the money with which to buy it. In fact, he had twice attempted that impossible feat, so far as Max Gubman was concerned, and he gazed after him with malevolence as the concert master disappeared toward the street entrance of the Tonkünstler Verein.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "there was a time when that man was only too willing to make a friend from Fiddles Feltenstein, and today yet, from not paying him twenty-five dollars to the exact day I promised him, he cuts me dead already."

As a matter of fact, Fiddles Feltenstein still owed it, although he had borrowed the twenty-five dollars in question on Christmas Day, 1919, and had promised to pay it on January 2nd, 1920, but he dropped a tear in his cup of coffee over the injustice of the whole thing, nevertheless.

"And if I saved him a cent when he bought his first good fiddle, I saved him a hundred dollars," Feltenstein added.

"Who sold it to him?" David asked.

"You?"

"Why not?" Feltenstein retorted. "Is there anyone who knows more from fiddles than me? And at that time, I probably had the biggest selection of Cremona fiddles in New York."

He shrugged his shoulders. "They're all gone now," he said. "It was a Carlo Bergonzi I sold him in them days. Eight hundred dollars I let him have it for, and I could have stuck him with something just as good but not the value in it, y' understand.

"I had already a good Cappa, a Go-betti, a Grancino and such fiddles, but I give him the Bergonzi—pretty near as good as a good Stradivari, it was. And only six weeks ago he sold it for four thousand dollars, and then he swaps also for a couple of two-family houses in the Bronx, one of his rotten eighteen-foot three-story-and-basement private houses on East One Hundred and

Twenty-third Street, and after he gets rid of them two houses in the Bronx, y' understand, from the profits alone, he buys for twenty-five thousand dollars from Goritz and Company a genuine Antonio Stradivari."

He sighed heavily as he began to stir the coffee again. "And do you think he would let me have ten dollars till I could get from my son the money he sends me when he thinks about it?" he said. "Oser!"

Feltenstein then drank the coffee with a shudder of disgust and wiped his gray mustache by the simple process of inhaling it. That is to say, it disappeared beneath his lower lip, which he raised to the level of his nose, and when it at last regained its normal position hardly a trace of the coffee remained.

"You ain't got maybe a cigar about you?" he asked David, who shook his head absently. He was not in fact listening to Feltenstein's request, which instinctively he knew was an application for the gift of something Feltenstein thought David might possess and which he might by a quick "touch" acquire. But whether it had been a cigar or money, or any other thing of real value, he had applied to the wrong person, for outside of a violin valued at not much more than four hundred-odd dollars and a few articles of wearing apparel, David owned nothing but his job as a second violinist of the Panharmonic Orchestra.

All this talk about violins worth thousands of dollars made him feel the more keenly how utterly beyond his reach was the goal of his desire, even though the goal keeper, Mrs. Bieber, lived only two doors from the Tonkünstler Verein in an old-fashioned apartment house.

Nevertheless, it was to this apartment house that Besso repaired almost immediately after Max Gubman had disappeared down the street. Indeed, David nearly hoped that he would find Max Gubman there, and then in the presence of all the interested parties, he would insist that Helene Bieber make

up her mind whether she wanted Gubman or him. As for Mrs. Bieber, if Helene really loved him, he knew that by all the standards of popular fiction, English and American, not to say Italian and translations into Ladino, Helene would defy her mother and marry him.

These reflections carried him right up to the doorbells of the Bieber apartment house, and up the two flights of stairs to the Bieber apartment, but they were rudely interrupted by Mrs. Babette Bieber, relict of the late Leopold, who herself opened the door.

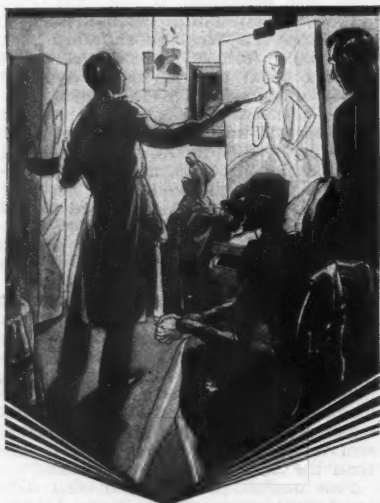
"Well, and what do you want again?" Mrs. Bieber asked.

She spoke with a heavy Bavarian accent through a relatively heavy gray mustache and yet her regular, severe features and her large dark eyes, all framed in iron-gray hair which was piled on her head in an old-fashioned chignon, indicated that she must have been a beautiful woman in her youth. She was a determined, not to say an angry woman right now, and her dark eyes almost flashed as she regarded David's pale face, which to her was much too handsome to be seen so often by her daughter.

"Is Helene in?" David asked, and before Mrs. Bieber could shut the door in his face, Helene herself appeared and said: "Certainly I am! Come right in."

Mrs. Bieber threw up her hands and with ominous mutterings she disappeared down the hallway.

"I've got about an hour to kill before I go down to rehearsal," David explained, and Helene smiled. The simple statement that Helene smiled does scant justice to what David considered a most extraordinary happening. Aesthetically, it combined for him the best features of Maxine Elliott, smiling at the zenith of her beauty, with some of the noblest phrases of the Brahms violin concerto, and its effect upon him was to bring a lump into his throat quite difficult to swallow, making him for a few minutes entirely inarticulate.



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"So you thought you'd kill an hour for me too?" Helene said, leading the way to the front parlor, which was so small that it had room for only a baby grand piano and four chairs. "I'm trying to get up in the César Franck quintet. Mr. Gubman and his quartet are playing it at a private musicale on Saturday night, and you know what a crank he is. Since he bought that Strad of his six weeks ago, he's worse than ever."

David nodded sadly. "So now he's getting you engagements to play, is he?" he said huskily.

"There's fifty dollars in it," Helene replied, passing a shapely pianist's hand through her heavy strands of hair, which were an inheritance from her mother. "And he's trying to get me into broadcasting work, too."

David took that white, pianistic hand in both his own. "Helene dear," he began, "let's have it out right here and now. I'll chuck up the fiddle, if you want me to, and get a real job. I can speak Italian and a sort of Spanish, and I'm sure I'll get along somehow. I can't stand this any longer."

Some indication of the answer Helene would have made was in the tears which dimmed her really beautiful brown eyes and in the faint blush which rose to her oval face, but before she could say anything a strident, thick Bavarian voice announced from the doorway: "And neither can I stand this any longer!"

It was Mrs. Bieber who spoke, and there was nothing of faintness in the blush which rose to her faded cheeks. In fact, they were almost purple.

"You are a beggar, without a future nor nothing," she continued, "and you want to drag my daughter down with you. And why?" This was a rhetorical question which Mrs. Bieber intended to answer immediately, but her emotion overcame her and she burst into wild sobbing.

"Mommer dear!" Helene cried, rushing to her and putting her arms around her.

"It's true! It's true!" Mrs. Bieber wailed. "The whole orchestra knows it, but you, Helene, I kept it from because I didn't want to destroy your ambition."

Helene looked at David, who shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Look!" Mrs. Bieber exclaimed. "He pretends he don't know! And you get taken in by him yet!"

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," David protested. "Oh, no! Sure not!" Mrs. Bieber retorted. "You ain't heard by the Tonkünstler Verein that my poor husband selig left a genuine Stradivari which if it's worth a cent, it's worth fifty thousand dollars. Mommer," he said to me with practically his last breath, 'the market for Stradivari fiddles is dead now,' he says, 'but some day you will get fifty thousand for this,' he says, and that's why this Besso wants you, Helene. Believe me, it ain't you he's after. It's the Strad."

Helene looked again at David.

"This is the first I ever heard of it," David said earnestly.

"Oh, it is, is it?" Mrs. Bieber cried. "Then look for yourself."

She led the way through the "railroad" apartment into the small dining room, and there on the table, in a violin case, reposed the Stradivari violin bequeathed by Leopold Bieber to his widow.

"Inside the left F-hole is the label and everything," Mrs. Bieber said, "and that is our fortune, Helene—fifty thousand dollars."

"And you never told me?" Helene exclaimed.

"Should I tell you and make you feel

that you are a rich man's orphan?" Mrs. Bieber said. "Ain't you got through Mr. Gubman six engagements with his chamber-music organization?"

She fixed David with a baleful glare. "There, Besso, is a true friend, a friend when you need one!" she said. "And you are a big *Garnichts*—a nothing yet!"

If David heard her, he paid no attention. Instead, he was leaning over the violin and examining it closely.

"Well, expert!" Mrs. Bieber cried. "Say it ain't a Strad! Go ahead! I'm waiting."

David shook his head. "I don't know anything about early Italian fiddles," he acknowledged, "but if you want an appraisal, I can get you one in two minutes. Right now in the Tonkünstler Verein is Mr. Feltenstein. He knows more about violins than any man in New York."

"Why should I bother myself with you or your appraisers?" Mrs. Bieber replied indignantly. "Ain't my poor husband's word good enough for me?"

She placed one arm around Helene's shoulder as if to impart to her daughter some of the indignation which she felt herself, and in this she was almost successful.

"We'll have it appraised when we get ready to sell it," Helene announced coldly, but David shook his head sadly.

"I can't wait," he said.

"You can't wait!" Mrs. Bieber exploded. "Who are you, *um Gottes willen*?"

David spread out both his arms and then let them drop to his side despairingly. "Look, Helene!" he began. "This thing has got to be settled for me one way or the other. If this is a genuine Stradivari, I can't ask you to marry a beggar like me."

"So you are a beggar!" Mrs. Bieber said triumphantly.

"I'm a second fiddler, and there isn't much difference, as far as getting married goes," he said, "so if you want to have your daughter escape marrying a beggar, have this fiddle appraised. If it is a Strad, why, then—" He stopped short and sat down heavily with his head in his hands.

"What difference could that make?" Helene cried, and her mother's grip on her shoulder became quite violent.

"A lot of difference!" Mrs. Bieber said. "Go ahead and get your expert. You made your own bed, now you can drown in it!"

"But Mommer!" Helene protested.

"The suggestion is from him, not from me," Mrs. Bieber said; though while she was still saying it David was descending the steps three at a jump.

A moment later he entered the Tonkünstler Verein, where Fiddles Feltenstein still sat mournfully contemplating the dregs of his coffee.

"Mr. Feltenstein!" David exclaimed. "Do you want to do me a favor?"

"Does anyone do me a favor nowadays?" Feltenstein retorted bitterly. "What is it?"

"I want an appraisal on a Stradivari, and I want it quick," David said.

Feltenstein assumed what he thought was a professional attitude in the matter. That is to say, he straightened his necktie, which was in the neighborhood of his right ear, and brought it around so that it was quite close to his left. He also flicked some cigar ash from his vest which had been on it since the previous Thursday, and frowned in imitation of the busts of Rubinstein which decorate teachers' studios.

"My charge for appraising fiddles is already from twenty-five dollars upwards," he said, "but for you, I will do it for ten dollars cash."

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"I haven't got ten dollars cash," David admitted.

"Then five dollars cash," Feltenstein almost pleaded. "I need it for a particular purpose."

"All I've got is three dollars cash," David said hoarsely.

"Then let's go and look at the fiddle," Feltenstein replied, rising unsteadily to his feet. He was only too cold-sober, although tremulously so, and he had almost as much difficulty ascending the Bieber stairs as if he had been boiling drunk. At last he negotiated the second flight, and a moment afterward they entered the Bieber apartment.

"Ah, Mrs. Bieber!" Feltenstein cried. "And my dear young lady! I am glad to see you both. Besso, you're a lucky feller, believe me!"

He grasped Helene's hand and pressed it in genuine admiration and affection. "On this very street here," he said, "I walked with the popper when he pushed your baby carriage. And now look at you!"

Mrs. Bieber sniffed so audibly that had Feltenstein not positively known he had been drinking nothing but coffee—as it seemed to him, for weeks and weeks—he would have suspected that she discerned liquor on his breath.

"Are we here to make compliments or appraise violins? Tell me!" she asked viciously, and Feltenstein bowed. It was thus that he had bowed, in his time, to such customers as Madame Normann-Néruda, afterward Lady Hallé, and to other noble dilettanti of stringed instruments.

"I am at your service, my dear lady," he said. "Where is the violin?"

While David had been absent, Mrs. Bieber had closed the case containing the violin and had locked it with a small nickel-plated lock attached to the side of the case. This she proceeded to manipulate with a key which she produced from her pocketbook, and in order to heighten the effect, she professed to have much difficulty in opening it.

At length she pulled the case apart, and disclosed the violin carefully wrapped in blue velvet.

"May I handle it?" Feltenstein asked, and Mrs. Bieber nodded her consent.

There could be no doubt that Feltenstein knew his profession. He seemed entirely absorbed in his work, and made the most careful examination of every detail. It consumed almost half an hour, and during that time, not once did Feltenstein disclose by the expression of his face whether his opinion would be favorable or not. Not even when he had finished did he say anything, at least not before he had replaced the violin in its case, and then he looked at Helene, it seemed to David, a trifle sadly.

"My dear ladies," he said, "I would like to write my opinion of this violin and send it to you later."

"What have we got to do with writing?" Mrs. Bieber retorted. "Tell this young feller what you think of the violin and make an end."

"All right, Besso," Feltenstein agreed. "Come downstairs, and I'll tell you."

"You wouldn't do nothing of the kind," Mrs. Bieber almost shouted. "He told you downstairs what the idea is, and naturally you don't want to tell him to his face that it's a genuine Strad."

"I don't want to *what*?" Feltenstein cried.

"You know very well what," Mrs. Bieber said. "If it's a genuine Strad, he himself said that he wouldn't force himself on my daughter. So go ahead! Tell him it's a genuine Strad, and then he will never bother me nor my daughter again."

"Besso," Feltenstein asked, "do you want me to tell you right now?"

But this question was never answered, not at that minute, for in the pause which followed the doorbell rang and Helene went to answer it.

"I got half an hour before rehearsal," a voice said in the hall, "so I thought I would see how you was coming along with the César Franck quintet."

Feltenstein looked meaningfully at David. "That's Gubman," he said, making a grimace.

"Yes, that's Mr. Gubman," Mrs. Bieber said, "and tell him it ain't a Strad."

"What's that? What's that?" Gubman cried, bursting into the room with his violin case in his hand. He thought someone was aspersing the genuineness of his own Stradivari and his face grew almost crimson with indignation. "What ain't a Strad?" he continued in almost a bellow.

"This is something you already know," Mrs. Bieber said. "My poor husband *olav hasholom* left a Stradivari violin which he said was worth fifty thousand, so naturally this young feller here wants to marry my daughter."

"I told you before," David declared. "If it's a genuine Strad, I'm not going to do anything of the sort."

The crimson in Gubman's cheeks faded to a sort of lavender and finally became a dirty white.

"Is that so!" he exclaimed. "This is already a big favor you are doing these ladies. And I suppose if it *ain't* a Strad, then you are going to be a regular charity society and give Miss Bieber a home, in a tenement with Italieners for neighbors."

Besso flushed angrily. "I don't see that this is any of your business!"

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" Mrs. Bieber said. "Well, come into the front room, all of you, and we'll see if it ain't."

She led the way through the "railroad" apartment, as a ship under full sail, and in her wake followed Helene, David and Feltenstein. Gubman followed afterward, with his violin case still in his hand, but the interval of his absence was unnoticed because Feltenstein was making an impassioned speech in which he was protesting that he did not care to make any statement about Leopold Bieber's violin, not at that time, at any rate.

"You mean you ain't sober enough?" Gubman jeered.

"My worst enemy should be as sober as I am!" Feltenstein exclaimed. "I ain't touched nothing but coffee for twenty-four hours—twenty *anyways*."

"Then what's the matter you don't want to talk about that violin in there?" Gubman asked roughly, and in reply Feltenstein took Helene's hand.

"You won't hold it against me what I am going to tell you?" he said gently. "Would she hold something against a *shikkerer* which he don't know what he's talking about?" Gubman said, and Feltenstein shrugged.

"I ain't got no right to complain about such insults," he said. "I've earned them, *und wie*, but just the same, Gubman, you know as well as I do that the fiddle in that case inside is no more a Strad than I'm president of the Anti-Salooners."

David Besso's heart pounded so furiously that he was unable to notice how Helene clasped her hands in mixed triumph and relief.

"You are telling a big lie, and that's all there is to it!" Mrs. Bieber exclaimed. "This Besso put you up to it, too."

She rose from her chair as though to assault Feltenstein, but Gubman, who was all calmness and discretion, laid a



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hand on Mrs. Bieber's arm. "We all make mistakes, Mrs. Bieber," he said, "and I give Feltenstein credit for being at least honest."

"This is news to me," Feltenstein observed, as he remembered being turned down for as little as two dollars only that forenoon.

"So if Feltenstein doesn't mind I would like to point out some of the genuine features of that violin," Gubman said.

"You will point out to me!" Feltenstein exclaimed. "*Azuth ponum!* Just because you play fiddles, do you know them? Is a motorman on a trolley car an electric engineer like Edison? Did you ever hear? You wouldn't know a Stradivari, not even if it was to save your rotten life."

"How dare you talk this way to someone in my house?" Mrs. Bieber cried, trembling with indignation, but once more Gubman restrained her.

"Let him rave," Gubman said; "he's all unstrung. He was *shikker* like a fool yesterday in the Tonkünstler Verein, and he ain't in no shape to give a judgment on that fiddle."

"All right!" Feltenstein declared. "If that's the way you feel about it, let me steady my nerves with a little schnapps and I'll look at it again."

"You'd better not," David advised.

"You think he'd better not—naturally!" Mrs. Bieber said. "Helene! Get from the medicine cabinet the whisky which I got prescribed me when I had the 'flu.'"

Helene brought the bottle from the bathroom, with a tumbler, and Feltenstein without a word emptied all that remained of it, a good half-pint, in two or three gulps.

"Now show me the violin," he said, "and this time it's final."

Once more Mrs. Bieber led the procession to the dining room where the violin reposed in its case on the table, and again Feltenstein lifted it in his hands to make an examination, but instead of examining it carefully he gave the violin only a cursory glance and immediately replaced it in its case.

"This is what comes from drinking coffee," he said. "Everybody says to me I should drink coffee and what is the consequences? Three cups coffee I drink, only three, and this is the result!"

He turned to Besso. "You should never brought me here in my condition," he declared. "Coffee spoils the vision. It dulls the senses. It's a dope, *that's* what it is."

He turned to Mrs. Bieber, and seizing her resisting hand he wrung it in mixed apology, enthusiasm and intoxication.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Bieber," he said. "From Stradivari's best period it is. I date it at somewhere around the middle of seventeen hundred and fifteen. That was his *Wunderjahr*, and that certainly is when he made this fiddle."

It was now Mrs. Bieber's turn to grow pale. "You mean it's a genuine Stradivari?" she gasped.

"Why, certainly it is!" Feltenstein said. "No mistake about it. Couldn't be anything else!"

Mrs. Bieber seized the case with its fiddle and in the twinkling of an eye she locked it with the little nickel-plated lock. "And how much did you say it's worth?" she asked.

Feltenstein looked at the crushed and haggard Besso, and tried to soften the blow. "Well, that's hard to say offhand," he declared.

"Hard or easy," Mrs. Bieber pressed, "what do you think it's worth?"

Feltenstein laid an open palm on the table, and looked pityingly at Besso. "I

can't help it, Besso," he said. "I am an expert, and it's expected from me. That fiddle, if it's worth a cent, is worth at a minimum twenty-five thousand dollars, because it's in fine condition, and if it has the original sound post, which is something you would have to take the fiddle apart to find out, it may even be worth thirty-five thousand dollars."

Mrs. Bieber heaved a sigh of relief. "That settles it," she said, seizing the violin case in her hand and starting to go on the back.

"Where are you going?" Gubman asked.

"Across the street is the safety deposit vault where I've got my six Liberty bonds and I'm going to leave this fiddle there till I sell it," she announced.

"But Mommer," Helene protested, "not without a hat!"

"Should I leave valuables around with this *shikkerer* here?" she said, glaring at Feltenstein, and the next moment she was gone. Feltenstein shrugged his shoulders resignedly, and patted Besso on the back.

"Well, Besso," he said, "their gain is your loss, although why you shouldn't marry her even now is beyond me."

"Did anyone ask you what *was* beyond you or what *wasn't* beyond you?" Gubman roared. "Come, Besso, we'll both be late for rehearsal. I'll take you down to the hall in a taxi, if you want to."

Besso fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and produced three crumpled dollar-bills, which he handed to Feltenstein.

"Here you are, Mr. Feltenstein," he said, and for a brief interval Fiddles Feltenstein contemplated taking them. They were good for an indifferent pint of most indifferent whisky; but at last he thrust the money away from him.

"I should take money for causing such unhappiness!" he exclaimed, and then, before temptation overcame him, he dashed out of the apartment and stumbled down the stairs en route to the Tonkünstler Verein.

"I'll be up tonight to practice with you the César Franck quintet, Miss Bieber," Gubman said, "and I'll bring my ensemble with me."

His manner was entirely correct. In fact, it seemed almost sorrowful, and Besso was beginning to think that after all Gubman was not so much a rival as an interested friend of the family. David himself shook hands absently with Helene, who with difficulty restrained her tears, but Gubman did not even shake her hand. Instead, he bowed formally.

"We'd better hurry, Besso," he said, and a moment later they were seated side by side in a taxicab, where Gubman heaved a long, tremulous sigh. Indeed, one might have thought that he and not David had lost Helene, and not only did he sigh once but he kept up this sighing all the way over to Fifth Avenue.

"Toledano!" he exclaimed at last. "There's a crank, if you like. And what business has an Italiener to be a symphony conductor *anyway*?"

"Well, for that matter, both my father and mother were Italian," Besso said.

"Sure, I know," Gubman said. "Your father was a fiddler too, wasn't he?"

"It's his fiddle that I'm using now," Besso replied, "a Grancino, but it's been banged around a lot. I had it appraised by Feltenstein. It's worth about four hundred."

"But it has a good tone," Gubman commented.

"People don't pay for tone," Besso said. "They want ruby varnish and all that nonsense."

Gubman sighed again, more tremulously than before. "That's what it is

in America!" he exclaimed, throwing his eyes heavenward with hypocritical piety. "Appearance is everything—everything!"

The sigh with which he made this statement fairly shook the taxicab, and in fact the nearer they approached the hall, the more frequent became his sighs, until Besso grew thoroughly convinced that he had misjudged Gubman. He even believed Gubman when the *Konzertmeister* found himself without change and let David pay the taxi fare out of the three dollars which Gubman had seen Feltenstein refuse.

"I tell you I dread this first rehearsal with Toledano," Gubman said, shaking his head dolefully. "Last year it was awful."

"I wasn't with the orchestra last year," David replied, and passed onto the stage, which was rapidly filling with musicians. He seated himself at his desk and was tuning his instrument when a badly dressed lady of uncertain age—and ladies on the stage during symphony concert rehearsals are either scrubwomen or harpists—approached him and addressed him in Italian.

"Lei Signor Besso?" she asked, and Besso bowed.

"The Maestro wants to see you," she continued. "Please follow me."

Besso followed the lady to the conductor's room, where Toledano, the great Italian conductor, paced nervously back and forth. "This is bad for me," he was exclaiming in Italian. "This is terrible for me, that I should be disturbed in the emotions before my first rehearsal."

"Ecco, Maestro!" the secretary said. She was the well-known Signorina Palumbo, who received the munificent sum of forty dollars a month for anticipating the great Toledano's every fit of atrociously bad temper. "This is Signor Besso."

For a second Toledano gazed mournfully at Besso with his great black eyes; then he embraced the second violinist.

"Why do I do this?" he said. "I am wrecking my nervous system. I shall be utterly useless. It is a shock to all my sensibilities." After this he kissed the astonished Besso on the forehead and seated himself abruptly at his desk, where he became immersed in an orchestral score. "Palumbo!" he said to the lady secretary. "You tell him."

Hurriedly and with a pronounced Milanese accent, Signorina Palumbo explained to Besso that his uncle Giosue Besso, before Toledano left Italy, had reminded Toledano that Abramo Besso, David's father, had advanced the money for Toledano's musical training, and she then said that the great Toledano would therefore do all in his power to repay his debt of gratitude.

As a prelude to this payment, Toledano suddenly rose from his desk, and applied an epithet to his secretary in such pure Milanese that David did not understand it, although Signorina Palumbo blushed as much as though it had been in the language of Dante and Manzoni. The great Toledano then declared that he could not have a moment in peace any more, and after some few words of recondite profanity in the dialect of Livorno, his native town, he once again violently embraced David, whose violin and bow were still in his hand.

"Play!" Toledano said. "Play a few notes; anything at all."

He listened intently, while David played the violin cadenza, introducing one of the movements of the Scheherazade Suite which was on the rehearsal program. To his secretary, Signorina Palumbo, the great Toledano lifted the forefinger of his right hand, as if to say: "Get this! It's great!"



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However, the effect of the gesture was somewhat marred by the suddenness with which Toledano plunged into his reperusal of the score, and by the efficiency with which Signorina Palumbo thrust Besso out of the conductor's room. She had propelled him almost to the door when the great Toledano looked up.

"Today after the rehearsal," he said to Besso, "we will have coffee together here in this room."

Besso bowed and said nothing, thereby at once endearing himself to Toledano, who, if Signorina Palumbo spoke more than three words in reply to a question, cursed her for a chatterbox in a highly technical idiom, partly Pisan and partly Livornese, and impugned the morals of the Signorina and her mother, both highly respectable persons.

Fifteen minutes later, the great Toledano stepped onto the podium or dais in the midst of his musicians, who rose as one man and applauded enthusiastically to relieve the terror which they felt. This terror, however, seemed quite unjustifiable, for the first number on the program, a classic overture, went extremely well, although at intervals, Toledano cast looks at Gubman which made that accomplished *Konzertmeister* feel decidedly uncomfortable.

THE second number began auspiciously. It was the Scheherazade Suite of Rimski-Korsakov in which an introductory phrase for cellos and contrabasses ushers in a long cadenza for solo violin, which is always played by the *Konzertmeister*.

In this instance, however, the cadenza was not played by the *Konzertmeister* in its entirety. That is to say, after the first phrase of the cadenza had been played by Max Gubman, a cry of agony rent the rather musty air of the hall. It was the voice of Toledano, who in a moment of keen emotion never spoke pure Italian. Therefore everybody but Signorina Palumbo, who sat in the auditorium, failed to apprehend the particular insults which Toledano the Great was heaping upon Max Gubman.

Even the Italian contrabass players were ignorant of the gross epithets Toledano applied to Gubman, and as for Signorina Palumbo, she proved to be an inadequate interpreter. She satisfied herself and the conventionalities by saying that Mr. Toledano found fault with the *Konzertmeister's* tone. In fact, as a bare suggestion of what Toledano thought about it, he had implied in the dialect of Livorno that Max Gubman made noises reminiscent of a fiddler in a sailors' café.

"The reason is I am playing on the violin of a friend," Gubman explained hastily.

To this, Toledano interposed the assertion that it sounded as if it were the violin of a bitter enemy.

"At the concert," Gubman said, "I shall have my own violin. It's a particularly fine Stradivari, but the sound post had to be changed."

The great Toledano thereupon made a long speech in pure Italian, and the Italian members of the orchestra, most of them among the contrabassists, could not help murmuring their surprise. In effect, what Toledano suggested was that until Gubman regained his Stradivari, Mr. David Besso, a humble second violinist, should officiate as *Konzertmeister*.

When this was interpreted to the orchestra by Signorina Palumbo, the sensation produced by it caused a few seconds of complete silence. And then, as Toledano gracefully led Besso to Gubman's seat, which had been vacated as

soon as Gubman understood Signorina Palumbo's halting English, violin bows began to tap on the backs of the string players' instruments and finally a round of applause penetrated even to the box office in the front of the hall.

"That guy always pulls something funny at the first rehearsal," the house treasurer said.

"I know it," the assistant house treasurer commented. "And why shut up all them other nuts when they let orchestra conductors walk round loose?"

He had hardly made this obviously sound observation when Max Gubman, with his face aflame, approached the box office. His purpose was to ring up without delay the Musical Protective Union, but it was frustrated by the assistant house treasurer.

"Oh, Mr. Gubman," he began. "I told them I couldn't reach you at rehearsal, but I guess you must have heard about it."

"I heard about nothing," Gubman said. "Then you'd better hustle round to the Thirtieth Street police station, unless you want to go round there in a patrol wagon. They've been threatening to send a cop round for you."

And in fact, at that very moment a policeman had started from the Thirtieth Street police station to apprehend Max Gubman, because Mr. Strassmann of the Goritz Company, at the last moment, had simply refused to make the necessary complaint.

"How should I know she stole the fiddle?" Strassmann asked the desk sergeant. "She brought it into my place and wanted to sell it to me for fifty thousand dollars. Well, it isn't worth that much."

"So you had her pinched, hey?" the desk sergeant remarked. "You must have a lot of idle money you want to hand out in a suit for false arrest."

"Should I let her walk out of the place with a violin which I personally sold to Max Gubman for twenty-five thousand dollars less than six weeks ago?" Strassmann protested. "In particular, when she tells me the fiddle belonged to her husband who died three months ago."

The desk sergeant voided tobacco juice. "Now listen," he said with an air of finality. "You either are going to make a complaint against this lady or you ain't. Now which is it to be?"

"Let Gubman make the complaint," Strassmann protested. "It's his fiddle, isn't it?"

"Well, he's got to come here quick or I'll turn her loose, fiddle and all," the sergeant declared, but the next moment he reversed his decision, for in the doorway of the station house appeared a young lady who in agitated tones asked for Mrs. Bieber. This young lady was clad in a brown velvet coat trimmed with brown fur, and her shapely head was more or less bound in a round hat or turban of brown velvet, all of which was most becoming to her beautiful oval face and to her abundant dark hair.

Moreover, her cheeks were flushed and her large eyes wide with apprehension, and as ladies of so attractive a personality are rare visitors to a station house, the desk sergeant had no intention of parting with her too abruptly.

"Why, I believe there is a lady of that name sitting in the back room with the police lady on jury here, but she ain't under arrest. Oh, dear, no!" he said in the rich, soothing accents of one whose vocal cords in their time had been well oiled with the wine of his country, or as it is sometimes called, "lundy-foot."

"May I see her?" Helene asked, for of course this was the visitor in question.

"Cerrrrrrtaily you can see her!" the

desk sergeant exclaimed, almost leaping from behind his desk. "I can see by the looks of you that you're her daughter, and I have no doubt you can clear the whole thing up in a jiffy."

He took her gloved hand in his and placed it in the crook of his arm. He was just about the same age as Gubman, but time had dealt more gently with him, in that it had preserved a strong crop of curly white hair and had lent ruddiness to a fair complexion. Only experience and a pair of curling tongs, however, could have produced the strange manner in which his white mustache was twisted, but in every other respect he was one of nature's own gentlemen, and he became at once a strong partisan of the defendant, Mrs. Bieber, and beamed ecstatically when, after he had led Helene to the back room, mother and daughter embraced each other.

"Did you ever hear the likes?" Mrs. Bieber wailed. "That Mr. Strassmann outside claims I stole my own husband's fiddle."

The desk sergeant patted her on the back and also managed to get in a few pats on Helene's back.

"Forget it!" he said. "You never stole anything! He's crazy, that feller Strassmann, and you'll be able to collect a million dollars from him for false arrest. Just sit quiet, and wait till that fiddler comes from the hall."

"What fiddler?" Helene asked.

"I sent for Mr. Gubman," Mrs. Bieber said, and Helene took her arm from her mother's shoulder.

"And you didn't send for David!" she exclaimed.

"That schlemiel!" Mrs. Bieber cried. "What could he do?"

It was at this instant that the desk sergeant was called to the phone, and when he returned to the back room he was just in time to interrupt what looked as if it was going to be a family quarrel.

"Well, you'd better send for somebody," he announced, "because Gubman ain't coming to no station house till he can get his lawyer. He's evidently been in station houses before."

"Then I'm going to telephone to David," Helene declared.

"Helene, I forbid you to do it!" Mrs. Bieber cried, and the desk sergeant raised a hand which was two sizes too large for even a tall man.

"The desk sergeant does the forbidding in a station house," he said, "so come along with me, young lady, and we'll telephone him right away."

In less than half an hour, the Thirtieth Street station house held more musicians than it had ever entertained at one time in all its history, for the desk sergeant's telephone message to David had reached him while he was drinking a cup of coffee with the great Toledano in the conductor's room.

MOREOVER, listening to the first rehearsal had been present that wealthy retired banker, Mr. Cornelius D. Van Iderstine, president of the combined Panharmonic and Gotham Orchestras. He too had been a guest at Toledano's little *Kaffeeklatsch*, and not only was Mr. Van Iderstine interested in orchestral music; he was also a dilettante and collector of stringed instruments.

Thus the little party which arrived in response to Helene's telephone call included Mr. Van Iderstine, as well as the great Toledano, his secretary Signorina Palumbo, and David Besso, and no sooner were they greeted by the desk sergeant than Max Gubman entered with his violin case, accompanied by a lawyer, Mr. Kent J. Goldstein.

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"There's been a terrible mistake here, sergeant," Goldstein declared immediately, "and I want everyone here to understand that in no manner, shape or form has my client, Mr. Max Gubman, caused the arrest of the defendant or her detention in this station house."

The proceedings were here halted by Toledano's immediately demanding in rapid Milanese that Signorina Palumbo translate Mr. Goldstein's speech. This Signorina Palumbo was entirely incapable of doing, and as a result the great Toledano broke into a mixture of Pisan and Livornese dialect which was far from complimentary to Signorina Palumbo, her knowledge of English or her moral character generally.

The desk sergeant slammed the desk with his open palm. "If that guy don't keep quiet, I'll throw him right out of here," he said, and Mr. Van Iderstine trembled visibly. He had tried to dissuade Toledano from coming to the station house at all, but short of tying and binding him, there was no way of preventing the great Toledano from doing anything which on the spur of the moment he decided to do.

"Now come in the back room, everybody," the sergeant said. "Mr. Strassmann of the Goritz Company and the two ladies are there, and you can have it out to suit yourselves."

But things were not to go as smoothly as all that, for no sooner had the sergeant spoken than the doorman tried in vain to stop a flying figure which fairly catapulted itself into the station house and made abortive attempts to grab Max Gubman by the throat. This newcomer might have been identified by a black bow tie which nestled under his right ear, and by a drooping gray mustache which bore some few traces of coffee on its ragged strands.

It was David who seized him and thereby saved him from the doorkeeper, who was approaching with a locust billy in his strong right hand.

Toledano shrugged his shoulders eloquently. "And they say Italians are excitable," he said in Italian, which language seemed to infuriate the desk sergeant.

"Another worried out of any of you, and I'll put you all in cells till you can behave yourselves," he said, and glared so ominously at Toledano that for the first time in years the celebrated conductor felt somewhat cowed. They then passed into the back room, where Helene sat with her mother on a bench against one wall while Strassmann sat on the other side of the room, as far away from them as possible. He was naturally a timid man, and he was much upset by the entire proceeding, which he felt might involve the Goritz Company in trouble.

"Mr. Gubman! Thank heavens you are here!" Mrs. Bieber cried, and Feltenstein shrugged his shoulders.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "This feller has her arrested for stealing her own husband's fiddle and she thanks heavens yet!"

"Now let me repeat, in case there's going to be any claim for damages for this, Gubman has nothing to do with it," Kent J. Goldstein said.

"Oh, he hasn't, hasn't he?" Strassmann retorted. "Well, if this isn't the fiddle I sold to Gubman six weeks ago, I'll eat it."

"Let me see it," Van Iderstine, the orchestra's president, said, and Strassmann handed the violin to him. "Very fine model, and in splendid preservation," Van Iderstine continued. "Looks to me like the one your firm bought at

the Baron Knoop sale. I'd date it about seventeen fifteen."

He passed over the violin to Toledano, who under the disapproving eye of the desk sergeant exploded into Italian admiration of its workmanship and beauty.

"Less noise! Less noise!" the desk sergeant said, grabbing the violin from the Maestro's grasp. "Now let's get the straight of this. Who owns this fiddle?"

"It belongs to these ladies," Feltenstein said. "It is the same violin which I examined in its case at this lady's house, and this Gubman was there too."

"Then let her have it and get out of here, the lot of you," the desk sergeant said, but Kent J. Goldstein raised his hand rhetorically.

"One moment!" he said. "That violin belongs to my client, Mr. Max Gubman, and I demand the possession of it."

Immediately such a hubbub of conversation arose that the desk sergeant grew almost apoplectic with rage, and during this medley of German, English and Italian, Signorina Palumbo created a further diversion by bursting into tears, for at her failure to make Toledano understand what all the noise was about he had applied to her so gross an epithet that only she herself, Toledano and a small sprinkling of Livornese, then at work on the docks of Livorno, could possibly have understood it.

"Will everybody keep quiet for a minute and give the counselor a chance?" the sergeant yelled, and then Goldstein told exactly how his client had substituted his own Stradivari violin for the instrument which lay on the dining-room table of the Bieber apartment.

"His reason for doing this need not be mentioned here," Goldstein concluded. "It was an entirely commendable one."

"You mean, the fiddle I looked at, before you came into the flat this morning, was not a Stradivari?" Feltenstein said. "Is that the idea?"

Gubman nodded miserably.

"And you did this dirty trick just so Besso here should not marry this young lady, ain't it?" Feltenstein continued.

Gubman nodded again.

"Then where is the commendableness?" Feltenstein demanded of Goldstein.

"Say!" Goldstein retorted. "Where do you get off in this case?"

"I get off in this case, because I was at the hall to see if someone wouldn't come across, just when the parties here left there, and I says to myself there is something phony about this lady being arrested, and there is," Feltenstein declared. "Furthermore, I want to say a few words to Besso."

But David was too busy at that particular moment. In the first place, he held Helene in his arms, and then again he was explaining in Italian to Toledano, with a running English translation to Mr. Van Iderstine, all the moving events leading up to Gubman's chicanery that morning, and when he concluded he kissed Helene so rapturously that Mrs. Bieber was stung to Bavarian protest. It was a German familiar to Toledano, who had conducted at Bayreuth.

"You are this dear young lady's mother?" he asked in German, and you may be sure that he pressed Helene's arm in asking the question, for Toledano allowed nothing to interfere with his complete absorption in music except possibly a pair of beautiful large brown eyes such as Helene possessed, particularly when they were set off by a brown velvet coat and a round hat of the same material. In fact, he was torn between admiration for Helene and admiration for the Stradivari, and when Helene's mother declared passionately in German that she was indeed the mother of

Helene—her only treasure, now that the fiddle was not hers—Toledano handed the Stradivari violin to David, which thus afforded him an excuse for taking Helene in his, Toledano's, arms.

"Play on it, Besso," he said in Italian. "I want to hear you on a really good instrument."

While David tuned up the instrument, Gubman protested vigorously, but Van Iderstine calmed him with a few words, and as for Toledano, he even permitted himself to kiss Helene tenderly on the forehead. It was a paternal kiss, but possessed nevertheless a souvenir of youthful ardor not so long since past.

"Play!" he murmured. "Play the commencement of the adagio of the Brahms Concerto. Go on! Play!"

David tucked the Stradivari under his chin and began those lovely strains which mark the entrance of the solo violin in the second movement of that famous concerto, and Toledano closed his eyes for a few seconds. When he opened them again they snapped fire at Gubman, and Signorina Palumbo wrung her hands and shuddered at the names which Toledano used in describing Gubman's behavior. Never once did Toledano ascend to the Italian of Aurelio Saffi, but he adhered with great vehemence to the dialects of Pisa and Livorno with just one or two phrases from the lowest depths of Milanese dialect.

AT LAST he turned to Mr. Van Iderstine, and addressed him in pure Italian. "This man shall never again play under my baton," he declared. "Never!"

Signorina Palumbo translated rapidly and Van Iderstine protested that he had a contract with the *Konzertmeister*, but to this statement, when he finally understood it, Toledano shrugged his shoulders, and as he still held Helene in his arms, it follows that he also shrugged Helene and even held her a trifle tighter than before.

"But I have no contract, only a verbal one," he declared to Signorina Palumbo, "and if this *porco* is not discharged and David Besso made the *Konzertmeister* in his place, I shall go back to Italy, and I won't come back next season either."

Signorina Palumbo delivered this ultimatum to Mr. Van Iderstine, the retired banker, who in his day had delivered ultimatums to the presidents of railroads, steel trusts and public service corporations, and therefore he knew and could easily recognize an ultimatum when he heard one, even though it had to be translated from the Livornese dialect.

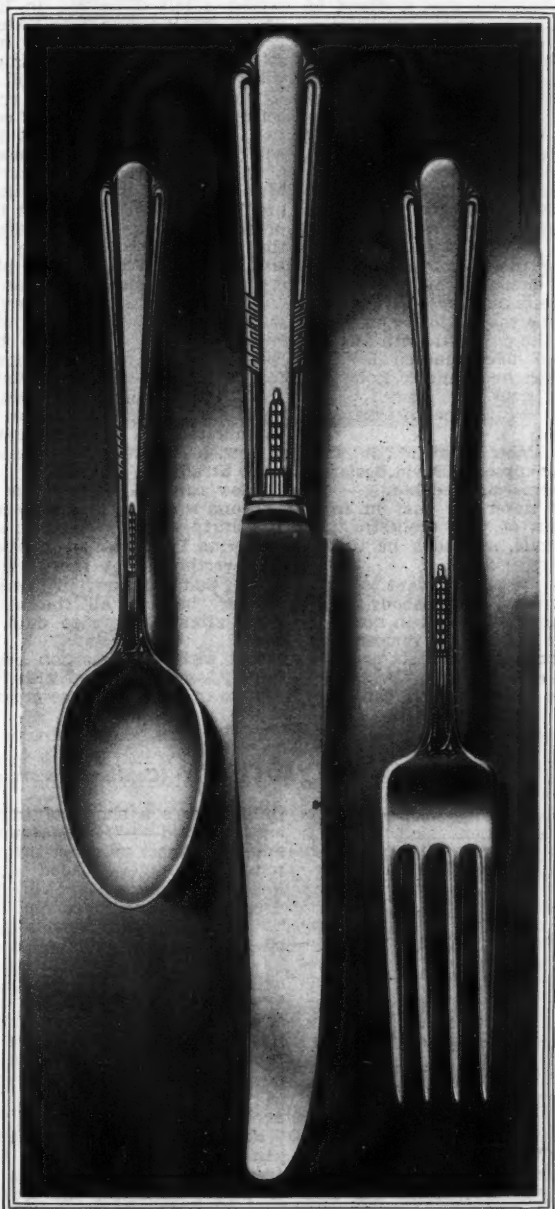
"Gubman," he said after a pause, "I'm sorry, but we'll pay you to the end of the season. You're through, and I guess you know why."

"But the union don't know," Gubman shouted, "and this ain't the end of this affair either."

"You bet it ain't the end," Mrs. Bieber said. "Mr. Gubman *did* mean this for the best, and my daughter will never, never marry Besso."

Signorina Palumbo interpreted this ultimatum too, but she was not permitted to end her translation, for Toledano fixed Mrs. Bieber with blazing eyes. He first called her a *capra*, which besides meaning "nanny goat" possesses countless implications, and after commenting on her mustache, he also compared her to a certain old-fashioned surgical instrument which was much used in the ancient practice of Italian medicine, and which has become by repetition only an innocent synonym for an old nuisance and a bore. He then told her that he stood in the relation of father to David Besso, for the time being at least, and

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that he fully and freely gave his consent to the marriage.

When Mrs. Bieber heard this announcement, translated into what Signorina Palumbo believed to be the English language, she leaned back against the wall as if fainting, but it was Signorina Palumbo and not Helene who rushed to her assistance.

"Of course, Besso," Van Iderstine interrupted, "you can't expect that we'll pay you Gubman's salary, but we'll start you on seven thousand five hundred."

It would now have been David's turn to faint, except that almost immediately Toledano handed over to him his lovely fiancée with a neat speech in what, under the stress of emotion, was a blend of six dialects, representing the six cities of Italy in which Toledano had conducted the opera. This was somewhat marred by a row which sprang up among Strassmann, Gubman and Kent J. Goldstein as to who was responsible for the arrest and detention of Mrs. Bieber, and they passed into the street still discussing it, while Mrs. Bieber suddenly revived.

"That man has gone off with the fiddle in my case," she wailed, and Feltenstein seized her hand and pressed it consolingly.

"I'll get your case back for you," he declared, "and besides, what is a Strad after all, if you don't play on it? It's a frozen asset, whereas David is now *Konzertmeister* of the orchestra with already seven thousand five hundred a year, which I bet yer he wouldn't hold out fifty dollars a week for himself. The rest he would give Helene to take care of for him."

"I wouldn't know what to do with fifty dollars for myself," David declared, and Van Iderstine checked him.

"You should never say that in front of the president of your orchestra," he said with a smile, and then he turned to Fiddles Feltenstein.

"Feltenstein," he said, "I want to make a wedding present to somebody. Can you pick me up a Stradivari in not such good condition as to the varnish, but with a good tone, for about six or seven thousand dollars?"

"I know one or even two I can show

you," Feltenstein declared, "and I wouldn't charge the owner more as five percent commission. The rest I would give you the advantage of."

When this was translated to Toledano by Signorina Palumbo, he became so lyrical that it practically amounted to half an act of a modern Italian opera by Pizzetti or Respighi, and naturally the desk sergeant resented it heartily.

"Now get out of here!" he cried. "Every wan of you."

"But first, Besso, you owe me for appraising that fiddle this morning," Feltenstein said, and Van Iderstine noticed the flush of embarrassment which rose to David's pale cheeks. He peeled a bill off a roll in his trouser pocket and handed it to Feltenstein.

"Is that enough?" he asked, but Feltenstein had caught only a glimpse of the yellow on the back of the bill.

"*Mazelto! Mazelto!*" he cried, in the conventional ancient word of congratulation, and the next moment he dashed wildly out of the station house.

"Will that loafer be *shikker* tonight!" Mrs. Bieber exclaimed, and the spirit of prophecy was certainly upon her, for at precisely midnight he was ejected from the Tonkünstler Verein by a second trumpet player, a tympani player, two contrabassists and the janitor.

His behavior at David's wedding, two weeks later, however, was almost exemplary. After everybody had made speeches at the wedding supper, including the great Toledano, Feltenstein rose a trifle unsteadily to his feet, and addressed particularly Mr. Van Iderstine, the dilettante of stringed instruments.

"I wish to propose the health of Antonio Stradivari," he said.

"How can you propose the health of someone who died in seventeen hundred and thirty-seven?" Toledano asked after Signorina Palumbo had interpreted.

"Nevertheless he's the world's greatest living fiddle maker," Feltenstein concluded, "because all the makers who came after him, up to date, are dead ones."

And with this assertion he sat down heavily, and fell asleep with his face in a plate of Neapolitan ice cream.

Tagati by Cynthia Stockley (Continued from page 79)

was doing him an injustice, but she feared he might be none too scrupulous where his own interests were concerned.

"Stella's been a brick; she's done everything mortally possible. And old Pagg hasn't rested day or night."

"But Dick, does Cousin Letty know how serious it is—and does she mind?" asked Felicia anxiously.

"At first she was pretty awful. Lay barking and biting at everyone. But when Father Drago came over day after day, I think she began to tumble to it, and now she's cool as a cucumber about dying."

They came presently upon Mafiana, lying bathed in the glory of sunset and looking as lovely as such unkempt veld homes manage to look without the slightest encouragement. It did not take Felicia long to descend from the car and speed across the grounds towards the countess' hut. As she reached the hut Stella emerged and put out an impulsive hand.

"Shonnie! Thank goodness you've come—at last!" There was a shade of reproach in the last two words, but this was no moment for the culprit to go into the matter of a lost telegram.

"How is she?"

"Sleeping a little now, and the doctors

think there's a shade of improvement, but I'm afraid—" Stella shook her head, and her almost unkempt primrose curls tumbled about eyes jaded with fatigue. Felicia was touched, knowing how much "appearance" meant to her.

"I'm afraid you've had a heavy time of it, Stella. I could curse myself for having been away!" The other made a deprecatory gesture and murmured:

"Just as well to see her while she's asleep!" And Felicia, when she entered, understood the meaning of this cryptic phrase. Just as well the countess should not be awake to witness the shock likely to be produced on one who had last seen her in comparative health!

For now, wasted to a wraith, she lay across the massed pillows. Her closed eyes were sunk far back into two caves of purple darkness; the lower part of her shrunken face had taken on the tragic expression of a starving child. It seemed incredible that so great a change could have taken place in so short a time. It was too pathetic.

The girl, pale and shaken, stood gazing in consternation until her eyes filled and she could see no more. Pagg's touch on her hand recalled her.

"Better go and get your things off before she wakes up, Miss Shonnie." And



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outside, Stella supplemented this advice with brief practicality.

"To find you there without your hat, looking as though you've never been away, will be less of a shock to her. It's the weakness of her heart we have to fight now."

At the call of sickness, under the hovering menace of Death, how simple and womanly Stella had become! Felicia, looking at her with warm eyes, felt ashamed of every unkind thought she had harbored against her.

Over at the house Considine and Somerset, the two doctors in attendance, were holding an *indaba* with Randal, whom, at Dick's request, they had taken into consultation. They were only too thankful to welcome the naval medico and such fresh suggestions as he might have to offer. For the cause of the countess' illness still eluded them.

FENN had disappeared, but in the cool of the stoep, Father Drago thoughtfully waited upon events. Felicia joined him and they sat talking in subdued voices. He told her he had not much hope, for though the old lady had a wonderful constitution, days of severe and continuous vomiting had strained the heart and exhausted the general system almost beyond repair.

"And as she still can't keep anything down, there's no way of getting her strength back. However," the priest added, "nothing is impossible with God."

Then Pagg entered with news that the countess was stirring, and that if the girl wanted to be there when she opened her eyes, it was better to come at once. Felicia had scarcely reached the bedside before the tired lids lifted and she found those famous forget-me-not eyes fixed on her in a surprisingly alert glance.

"Oh, Shonnie!"

The girl, truly thankful not to hear the added reproach, "At last!" took her hand and kissed it, whispering gently: "Dear Cousin Letty, I am so sorry. I would have been here long ago if I had known."

"Ah! You didn't know? I thought as much!"

There seemed to be something significant in her utterance of the words. She closed her eyes again immediately, however, and lay still, but her brows knitted themselves into an expression of intense thoughtfulness, and the hand that had held of Felicia's retained it in a firm clutch.

They stayed like that, the old woman apparently meditating, the girl afraid to speak or stir, till at last came the sound of approaching footsteps and the doctors entered. Felicia strove gently to disengage her hand, but the sick woman held on tight, and suddenly, when all were gathered round her bed, she addressed them in a weak but calm and practical voice.

"I wish my body to be taken back to England—not left to be chewed by white ants in this disgusting veld. I'd like to have lain beside Paul in Russia, but that's impossible. The vault at home will have to serve. Shonnie! You and Pagg are to take me back. Is that understood?"

Felicia squeezed her hand assentingly, and from the shadows a harsh voice ejaculated firmly, "Yes, me lady!"

"There's one more thing—you doctors please take note that I am absolutely in my right mind and mean what I say—I want an autopsy held on my body. The cause of my death should be cleared up." Breath failed her, and by the pause to recapture it, her last words seemed to gain in dramatic intensity: "Damme! I've no business to be dying

yet, and I'm not satisfied that the cause is a natural one."

Her clutch on Felicia's hand loosened, and the girl was gently edged away. As she went out she heard Doctor Somerset rallying the patient cheerily about not being dead yet, by a long chalk. Nevertheless, when the doctors returned to the house about twenty minutes later, the verdict was that the countess was unlikely to last the night out on account of her heart.

But they remained puzzled and were frank about not being able to put a name to the disease that had her in its grip. Apart from that, it was clear that she was remarkably strong.

"She will die, of course," said the great Considine gloomily. "But as far as I can see she ought to have been good for another twenty years."

Somerset agreed and Randal likewise admitted being unable to "get the hang of it." It had them, as Dick picturesquely stated, completely licked.

For Randal's benefit, the case was discussed from its beginning, everyone contributing such scraps of information as were his to give towards a hoped-for elucidation of the original cause. Thus Felicia heard at last the full history of the illness.

Fenn reminded them that the countess had begun to be unwell as long ago as the Sunday morning of Miss Lissell's departure, for when he arrived and found her having tea in the stoep with Stella, she admitted to feeling very odd. In the morning, however, she seemed much better, ate a good breakfast and felt well enough to inspect the Mission School with Father Drago. The Cardrosses came over to the Mission to luncheon and to drive her back, but she decided to stay the night, did a lot of writing during the afternoon and returned to Mafiana next day.

On arrival (said Stella) Pagg put her to bed, and as she looked exhausted Doctor Somerset was sent for. He ordered "bed and slops" for a few days. She could not, in fact, look at food, and they kept her on milk, an occasional glass of champagne, soup specially prepared by Pagg, and sometimes a few grapes. But she presently began running a temperature, showing inability to keep down even this light nourishment, and from then on lost strength.

"Did she ever," Considine wanted to know, "make a meal off mushrooms or anything unusual in the vegetable line?"

No. Neither Stella nor Dick could remember anything of the sort.

"We don't gather them for eating, doctor, because of the many poisonous fungi there are about," Stella explained.

"That's just it," said Considine. "In this country there are all sorts of unclassified poisons to be found about us—both in the vegetable and the insect line."

A memory roused by this remark suddenly made Felicia Lissell feel sick at the pit of her stomach. The word *isibunu* leaped into her mind, and—she could not help it!—her glance leaped toward Stella. But that weary-eyed woman was saying earnestly to Considine:

"Are there really? What a good thing the natives don't know or they'd be poisoning us whenever we offended them!"

Not long afterwards Considine was on the move. Clearly there was nothing more for him to do here and he had to get back to Bulawayo. In case of need, Somerset now had Randal at hand, and the latter was asked to stay for a day or two.

On his assenting, Somerset decided to leave for the dorp and return first thing

in the morning. Father Drago would naturally remain through the night. Felicia stated her intention of relieving the nurse, who had come on duty at five.

After dinner, a not-too-cheerful meal, Stella was unanimously advised that the one place for her was bed. She looked absolutely dropping with fatigue, though she did not want to give in. At last, however, she let herself be persuaded, under promise of being called if the countess took a critical turn.

The doctor, Dick and Fenn started their vigil in the back veranda, where they could talk quietly without fear of disturbing anyone, but Father Drago and Felicia decided, for coolness' sake, to occupy two deck chairs out in the open, within reach though not within hearing of the countess' door. By eleven o'clock the farm lay wrapped in a stillness broken only by the chirp and call of night things.

From time to time Randal came over, and they would go softly indoors and watch by the countess' bedside, and on one of these occasions the old lady spoke to Felicia on the subject of her Memoirs, giving instructions that the girl was to collect all papers connected with the subject and hand them over to a literary executor for future publication. Almost immediately she fell asleep again, and they returned to their outposts.

In the garden the trees fascinated Felicia. She could not keep her glance from wandering among them.

Presently she knew that she had really been aware of it for some time. She had seen it, half loitering, half hovering in that elusive way it had. That was why the trees had fascinated her so much!

Now she knew the countess was to die, for the *i-Dhlozi* had come for her! It had been Letitia Karamine's *i-Dhlozi* that had waited on that very first day at Mafiana! The girl gave a sigh . . .

A little later they were called again, between two and three, that still small hour which so many souls choose for the quitting of this human tent we call the body. There was an expression of achieved peace upon the dying face, which yet looked more alive and younger than Felicia had ever seen it. The blue eyes were alight with a strange radiance, the skin gleamed with a transparent fairness that intensified the fine clear-cut beauty of her features. The lips, erstwhile so arrogant, were gently curved.

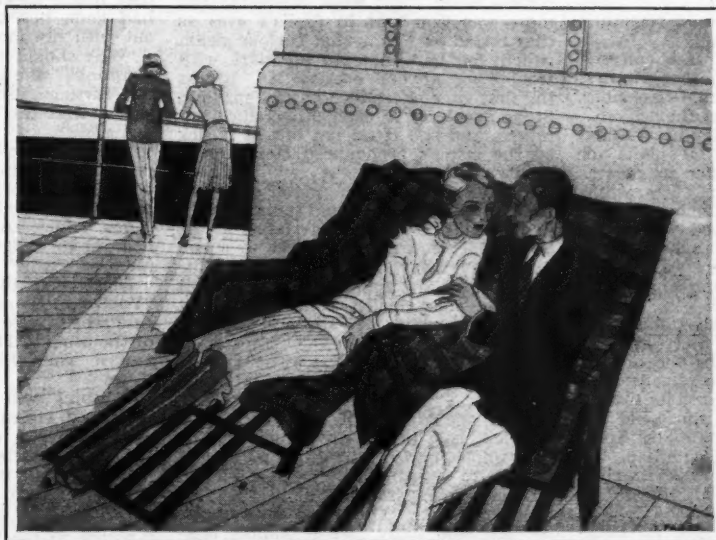
Felicia, with Dick beside her, was on her knees now in the presence of Death.

Suddenly it seemed as though something winged and wonderful entered with a rush of wind, abiding graciously for a fleeting moment in the hut. Afterwards a stillness fell, broken only by the sound of Pagg's sobbing.

IN THE days that followed Father Drago blessed and consecrated a lovely spot under a great clump of wild trees in the garden. There, in her leaden casket, they laid all that was mortal of Letitia Karamine, until such time as arrangements for transport to England could be made. Several weeks, it was computed, must elapse before the numerous official red-taped documents were sufficiently in order to enable Felicia and Pagg to start, via the East Coast, upon their dolorous mission.

Immediately after Letitia Karamine's passing Felicia had been ordered to bed. There were so many thoughts and fears stirring beneath the surface of her mind which she shrank from facing and analyzing that, everything considered, she was not sorry for the medical edict. Stella, too, was condemned to seclusion

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in order to avoid a threatened nervous breakdown, and for a time Paget, assisted by the nurse, completely ruled the roost at Mañana.

It was from the nurse that Felicia heard of the carrying-out of that other strange wish of the dead woman. The doctors had held an autopsy before the burial and had taken away certain portions of the body for analysis, but as nothing further was heard of the matter the results had evidently been negative, and it seemed probable that the mystery of the countess' death would remain a mystery to the end.

When the invalids at last emerged into everyday life, Felicia being the first to do so, it was already mid-December, with Christmas close upon them.

Both Stella and Dick were urgent that Felicia should not think of plans for the moment, entreating her to stay as long as possible with them. Meanwhile, there was much to do in the correspondence line. The sorting and putting-together of the countess' manuscripts was a Herculean task, and there was also an unceasing stream of written and cabled sympathy to be dealt with.

Fenn's suggestion that they should all come over to his place and "make a job of it" by amalgamating the holiday festival with his housewarming seemed to Felicia a welcome diversion, though a couple of weeks before she could not have imagined herself looking with favor upon such a proposal. Perhaps the presence of Randal and Yank Breddon at Poinsettia Pass made all the difference.

Castleton, too, was staying at Poinsettia Pass. That *dégage* gentleman had turned up, as usual, and finding himself received coldly at Mañana by the one person from whom he hoped for a warm welcome, had proceeded at once to ingratiate himself with Fenn.

Felicia had been disconcertingly frank with him on the subject of the undelivered telegram, making no bones over her resolve to have nothing further to say to him until the matter was cleared up. His indignation at being suspected of having held up the message seemed genuine enough, but she was determined to place no faith in it until she should be proved wrong.

AND after all he was innocent! A drastic search of the postal archives, for which procedure, in his hurry to clear his character, he got prompt permission from the Most High in Salisbury, revealed the fact that no such telegram had ever passed over the wires or been handed in for dispatch!

It then transpired that Stella was the person who had driven into the dorp for the express purpose of sending off the message. She now confessed that instead of taking it to the post office herself, she had handed it to a native attendant with the money for its dispatch.

A further search which Dick insisted on making for this culprit proved singularly unfruitful. For though the whole staff of indoor boys employed at the hotel was paraded before Stella, she was unable to spot her man. In fact, she declared herself to be certain that her man was not among those paraded! The only conclusion to be drawn from this was that some outside scoundrel, pretending to be a hotel porter, had destroyed the telegram and decamped with the money.

This theory, propounded by Dick, called forth indignant repudiation from the hotel authorities. In the end nothing satisfactory emerged from the inquiry—except the complete exculpation

of Castleton. Which, after all, was all he cared about.

From the way he now stuck to Fenn it almost looked as if he were qualifying for the position lately occupied by Paget Vyner. They were never apart, and he it was who accompanied the master of Poinsettia when he motored over with the Christmas housewarming proposal.

Indeed, Felicia would not have been surprised to find that the hatching of the idea had taken place in Castleton's nimble brain. But what interested her more was the light in Stella's eyes as they rested on Fenn—that curious gleam which she had come to associate with trouble for anyone evoking it! It was the first time she had noticed Fenn and Stella speaking to each other since her return, and she could not but be struck by the latter's pronounced lack of cordiality.

Furthermore, it was plain that the proposed excursion would not be with her benison, if it was undertaken at all. She suddenly proclaimed that to spend Christmas away from her own home was a thing she had never cared about—the weather, besides, being far too hot to make a move, and she and Shonnie far too crocky!

"But we'll move you without your having to stir an eyelash," promised Castleton. "Carry you both over every foot of the ground, if necessary."

"Dick has practically promised for the whole party," Fenn was unwise enough to say this, smiling at Stella in an exasperating fashion.

She flushed. "Then he'd no business to," she said flatly. Fenn blandly continued, as if Stella's last remark had passed unnoted over his head:

"The main crowd won't be coming till Christmas Eve—next Tuesday—but we could get in a quiet week-end beforehand. Just ourselves, Randal and Breddon."

"Yank Breddon!" sighed Stella contemptuously. "That oaf!"

"Oh, come!" laughed Castleton. "He's a priceless old sport, really."

"Horrid old man! He bores me to passionate yells," breathed Stella. "However, as I don't see how we can possibly go, it doesn't matter."

Dick was staring blankly at her. "Not go to Pat's housewarming! You're dotty, my child. Of course we can go—unless we fall down dead before it's time to start. You're keen, aren't you, Shonnie?"

Keen? Oh, well, she would not go so far as that, with Fenn staring sardonically and Nigel making notes to be used in evidence against her, but she gave Dick an enchanting smile and admitted that it seemed a good idea.

"How the deuce will you manage to put everybody up, Pat?" asked Dick.

"There's plenty of accommodation—and I've had half a dozen tents sent out as well. We fellows can camp out and leave the house to the ladies."

"Good line. What about guns?"

"Oh, guns, naturally. There's bags of shooting."

"There would be—in the middle of the close season!" was Stella's sarcastic comment, but Fenn continued to smile at her with stony equanimity.

"Plenty of legitimate stuff: wild pig, duck, quail, spring hares—and as it happens I've got a permit for a herd of koodoo that's been breaking down my fences and making mince of the young crops, to say nothing of the baboons visiting the orchard every night. No need to break the game laws." He turned to Felicia. "You may even get that leopard you're keen on. My boys report seeing one about."

She could not keep the sparkle from

her eyes at that. Tiger, elephant and lion had fallen to her bag in different parts of the world, but never, so far, a leopard; and she yearned for a good skin.

WHEN Fenn and Castleton left soon afterwards, they took with them Dick's definite promise to see that the party was ready next morning; a faintly smiling, noncommittal assent from Felicia; and from Stella an enigmatic silence that might mean anything. After they had gone her opposition came leaping out with no uncertainty.

"Why should we go over to his housewarming?" she asked. "Personally, I've no further use for him. Everyone knows that the split at Tagati was his doing."

"It's the first I've heard of it, then!" retorted Dick incredulously.

"You hear so little!" His wife's voice was acid as well as stubborn. "I know it for a fact, and consider that it looks disloyal to Padge for us to go tumbling all over Fenn."

Dick tried to be patient with her. "You've got it all wrong, my dear child. And why should we take sides with one or the other? They are both our friends, and it won't help to patch things up if we—"

"Nothing will patch things up," she retorted violently. "But if you knew as much as I do—about how rottenly Pat Fenn has behaved—"

Here Felicia, not wishing to hear more of the argument, rose and strolled off in the direction of her own hut. Dick, after a glance at her back, turned to his wife. "Doesn't it occur to you that other people come into this, too? And that if you know such a devil of a lot you should either keep it to yourself or share it fairly?"

He looked at her so narrowly that a faint apprehension flickered across her face.

"How can I share the confidences of my friends?" Her tone became more reasonable. "Even"—she hesitated—"with you, Dick?"

Even with him! He smiled ironically at that, and behind his unhappy eyes doubtless thought his own long thoughts, though all he said was:

"If they were confidences, perhaps it would be more honorable not to refer to them at all."

He stood a moment looking at her as she sat with her eyes on a cigarette she was twisting between her fingers. At last with a half-sigh he went indoors.

She remained thinking tensely and with that preoccupied gleaming look Felicia had noticed once before that morning. When her husband came back with his hat, carrying the stick he always used for going over the lands, she got up and impulsively put out her hands in a charming way.

"I see that I was wrong, Dick. I'll make up for it by going to Poinsettia and being as nice as I can. Will that do?" She smiled at him dazzlingly, and a light came into his bloodshot eyes.

"No one can be nicer than you when you want, Stella."

"Give me a kiss on it, then," she said softly, holding up her lips to him, and in a moment his arms were round her.

But her face went pale at his touch, her eyes closed, a slight shiver ran through her and she seemed about to faint. Dick's arms fell away, his own face losing some of its deep coloring. She sat down, murmuring half apologetically:

"I suppose it's the smell of whisky—it always makes me feel sick."

"I'm sorry," he muttered huskily, and

suddenly grew violent. "By heaven! if you cared a hang what I did—cared enough to ask me—I'd give it up tomorrow—today, if you wanted."

"Certainly not, Dicky!" All her vigor and vivacity came back in a wave at so ridiculous a notion. "I should hate a husband who didn't drink anything. You need it in this country. I'm sure if I were a man I'd drink." She laughed gayly. "Have one now before you go out into the heat. It'll cheer you up."

Poor Dick! He looked at the bottle. It was a toss-up whether he pitched it out of the veranda and began a new rule of life straight off—or yielded to the demon in him, famishing for a "bracer" after the emotional scene just ended. Stella laid her palm against the siphon and smiled encouragingly.

"The soda's deliciously cool! A drink will do you good, old boy." Naturally no further inducement was needed by Dick to pour out a stiff one. That's the way it's done!

"When the money comes, and the debts are all paid up," he was saying a moment later, "you shall have the best car I can get, darling, and we'll go for a second honeymoon, shall we?"

She nodded. But after he had gone off, whistling cheerfully, followed by his dogs, she remained staring after him, her face distorted by what was more a grimace than a smile, twisting its beauty into bitter devastation.

POINSETTIA PASS was at its best—a jewel of a place. A long avenue of flowering gums led from the river which ran along the inside of the Pass, and massed behind the gums were the flamboyant trees rarely seen out of Natal, where they flourish in tropical splendor. It was these flaming trees that had given the Pass the other half of its name, because the original owner of the land had mistaken the scarlet flowers for poinsettias.

The sheer beauty of the place had taken Felicia by the heart the first time she saw it, and when she heard friendly confident birds about its threshold, she found herself entering the house with tears in her eyes.

Everything was cool and clean-looking, with plenty of space to move about in. The heavy teak chairs and wide leather-bottomed settles had come from Father Drago's Mission where his boys specialized in the construction of furniture from native woods; but these were interspersed by some fine old Dutch chests and pieces of good English oak.

The Mañana party had been brought over by Castleton and Fenn, as arranged, in time for luncheon. A most delectable cold meal had been prepared for them, the only thing that *might* have proved a fly in the ointment being that six unexpected guests had turned up to partake of it.

Fortunately, they were all old friends, including Father Drago, the de Wiltons with the inevitable Biscuit, and Buffalo Bill; also a stranger whom Fenn had picked up en route—an old prospector legging it to the nearest mine in hope of a job.

"It's easy to see you've pinched the Tagati cook," commented Clarry de Wilton, when they were at the table. "No one but Harrods could turn out such a lunch."

"Not pinched, if you don't mind," Fenn protested. "He was my boy long before we had Tagati and refused to stay when I came away."

"And the rest of the boys naturally followed, I suppose. They usually change en bloc," said Father Drago.

"Something of the sort."

"Rather rough on poor old Padge!" said Stella softly, and Fenn looked at her steadily.

"As a matter of fact he was so determined to make a clean sweep that he sacked even those boys I did not take."

"I know," chimed in the Biscuit. "He told me before leaving that he was getting a new staff from a Nyasaland Mission, where they are specially trained. Also a marvelous Saint Helena cook from the Cape. I believe he means to spread himself when he takes up his residence *solus* at the mine."

"Is anyone certain it is going to be *solus*?" asked Father Drago.

"By Jove, that's an idea!" exclaimed Dick, who happened to glance across at Hibiscus de Wilton and observed that she had flushed pink. This gave him a further idea and caused him to stare so hard that the pink in her cheeks turned to bright crimson. No one could fail to notice it. But Miss de Wilton, not without a certain aplomb, laughed it off.

"At any rate *solus* or (what's the Latin for double, Father? Oh, *duo*—thank you)—the row at Tagati seems to the good as far as the rest of us are concerned, for we shall now have two houses to dine and dance at, where before we had only one."

"Queen! You've said it," chuckled Father Drago.

"Does that girl love Paget Vyner?" Felicia wondered, and instantly her heart rapped back an answer: "If so, she can have him with pleasure." Not that it had taken her until that moment to know that nothing ever could come of that man's passion for her. She had known it all along. No doubt he was a fascinating fellow—but not for her! No more her mate than was Castleton.

Who was her mate, she refrained from inquiring of herself. And, as ever, her eyes avoided looking in the direction of that cool brown man at the head of the table. The secrets that he shared with Stella constituted a barrier over which Felicia Lissell would do no more than give a scornful glance.

For a moment now she let herself ponder on the apparent coldness those two were showing toward each other. Was it real, or only a blind—a pretense to make things easier? Loathsome thought! But illicit lovers are forced sometimes to practice these deceptions! What a hateful world, alas!

The girl sighed. She felt herself swamped by the melancholy engendered by such thoughts. Pushing them away with an effort, she joined in the conversation that was rattling round the table.

All Rhodesian stoeps are family camping grounds, used for every mortal thing from early morning tea to after-dinner dancing. The Pass house stoep resembled an Italian loggia with its breadth and its tall white columns supporting the teak beams and thatch overhead; its shining floor of polished wood; its green tubs full of begonia, fern and "painted ladies." Of course spaces between the columns were necessarily wire-netted in a country where the view must be sacrificed to immunity from mosquitoes, flies and sun glare; but against the wire the bougainvillea lianas spread themselves in fantastic manner.

Stella had taken up her position as hostess over the coffee tray, with an air of owning the house if not the world. Her behavior caused no comment, for it was well known that she had an unpleasant way of requiting those who unfavorably remarked her little ways. Only upon the lips of Clarry de Wilton, who

never shirked a battle, sat a sarcastic smile as she quippishly observed:

"You'll have to cut yourself in two, Stella, now that Padge is back at Tagati."

Dick had lingered with the Biscuit and Randal over the port, or probably this remark would not have been made. The rest, however, including the recipient of the arrow, were too interested in the news to pay much attention to the phrase that conveyed it.

"Padge back? When? How d'you know? Who saw him?"

FELICIA was the only one who noticed that Hibiscus had gone pink again. Evidently she had seen him. Well, good luck to her if she really cared for the fellow!

"He called at our place last night," Clarry was saying. "Had just got off the train and was heading straight for Tagati. He's sure to have gone over to Mañana today, I should think."

But Stella had good reasons for thinking differently. She darted a glance of curiosity at Fenn and knew what the extra stoniness of his expression meant. It was in his plans that Vyner should stay at the Cape until Felicia had departed. But he would have to learn, thought Stella, that he could not control the movements of other people to suit his fancy!

A flash of spiteful delight at his chagrin lighted up for a moment the tortuous passages of her mind, but it did not last. Delight cannot live well in dark places, with no companions but hatred, envy and a great hunger.

Some of the party were presently on the move. Father Drago had to get back to his Mission, and Buffalo Bill offered to drive the prospector to a mine where the manager was a friend of his and a job might be wangled. Yank Breddon, too, went off on some lay of his own, likely, he said, to detain him a day or two; at which Stella remarked to the Biscuit, *sotto voce*, that he could be "detained forever" as far as she was concerned. It was strange what a down she had on the old man, with no special reason.

Among the others there was talk of settling down to bridge as the de Wiltons would not be moving until it was cooler, but Randal took it upon himself to forbid further exertions for Felicia and Stella, ordering them to rest or he would not allow them out with the guns, next day. Neither was sorry to obey.

"Dinner not before eight-thirty if that will suit you. It's rather a scramble to get back earlier if one's shooting!" Fenn called out as they went, and they gladly answered that the later it was "the better."

In the large cool room allotted to her, Felicia found French windows giving directly onto a private loggia, wired, but with its own secret door into a rose garden beyond. She stood out there for a moment drinking in the perfume of roses, and when she finally went indoors she fell at once into delicious sleep.

When she awoke the sun had just gone down. Wonderfully refreshed by her sleep she quickly splashed cold water over her arms and throat and got into a diaphanous gown.

Dressed at last, she left her room with a hope of wandering alone in the garden, but the obligation was on her, first, of seeing what the rest of them were about and whether she was required. She made her return through the house rather than via her own private stoep. But there was not a soul about.

Nothing to prevent her from making her expedition, as she had hoped, alone. For if you are a real garden lover this



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is the only possible way to enjoy your passion. At the end of half an hour she had explored every glory of this one. By that time, too, she had arrived at the summerhouse which lay some distance from the house.

It was a big square hut with overhanging eaves as substitute for a veranda. Inside it preserved a comfortable appearance and was clean as a new pin, though its spaciousness had been intruded upon by a group of packing cases and piled-up furniture. Still, there was plenty of room to move about in, a table in the middle with a box of cigarets and ash trays on it, easy chairs and a cushioned divan.

She helped herself to a cigaret and glanced around. The first thing of interest was a rosewood desk standing against the heaped-up bits of furniture, and somehow Felicia imagined she had seen it before. But what particularly pleased her was its likeness to one that had belonged to her father and about which, for her, clung happy memories, because it contained a secret drawer known only to her father and herself.

He had been in the habit of depositing surprises for her in that drawer, and at different times during her life she had found there her mother's pearls—restrung into a necklace suitable for a young girl—her first check book, and the little gold signet ring that she was now wearing. Thinking of these things, she stretched out her hand and let down the flap of the desk. Whereupon, in pure idleness, and with the dreamy association of ideas it had induced, she slid her hand inside the arched middle pigeonhole and pressed upon the magic spot which in the old desk was wont to respond by opening and revealing to her enchanted vision something specially for her.

And behold! This desk did the same! A drawer flew open and outward, exposing to view something that was indeed hers: a slipper of red Algerian leather!

She stood there staring, while her mind leaped back to that night months ago when she had fled, leaving this same red slipper behind her in a strange man's room. In the same instant a sound near the door of the hut caused her instinctively to push the drawer and its contents out of sight. There was not time, however, to put back the flap of the desk, for Stella already stood in the doorway, drawing sweetly:

"Oh, here you are! I wondered where you'd got to!"

Felicia felt thankful to be holding a lighted cigaret, for that helped to lend an air of casualness to the situation.

"Yes," she replied, with a coolness she was far from feeling. "I came in here by accident and was just looking at this desk. It's an exact copy of one my father owned." She moved away from it as she spoke, and sat down.

"Fenn's desk," observed Stella indifferently. "All this junk is his—brought over from Tagati, and stuffed in here, I suppose, till he has time to place it about the house."

The girl remembered then the circumstances in which she had seen it before—that day at the mine when she and Fenn had talked books! Fenn's desk—and with her slipper in its secret drawer! She felt the blood creeping away from her heart.

Stella, meanwhile, had just helped herself to a cigaret when another shadow fell across the doorway. A native appeared—a boy whose face seemed only vaguely familiar to Felicia, but whom Stella recognized at once.

"Bointjees! What do you want?" Boontjees tendered a letter. Stella seemed unable to decipher its address in

the growing dimness of the hut and carried it outside to examine. The boy remained until she turned to him with a gesture of dismissal.

"All right, Boontjees. Chela lo Baas lungela." ("Tell your master 'All right.'")

"A message for Dick," she mentioned briefly to Felicia. But the girl's mind was completely detached from Stella and her doings. She was thinking fiercely:

"I must have my slipper back. I will have my slipper back." Her only interest in the letter was that she hoped it would mean Stella's having to go away to answer it, leaving her alone in the hut; but nothing so opportune occurred. Mrs. Cardross banked herself comfortably with cushions on the divan and stayed chatting idly until the voices of the men were heard, recalling them both to their duties as guests.

Dinner and the evening that followed were to Felicia like a nightmare that would never end, but at last she was back in the room from which she had issued so happily a few hours before. Now she felt dully miserable, with a misery she would not examine. It was enough to know it was there, like a thorn fastened in the flesh.

She found it difficult to remember distinctly all that had passed between the time of leaving the summerhouse with Stella until final good nights were said. Certain incidents, and one unforgettable one, stood out strongly; for the rest, her mind was vague.

She remembered playing bridge for a while and losing rubber after rubber with Castleton against Randal and Stella. And once she had sat apart with Dick, listening to his plans for a trip alone with his wife, soon. His eyes had glistened with a humble joy, and a phrase had come unbidden to her mind: "Worshipping at an empty shrine!" Then Randal had played the piano, while they listened silently. Strange what a gift for musical expression he possessed! She would never forget his playing of Beethoven's "Appassionata," not only because of its special reference to her own life, but because Dick, to her astonishment and displeasure, called attention to the fact.

"You ought to be exceedingly proud. Shonnie," he observed, "to be named Appassionata after that magnificent work—Beethoven's masterpiece!"

"What?" gasped Castleton.

Felicia flushed scarlet, giving Dick an indignant look; but he sat there nodding.

"You didn't know that our Shonnie's second name was Appassionata, did you, Castleton?" he asked. "Hence the pet name, you see."

"I didn't know you knew either, Dick," said Felicia, and was about to add angrily: "It being a private matter, not meant for the use of the rabble," when Stella's trilling laugh rose.

"Appassionata! How too fantastic! But just like silly parents. They don't care how ridiculous they make us look when we are no longer babies!"

And just like her to throw dust and derision on what was beautiful, thought Felicia furiously, and stood up suddenly, straight and tall. She could have struck the smile from that mocking face, but the voice of Patrick Fenn, cool and tonic as water, fell upon the heated moment:

"There is nothing ridiculous about such a name but rather, as Dick has said, something to be proud of—something fair and splendid to live by to the end of one's days."

As suddenly as she had risen Felicia found herself sitting down again, saved from she knew not what impulsive act. "Of course you would be sentimental!

Pat, on the subject of parents," said the tormentor.

Whatever he may have felt, Fenn gave no sign, but with a careless air said the bravest thing Felicia had heard in her life, and in the saying wiped out, in her sight at least, many misdeeds.

"Yes, a nameless vagabond might easily become oversentimental about other people's parents—that is understandable, perhaps; but it doesn't make any difference to the essential beauty of the matter under discussion!"

"The matter under discussion!" Felicia's heart had thanked him for sparing her another sickening repetition of that name. But what an incident and what an evening! She would be thankful when it was over—which was not yet! There was still that to do which would require all her nerve, but which must be done before she could sleep in peace.

It had become an obsession with her—an all-absorbing, pressing need—to retrieve her slipper. The matter seemed almost like retrieving honor itself, for at least it composed evidence of shame and dishonor in others, indirectly involving her own, and until she could get her property safely back and be able to dismiss the hateful incident from her memory, life would be intolerable.

So her mind was made up, her plan of action clear—not for nothing had she been so distraught all the evening!—to steal out to the summerhouse when all was quiet, open again the secret drawer and take out that which lay therein.

Putting on a little dark cloak over her white dress, and soft heelless shoes, she stole out at last by her secret door into the silent garden. She had a pocket flashlight with her for scanning the path from time to time, and in a few minutes she had reached her destination. But a tiny stone had worked itself into her loose shoe, and her first thought was to sit down to shake out the shoe.

To her horror as she sat there she heard stealthy footsteps on the path! Someone was abroad and bound for the summerhouse! In an instant she had darted into a curtained recess.

Only just in time! A second later a man entered, breathing quickly. He crossed the hut and sat down on the divan she had just vacated.

Barely had he done so when another form, unheralded by sound or light, stood in the doorway. This time, a match was struck, and sharp upon the impact and the flash followed the sound of voices—voices that Felicia recognized.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Didn't come to meet you, anyway. You can be sure of that!"

Fenn and Vyner! The hidden girl stood dumfounded.

"You've no business in my grounds! Nor any business back from the Cape, for that matter, without my permission. It was in the bargain that you should not return until—it suited me."

"Until Miss Lissell had gone, in fact?"

"Leave that lady's name out of it!"

"It's true, though. Anyway, I changed my mind."

"You shan't use my place for your intrigues, however."

"Sh!" muttered Vyner, as well he might, for yet another torch flickered and another step stealthily approached! This time it was Stella who stepped noiselessly into the hut and threw a search ray around!

"Pat!" she exclaimed, and then: "Padge!"

"Yes," observed Fenn bleakly. "All arrived for the rendezvous, apparently."

She peered from one to the other, then answered him coolly: "I don't remember inviting you to it though!"



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"It is a rendezvous, then," said he slowly. "My Lord! If you're not a pair—with Dick lying just over the way!"

"Don't be Pecksniffian," was Stella's reply, but when she spoke again an extraordinary change had come into her voice, a melancholy cadence that the hidden listener had never heard from those lips before. "Tell me, Pat, have you never been a woman's lover, and waited for her in the darkness of the night—by stealth?"

Fenn made a short harsh sound. Softly Stella answered her own question:

"You know you have—and for me!"

Still no word from the man she addressed.

"You needn't mind Padge," she pursued with sad mockery. "He has always known that you and I were lovers, once—and has had to put up with it, haven't you, Padge?"

If there was any answer to this query, Vyner did not choose to make it, but Fenn broke silence at last, violently.

"It's one thing to take a woman when you think she's free, and for you only! But quite another to carry on an intrigue with her under the cloak of friendship with her husband. To eat a man's salt while you steal his wife!"

"Hush!" chided Stella. "We don't want Dick attracted to this happy reunion."

For a moment the consideration of her cynicism distracted Fenn from his personal rancor. "I sometimes wonder what your heart is made of, Stella!"

Again she answered him with that soft and bitter melancholy. "You ought to know, for I gave it to you years ago. And I swear by my last breath that no one has had it since."

He laughed briefly, sardonically. "Looks like it!" he said.

"It is true, though," Her voice dragged suddenly and ended in a long sob. But Fenn remained unmoved.

"If it's true, so much the worse for you. It means nothing to me. You've a strange way of showing even what you call friendship—incivility and insult at every turn!"

"Because I love you," she said wildly. "Because I want you. I have kept on with Padge only to be in touch with you—to see you daily."

"That will do."

"Haven't I tried to get you back time after time? And haven't you repulsed me—maddened me almost to the point of murder?"

"Murder?" he repeated somberly. "Whose murder—and why? Nothing can bring back lost dreams, Stella, and mend broken faith. But what's the good of standing here talking!"

"I was wondering," observed Vyner dryly. "But since you two appear to be entertained—"

"I'll go," said Fenn abruptly. "Only, once and for all, Vyner!—let this be the last time I find you on my property." He did not wait for an answer, but as he reached the doorway Stella sent him a last cry:

"Forgive me, Pat, for what I said to-night. It is all part of my pain—the goading necessity to goad you. But I'm sorry!" There seemed to be genuine despair in her voice.

"All right," he said. "Good night!" Afterwards, when the light sound of his feet passing through the garden had died away, she recovered herself enough to throw a taunt at Vyner:

"Quite like old times meeting you here, my dear Padge!"

"I realize, of course," he answered, "that you got my note to Miss Lissell—and opened it!"

"Naturally. You don't suppose I was

going to let an unmarried girl in my care meet you here late at night?"

"You're the most unprincipled woman I know, Stella!" Vyner muttered without admiration.

"Quite a distinction!"

"You've managed to make a mess all round tonight."

"You ought to be thanking me for keeping you from having your head broken, as it certainly would have been if Pat had suspected it was Shonnie you were plotting to see!"

"I can look after my own head, thanks!"

"You always were an ungrateful beast, Padge!"

"Sorry!"

"As for meeting Shonnie, try again, if you like—"

"Thanks; I intend to."

"—and I'll promise not to interfere. After all, now that Dick has got his money it would suit me if you married her."

It was at this juncture that the person alluded to, in a state of foaming rage, chose to break up a situation that had gone steadily from bad to worse, and now had become intolerable.

"I'm sorry," she said perfunctorily, but raging as they first threw a light on her, then drew back staggered. "I have been eavesdropping entirely against my will. The rôle was thrust upon me. I came here to fetch something, and when two men appeared, I hid, hoping they would go away."

"Instead, you arrived, Stella, and immediately things were said that made me feel I could not make my presence known without—without absolutely shaming three people to death. I can only say that I will try to forget everything I have heard, blot every word completely from my memory."

"Shonnie," broke in the man pleadingly, "won't you let me tell my side?" But the sound of her name on his lips was enough to rouse all her revulsion.

"Colonel Vyner, you must never speak to me again, unless it can't be helped. Any friendship with you is over—finished forever."

As she moved quickly to the door Stella's voice arrested her momentarily: "Shonnie! You won't say—you won't do anything to let Dick think—"

Felicia turned on her contemptuously. "Haven't I told you I mean to blot the whole miserable thing from my mind? But I must go as soon as I can."

Yet a spasm of pity seized her for this unhappy woman who, possessing beauty and brains and with love at her disposal, was sunk so deep in duplicity and faithlessness that life never could become fair and lovely for her again!

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I'll try not to do anything that will harm you in any way. But it will be impossible for me to stay at Mañana."

On that she left them, going swiftly through the fragrant dew-laden garden to her room, which seemed a haven of sweetness and whiteness after those dark waters into which she had looked.

Only as she laid her head upon the pillow did she remember that what she had set out to do had not been done. Still, recovery of her slipper seemed not to matter so much—now!

Stella kept her room all next morning, and indeed no one made an appearance until luncheon time, when Fenn greeted Felicia with the polite hope that her night had been a good one. For an instant her glance flickered, startled, but his gaze was clear and his words were obviously free of any meaning but the conventional English one.



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He and Dick were just in from the lands. The other two men had made an early dash for the dorp.

As for Stella, she looked so fresh and pretty that it was no wonder Fenn forgot to inquire concerning her night. She proffered the information voluntarily, however.

"I've had a perfectly splendid night and morning, and feel like one John Smith. What about that shooting, Pat?"

"The shooting's all right—if you both feel up to it, towards evening?" He looked inquiringly at Felicia, who answered promptly:

"I do."

"And your medico allows it?" He turned to Randal.

"Medico be blowed," laughed Stella; "we're all right. It's imperative, too, to get in as much as we can, because Shonnie and I have been talking things over, and she wants to be off earlier than she planned originally. I don't blame her either. I should love to be shaking the dust of Rhodesia off my feet!"

No one else took the news so blithely. In fact, Dick looked petrified, Randal sulkier than ever, and Castleton flabbergasted. What Fenn thought did not appear on the surface, though Stella scanned him narrowly. He merely said, with formal courtesy:

"I hope you won't cut *this* visit shorter than expected, Miss Lissell. That would be a disappointment to us all."

Stella at once opened her lips to reply, but Felicia, seeing the intention, nipped ahead of her.

"I wouldn't dream of breaking up your party. It is only when we leave here that I really *must* move on."

"I thought we had you for another month at least!" croaked Dick dismally. Mañana would not be the same without her, he thought.

"It's perfectly understandable that she wants to go, Dicky," said his wife. "But of course"—to Felicia—"men never *will* understand that women love to change their plans at a moment's notice. Besides, I think you are right—the Mad-doxes would be hurt if you didn't go to them for a little while."

Thus did Stella successfully launch the news of her guest's imminent departure without detriment to herself, throwing all the onus of changed plans where they did not belong and making her visitor appear a thoroughly capricious person.

Luncheon over, they tried out a dozen new phonograph records brought back from the dorp by Castleton; and to the dance music Stella did some light-foot "exhibition" *pas-seuls*. Whether they liked her or not the men's eyes were drawn to her.

Nor could Felicia withhold admiration for the superb powers of camouflage that enabled Stella to carry on the game so gayly, smothering down defeat under laughter! Always taking it for granted, of course, that there *was* a heart in that soft bosom?

But what human mind can judge the deeps of another human soul? If outward appearance deliberately sets itself to obscure real things, where is verity to be found?

Felicia herself felt curiously at peace. Spite of the horrid revelations of the night, she now "knew where she was," so to speak, in relation to the rest of them, and relief tempered disgust. Other thoughts too brought repose!

Sometimes as they all watched the dancing she glanced at Fenn. The hardness, the implacability of his expression gave her a sense of security, since she knew now that he used those qualities not dangerously but for straight dealing.

When they all met again at tea time, prior to starting for the shoot, Stella was *très chic*, all in white with breeches and Norfolk coat of duck and serviceable brogues and gaiters. Felicia's kit too was practical, but with special touches of her own: breeches and loose coat of a pale gray material; gray antelope boots and gaiters; a helmet lined with blue-green that echoed itself in the depths of her eyes. She was sparkling with an eagerness she could not conceal and something in Fenn's keen eyes sparkled back at her as she came into the stoep.

"A lovely day for killing something," he remarked, with a smile. "That's supposed to be the sporting attitude, isn't it?"

"Personally, it's a libel," she said. "I never care to kill for killing's sake."

They sat down side by side on a long settle. Across the way Stella was pouring tea and Randal handing it around.

"Leopards are cheeky brutes and more treacherous to hunt than any animal I know," said Fenn. "However, I don't suppose there's a hope of seeing our fellow in daylight, but we're sure, I think, to get a chance at the koodoo. They sometimes drink towards evening at a river pool we call the 'i-Nconyane' that I intend to take you people to—"

He stopped, seeing that she was looking strangely across the stoep at something beyond the others, something that moved, for she followed it with a traveling glance and her eyes were stricken. Startled, he looked too, but could see nothing; his glance returned to her face and he saw that her lovely color had faded, leaving her ivory-white.

"Is anything the matter?" he demanded in a low tone. She turned a haunted gaze on him and said softly, almost soundlessly:

"Someone is—going away—soon!"

Afterwards he scarcely could be sure she had spoken, so faint and deathlike her voice, so dreamlike her gaze, fastened, it seemed, on some other dream. But suddenly she gave a sigh and sat back on the settle.

"You feel better?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes. It's gone!" she answered abruptly, and closed her eyes.

The others were rising now, and so did they. Fenn's dogs, lying about the stoep, bestirred themselves and began to whine and prance with excitement at sight of the guns. Stella came over carrying hers—a beautifully finished, sporting Mannlicher—with the carefulness of one accustomed to handling firearms.

"That's a little gem," Felicia was striving hard to throw off the strange absorption that had overtaken her. "Where did you buy it, Stella? I'd like to own one like it!"

"Paget Vyner gave it to me," said Stella laconically, and there was an instant's awkward silence, broken by Fenn with a generous word.

"He couldn't have given it into more expert hands! I'll never forget that regiment of bottles you polished off one afternoon—every neck shattered!"

"Yes. I've had plenty of practice on whisky bottles. They are targets we never lack at Mañana." Dick's face took on a dark flush. "Are we taking all these dogs with us?" she inquired of Fenn, with a disdainful air.

"Of course not. No dogs! If they get on the track of the koodoo there'll be no koodoo for us, and if they get on the track of the leopard there'll be no dogs." He signaled a boy hovering near the entrance.

"Bopa the dogs, Mabunu!"

It was pathetic to see the crestfallen air that instantly fell upon every dog



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and the battery of reproachful glances they turned on their master at the sound of the word *bopa* ("lie up"). A scuffle ensued, and as the party left the house a storm of melancholy howls arose from the back precincts.

Straggling down the avenue in single file, all more or less preoccupied with their own thoughts, the party presently got beyond the homestead boundaries, and at a signal from Fenn, who led the way, struck off at right angles to a side gate that led into the veld. Sheer open veld it was, but with the bush carefully thinned out and only the finest trees left.

Soon the wild things began to make their presence felt: a group of duiker went by in the distance; a pair of ruddy little steinbok stared for a moment with fascinated gaze, then bolted; a slender rietbok doe fled past like the wind; half a dozen wild duck disported themselves on some broad shallows near by.

As they drew nearer the i-Nconyane, a more profound silence fell upon the party. Except for the rustle of trees, the occasional coo of a dove and the distant ring of some native woodcutter's ax, even the forest seemed uncannily silent.

Suddenly Stella, loitering in the rear, gave a tiny cry of pain that reached the man nearest her, who happened to be Randal. He turned back at once to see what was wrong.

"My ankle!" she murmured, and as he came up he could see that she was pale and had her teeth set into her lower lip.

"A sprain?" he inquired sympathetically enough, but reflecting inwardly, "What a curse women are on the veld! Always something!"

"No. I don't think so; just a rick, but"—she smiled ruefully—"enough to do me in for the time being. I'll have to rest it a bit. Do you mind giving me your arm, and I'll hobble to that little kop and sit down."

She pointed ahead to a pile of rock and trees—a sort of small clumpy kopje round which the others were just disappearing.

"I know the place well, every inch of it, and the kop has a view right down to the i-Nconyane. Even if I'm out of the fun I can watch it going on."

He relieved her of her gun and she took his arm, limping along beside him, wincing a little but perfectly cheerful. He could not help admiring her spirit. When they came round the clump they saw that the others were about a hundred yards ahead, already debouching in stalking fashion along the river bank.

"Just give me a hand up here," said Stella, and with his help she managed to scramble onto a large flat rock and seat herself. "Now be off to join them."

But he hesitated, until she reiterated, rather impatiently, that she'd be all right and wished to be left alone.

"I'm not a spoil-sport," she declared. "And don't let the others worry, either. Just say it's a little twist and that I preferred to wait here—I never was keen on the old i-Nconyane, anyhow. I've waited there too often without getting a shot at anything."

After that Randal, having laid her gun beside her, made off at drill time to join the others. Once he looked back and saw her busily massaging her ankle.

The i-Nconyane Pool lay in the shallow bed of the river; at least the bed appeared shallow, but the center of the pool must have been deep, for it never had been known to dry up even in the worst drought: a sedgy reed-fringed pool, the clear river sand about it deeply indented with hoof-marks of all kinds, while on the far bank, leading down to the water between great thorn trees, were many game tracks, those narrow unmistakable *sentiers* made by the slender, delicately stepping feet of generations of buck. Nothing was in sight at the moment, but as Fenn had said, it was the koodoo's drinking hour, and they might turn up at any moment.

Randal related in a few words the mishap to Stella, and there were expressions of sympathy, but no one took it seriously. Things like that happened at every shoot.

At Fenn's direction they now took up positions in which to wait for the quarry, sitting in a half-circle on the near bank, each hidden from the pool by natural cover and at a distance of about five yards from each other. Dick and the doctor were in the front line nearest the pool, with Felicia, Fenn and Castleton to their rear. Naturally no one sat in anyone else's line of fire.

Felicia was uncommonly skillful and careful with a gun, and Fenn was one of the best shots in the country. Randal, though careful, was an indifferent shot; therefore it was preferable to have him in front. Cardross, very reliable, had lately lost his distance sight, so he too had been given an orchestra stall nearest the river. The three native boys lay flat on their stomachs in the grass a little way behind Fenn: their work would come later when, and if, there was a kill.

Once comfortably in their places and concealed from anything approaching the far bank, they kept absolute silence, even smoking being taboo, as the wind lay in a direction favorable to the game. In connection with this fact it suddenly occurred to Fenn to wonder if Stella would remember to refrain for once from her everlasting cigaret. If she didn't she might entirely ruin their luck.

With this idea in mind he laid down his gun and slung round the field glasses on his shoulder. It took a second or two to locate her, and just as he succeeded in adjusting the lenses for a "close-up," an excited murmur came from Randal: "Now we shan't be long!"

The distant but sharp crack of a breaking twig indicated that something was approaching the water hole, though it was not yet near enough to fire at. But Fenn, instead of turning to the pool and seizing his gun, remained transfixed, staring backwards at Stella.

For she, whom he had expected to see sitting moodily nursing her ankle and probably smoking, was standing erect, gun at shoulder and apparently sighting along the barrel in their direction! Evidently her intention was to take a long try for the koodoo, and more than a long try, for the kopje was three hundred yards off and the distance to the opposite bank would bring it up to three hundred and fifty yards at least.

A limit shot! But surely for that her direction was too far right! Her direction? . . . Yes, by heaven (his heart almost stood still as he realized it), Felicia Lissell sat in the direct line of her fire! These conclusions raced through his brain with lightning speed and simultaneously words leaped to his lips:

"Duck, Shonnie! . . . Duck your head!"

Did Fenn's cry save Felicia from the bullet Stella sent hurtling toward her? This question and others are answered in Cynthia Stockley's Final Installment of her Novel of the Veld—Next Month

Father's Day by J. P. McEvoy (Continued from page 84)

of good old Al's, but I suppose you know by this time that Al is in bad shape in a private sanitarium here suffering from a nervous breakdown brought on by overwork and worry.

Al was always a great hand for worrying and I guess maybe I'm somewhat responsible in this case because it was through me that he got the job of National Chairman. I thought he'd sort of get a big kick out of being top dog in the Father's Day campaign and of course if he had put it over he certainly would have got a lot of credit. Well, life is like that!

Meanwhile, boys, we're up against a tough problem. Father's Day is only a few weeks away. The other companies, Buzza, Gibson, Davis, Volland, Cincinnati Art—the whole shebang—have been out mopping up. You've only had your samples a few weeks, but boys, even if you've been late through no fault of ours, you've still got the best all-around humdinger of a he-Father Line in the field—the best heart-warming sentiments, the

swellest art, the finest assortment of domestic and imported novelty papers, and above all, our exclusive chromo-tint and perroquet color processes.

Now don't be goofy. Don't let that Buzza bunch burn you up about having the only official Father's Day sentiment in "Father o' Mine."

That doesn't mean a thing. It's a good item but we've got a dozen better ones with more real honest-to-gosh he-throbs in them.

The next two weeks is going to be the crucial time in the whole history of our career.

We must take a twenty-five percent increase over the corresponding two weeks' totals of last year or else we are making a bum out of this beautiful Father's Day idea.

Boys! Don't throw Father's Day down! Don't throw the Home Office down. We've worked and slaved for you—especially Al, good old Al. Boys, don't throw Al down!

Remember! Get that twenty-five

percent total sales increase for good old Al.

Yours sincerely,

Old Man Gleason

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DENNY KERRIGAN
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CHICAGO

TOMORROW IS FATHERS DAY AND I AM SENDING THIS PERSONAL NIGHT LETTER OF CONGRATULATION TO ALL MY BOYS ON THE ROAD WHO PUT THE OLD GLEASON QUOTA OVER THE TOP WITH A BANG DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS AGAINST ALL ODDS AND WITH THE OLD GLEASON SPIRIT STOP ITS TOO BAD THAT BUZZA MOPPED UP WITH FATHER O MINE BUT THEY NEEDED A LITTLE INSIDE SKULLDUGGERY WORSE THAN WE DID STOP IF AL COULD HAVE STAYED ON THE JOB IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY BUT ANYWAY I AM PROUD OF YOU STOP THE WHOLE COUNTRY WILL THRILL AND GLOW TOMORROW AS MILLIONS OF GLEASON CARDS POUR INTO MILLIONS OF HOMES AND BRING MILLIONS OF SMILES TO THE FACES OF MILLIONS OF GOOD OLD DADS

STOP IT IS A TRIUMPH FOR YOU AND A TRIUMPH FOR US AND A SPECIAL TRIUMPH FOR GOOD OLD AL WHO HAS ALMOST RECOVERED NOW AND WHO THE DOCTOR SAYS WILL BE ABLE TO GO HOME TOMORROW AND SPEND FATHERS DAY IN THE BOSOM OF HIS HAPPY FAMILY

GEORGE GLEASON

Lake Minnetonka, Minn.
June 15th, 1929.

Dear Mother,

I know you will be happy to hear the good news. The doctor is going to let Al come home tomorrow. He says Al has been getting along fine, and all he needs now is a good rest away from the office and not to let him think about business at all. It is going to be wonderful to have our daddy home with us again, all to ourselves. The children are jumping up and down with joy and are planning long walks around the lake and swimming parties and fishing and everything. We are planning a delightful surprise

for him for tomorrow. As you probably don't know, tomorrow is Father's Day—I guess it's one of those silly things the Gleason Co. got up to help sell more cards. I haven't seen any of them but I thought as long as it was Father's Day and Al had so much to do with it and he was coming home to us and everything, I would have Johnny learn a nice poem about Father.

He's very quick at that sort of thing and he could get up at dinner and recite it to Al. So I went out to one of the stores and bought a lovely poem called Father o' Mine. It goes:

No friend half so near to me,
No comrade so true,
No pal half so dear to me,
Father, as you.

There's some more, but I don't remember it, but Johnny knows it by heart and I know Al is going to be just tickled pink when Johnny gets up at the table tomorrow night and recites it with the

gestures he has been practicing all day. All the children send love and so does Your loving daughter,
Mary

(From the Minneapolis Tribune—
June 17th)

"LOCAL BUSINESS MAN STRICKEN
"Al Evans, connected with the Gleason Co., local greeting-card manufacturers, was taken to a private sanitarium last night suffering a relapse of a nervous breakdown for which he had been under treatment for several weeks. Yesterday he had been allowed to return home, apparently cured, and was having dinner with his family, when without warning he was seized with a violent hysterical fit. Neighbors were hurriedly called in and the unfortunate man rushed to the sanitarium for treatment. It was reported last night that his condition was grave—he continually recites something that sounds like poetry and calls loudly for Father o' Mine. His father has been notified."

What Shall I Tell My Son? by Rose Wilding (Continued from page 85)

specializing and Marie had a natural gift with children. Clive adored her and she gave him every attention. She was also very fond of me, though, as I knew, she did not share my opinions.

Interiorly she was shocked at the idea that Clive was not legitimate. She would not even discuss my point of view and was really hurt because I would not adopt the title of "Mrs." As I was still known under my writing name this was not a matter of general comment, and though I did not wear a wedding ring, among those who did not know the truth about Clive this passed as an eccentricity.

Marie, however, could not forget the circumstances of the child's birth and I discovered she spoke of him to outsiders as a nephew whom I had adopted. I shall never forget my indignation when I discovered what she was saying, and on the impulse of the moment I decided to get rid of her. But it was difficult. It would be bad for Clive if Marie left. I could not devote my time to him because I had to earn the living. Money was necessary for the home. I could not adequately fill the two parts. Besides, Marie loved him, loved him tenderly.

I spoke to her strongly and insisted that if she ever repeated the lie we should have to part. I was the boy's mother. It was a glory and a pride to me. I must be spoken of as his mother to all the world.

It was when the child began to talk that I realized my protest had been made too late. The word "Auntie" was continually on his pretty lips.

I knew that if this were not stopped immediately the idea would be implanted in Clive's mind so firmly that it would be difficult to eradicate. But what was I to do? I could have taken the boy away with me, removed him from familiar surroundings and infantile impressions until he accepted me as his mother, but it would have meant the sacrifice of my ambition; I should have had to give up my work. I should have sunk the woman in the mother and like innumerable others have been a mother and nothing else.

I decided that I would wait until Clive was old enough for me to explain the truth to him. After all, a child of mine must eventually recognize the truth. There seemed no immediate need to trouble his small mind.

There was never any question whether Marie's influence would be greater than

my own. I simply did not take such a possibility into consideration. Clive was my child and would understand me as I him.

Life went smoothly for me from a literary point of view, and socially I was equally a success. The fact that I had dared to have a child and yet remain unmarried increased my sales immensely. My emotional life was strong and I used to rush up to the nursery when I had finished a particular piece of work and hug my little son in rapturous delight that he was mine. I told him stories and he listened with grave inquiring eyes. The marvel of him was never-ending.

It was after a childish accident that the first faint beginnings of doubt entered my mind. *Did my child wholly belong to me?* He was going out for a walk with Marie. Listening, I could hear his little feet toddling upon the stairs; I caught Marie's whispered caution to go quietly as they passed my room where I sat writing.

The small feet stumbled; Clive gave a cry and fell down the stairs into the passage. I flew to him, but it was to Marie that he clung, screaming, hiding his face tight on her shoulder. He wasn't even aware of my existence, and when I tried to take him from her, he clung the tighter, screaming, "No. No."

I had him with me a good deal after that, but he was not entirely happy with me. I don't mean that he cried or fretted but he was terribly polite. I suppose he had grown up with the belief that he must always be quiet because of my work, so that he could not regard me as he did Marie—as someone to play with, laugh with and be adorably naughty with.

It hurt me at first but after all, what could I do to alter things? I was father to him as well as mother and I never believed in sentimentalism. I had to work, I wanted to work and without it Clive could not have had the advantages I was able to give him as a child and later as a schoolboy.

Now I have always had strong views against standardizing a child's mind. I do not like collective teaching and I did not like the idea of school for Clive. You see, I wanted him to develop individually, free from all inhibitions, with every opportunity of expressing his ego.

I engaged a governess to teach him, a clever, brainy girl who shared my views. The arrangement should have answered perfectly but somehow things went

wrong. Clive grew mopy, lost his appetite. Marie said he fretted for the companionship of other children. It was so like her to trot out this stale old argument, but all the same I was conscious of a growing estrangement from my child.

I had determined to break down all convention in his upbringing but to my dismay I found that a child is the most conventional thing under the sun. He did not flourish, and in despair I took him to a doctor, a famous man. He said exactly the same as Marie. Clive must have children of his own age to play with.

I had to let him go.

Instinctively I felt that things were not right between my boy and me. I knew I was going to be hurt and Clive with me. Almost unconsciously I contrived to leave him more with Marie. He was nearly seven and without being showy was a clever child. He did not talk much about his school and as with most boys it was difficult to get any direct information. He simply wouldn't answer questions.

One day I found Clive standing by the window in my room. He was very quiet. His nurse had gone out and he felt lonely. He had been crying: I hated to see his beautiful eyes all red.

"What's the matter, my darling?" I said, and hugged him close. But he would not tell me until suddenly the words came tumbling out on top of each other.

"Oh, dear!" he said. "I do want a mummy, a real mummy. Other boys have got mummies! I want one too."

I took him in my arms. I was terribly upset and I cried with him, telling him over and over again I was his mother, his own mummy who loved him more than all the world.

It was an awful moment. I could not make the child believe me. He insisted with a terrible obstinacy that I was "Auntie." I was conscious of a look almost of hatred in his eyes, the distrust, the anguish of a small child who feels he is being cheated.

It was an incredible situation; somehow I could not deal with it. I had never seen myself save as his mother. It seemed to me too ghastly that he should not know this instinctively. But with a dreadful clarity I realized how it all had come about.

It had seemed so beautifully simple

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to have a child, to bring him up in truth and candor. Where had I gone wrong? What had I done that he should turn from me? There came to me then, faintly at first, the understanding that in putting my work before my child I had lost something I could not replace. I had let Marie have her own way. Clive had thought of me as Auntie in spite of all my protests, and with the terrible simplicity of childhood he could not regard me as anything else.

And yet, how could I have acted otherwise? Clive needed things he could not have had unless I worked. Of my own choice I preferred to supply him with those needs. I had refused to let Frank help. I was the person who had wanted Clive. He was my son, and mine alone.

I had an angry scene with Marie. I told her if ever again she spoke of me to Clive as his aunt she would have to go. She gave me a curious look.

"It will make things harder for the boy," she said. "While he calls you 'Auntie' he has nothing to be ashamed of."

Ashamed! I think I could have killed her. Ashamed that he was the child of love, of desire, deliberately chosen!

"He's beginning to wonder already," said Marie. "What you've done may seem very fine to you but you've never really considered Clive. A child's got its rights, same as you and me."

Clive's rights! Why, I had never denied them. I had planned to give him the right to lead his own life, to choose his own career. He was to be free, with every right. Marie could not see this, but Clive would when he was older.

After the summer holidays I sent Clive to another school. Those holidays were wonderful to me. I had finished my novel and so had been able to take Clive alone to the seaside. We played together, and, removed from the influence of old surroundings and with occasional promptings, he fell into the habit of calling me "Mother." It seemed to me that all my hopes and aspirations would be justified.

Clive's new school was for boys only. He threw there and grew to be quite a little man. He used to come to me most days of his own accord and I would put aside my work to listen to his chatter.

One day he looked at me for a long time and then asked abruptly: "Where is my daddy?"

I wasn't unprepared for the question. It was inevitable. I told Clive the truth. His father was a long way off, at the other side of the world.

"Why?" he said. "Other boys have their daddies at home. Mine never even comes to see me."

It was astounding that the boy should seem to accept the presence of a father as a right. He had never known his father and it had not occurred to me that a mother's devotion would not be all-sufficient. It was beyond my comprehension.

Frank had often seen Clive when he was a baby but since then he had ceased to come. I did not want him. The tie between us was of necessity impermanent. I had loved him; loved him dearly. He had given me the greatest desire of my life; the thing for which I had longed and waited since by earliest girlhood. He had given me my son.

Having reached that apex of fulfillment I could not decline to an ordinary intrigue. I wanted to cut him out of my life, to think of him always with tenderness and gratitude, but as of the dead.

The community of interest, the steady affection which make up home were never present between us. We had known and admitted this.

I told Clive vaguely that he would see his father before long. It was weak of me but with those blue eyes staring steadily into mine, I literally could not say anything else. I could not tell a direct lie and say that his father was dead. I knew instinctively he would ask when and where it had occurred. Once I had launched on a deliberate misstatement, what would have happened to my dreams of truth and candor, freedom and pride?

He used to ask when his father was coming, but after a while he seemed to forget again. But he had not forgotten. Marie told me he was having a bad time at school. He had fought one little boy who said he hadn't a father; challenged to prove it, he had smitten the questioner on the nose.

I felt the barrier between us growing up again but I could not do anything to break it. I was afraid of emphasizing what appeared to Clive to be a grievance. Time would show that I was right.

The boy questioned me further. "Do grown-up ladies always marry, Mother?" he asked one afternoon.

"Not always," I explained, and waited for the inevitable.

"Ladies can't have children if they're not married, can they, Mother? Georgie says they can, but they oughtn't to."

Oh, how I hated Georgie! That miserable small boy stood for the world's criticism, the criticism that I felt was going to come between my child and me.

"You're wrong, darling," I said. "You are my little son but I am not married." "Did you 'dopt me?" he said.

I told him I had wanted a little son so much that he had come to me without being married. All my beliefs, my passionate faith and independence flashed back in the answer. I had a right to my own life, I would not deny myself.

Clive considered the reply and then retorted: "But you said I had a daddy."

There was no answer to this—what answer could I make to so small a boy? I fell back on the conventional attitude that I had so often denounced, a mean evasion of a child's honest questions. "You'll understand when you grow older, darling. Now run away and play."

In the months that followed the still, small thought reared itself in my mind over and over again.

Was I entirely justified in having Clive? Was it possible that the child himself had a point of view I had not understood?

Again and again I put it from me. He had me, his mother. He was the fruit of unassailable conviction. I grew angry at my doubt but it persisted. I answered every possible argument: I brought all my forces of logic to bear on its suppression. Nevertheless at odd moments, in the midst of my work, at night when I could not sleep, again and again this scorpion of disbelief attacked me.

Had I the right? . . . There was one terrible night when the thought clothed itself in those actual words.

The time came when Clive had to leave his preparatory school. I wanted him to go to a public school. I had steadily saved for that end. But I found myself faced with unexpected difficulties. To my flaming indignation I discovered that English public schools do not welcome children born out of wedlock.

This was intimated to me courteously but inevitably. I realized I should have to send Clive's birth certificate and that he would start his school career under

a cloud for which not I but the conventions of society were responsible. He would not blame me when he understood but he was not yet old enough for me to state the case.

I had to put the idea of a public school from me. Clive was disappointed. I was surprised and a little resentful that he should care so much. I had to admit that my son's character and temperament were developing on quite different lines from my own. He had the same detestation of shams, and was disconcertingly truthful. But even at his age I could discern a distaste for the unusual.

His choice of toys was singularly conventional. He always preferred the standardized books beloved of Georgie—the pretty illustrations in subdued colorings; he had no use for the bold and brilliant pictures of the modern school. He was always meticulous as to details when I told him a story. He remembered exactly what I had said the day before about a hero. I dared not change the description by a hair's breadth.

It came to me with a nasty jolt that Clive would not understand why my own story was not the ordinary one of love and marriage . . .

As he grew into his teens things became more difficult. An unconscious struggle began between us. He wanted subconsciously to know about his father and in a dumb fashion was trying to raise the issue. I did not want it raised. He was still too young to understand the truth.

I arranged for him to go abroad with a tutor. He would, I hoped, lose some of his insularity in France and come back better prepared to understand my position. He came home at Christmas and in the summer, and though I was overjoyed to have him back I recognized the reserve that was growing up between us.

Clive wasn't happy. He seemed resentful that he had not had the ordinary schoolboy's existence. There broke upon me the devastating conviction that so far as Clive was concerned what had seemed to me a justifiable challenge of convention was working out as a handicap for him. It was ghastly to feel that all I had given him did not compensate for what he had lost. It was a sword in my soul. I seemed to hear him question:

"Has any woman the right to give a child a life which shuts him from common human things; from the care of a father, the right of a father's name?"

It was Oscar Wilde who said that children begin by loving their parents; go on by judging them; rarely if ever do they forgive them.

If this be true of the ordinary child, how much truer it may be of Clive when he finally realizes that by my deliberate choice he was not given a father. How shall I make him understand that to me it was a glorious act, that I never dreamed he might resent the circumstances of his birth?

When my boy was sixteen he asked me if I could afford to send him to a university. "I suppose," he said, "there's no reason why it can't be done when I'm old enough?"

It was the moment for explanation but somehow I couldn't take it. The male adolescent is far more chaste than the female and there was a fierce virginity about this tall, upspringing lad that kept me silent. He was still a stranger to sex and with the inconceivable purity of his type would have regarded my explanation with aversion. I felt that I must wait till Clive had

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awakened. His first love affair would open out channels of sympathy which I could explore.

And so time went on until now the moment has come when the truth can be kept from him no longer. He is due at the university next term. Every fact will have to be set down in black and white. He will have to be told how he came into the world. It cannot be left for him to learn by chance the circumstances of his coming.

How am I going to do it? Where is my pride, my justification in his birth? I have turned to Marie for help but she can give me none. She has offered to explain everything to Clive but that would be intolerable to me. I should have to stand before him like a prisoner at the bar.

What will the cost be when he knows? He is not a temperamental boy. He has a good brain, but with a steady bias towards the normal. He would, I think, feel pity for me if he had been the outcome of a common story—a girl betrayed and then abandoned. But it will be almost impossible to explain that of my own free will I did this thing. That I exulted in it. I dread to meet him. I feel deep down that I shall lose him. Lose him because he will feel I have cheated him for my own gratification. In his cool pleasant schoolboy voice I can hear him say, "But Mother, your own liberty should end where another person's begins."

Had I the right? This is the question which in the light of my experience I cannot answer.

I am in a state of cold despair. Slowly and surely I have reached this pass. I—I who was so sure, so joyous in the birth of my baby, must appear before him, grown to man's estate, almost as suppliant, begging for understanding, more . . . Shall I have to ask his forgiveness, forgiveness for what deep down in my soul I always thought was right?

Will he be big enough to understand? I shall know soon! I relieve the pangs that brought him into the world; shall I hold him again as my son or will he turn from—a stranger?

The Party Dress

(Continued from page 29)

actually necessary, he was fat. Wilson liked food and, especially, he liked things to drink: beer and cocktails in summer, and cocktails and whisky in winter. Wilson drank, the truth was, a great deal, but then, nearly everyone Nina knew drank a great deal, and he managed it extremely well. He was seldom drunk. But it did make him fat.

"You had better hurry up," she reminded him.

When she had married Wilson he was thin and splendid and tireless. But almost at once he had ignored all that. He had given up hard work and, except for golf, physical exercise. He had left the lumber yard, the lumber itself, for the office; and then, when his father died, the direction of the whole activity had been transferred to him. Wilson had no brothers, but two sisters, one in London and one in Oregon among the Douglas firs, and his responsibility was multiplied by three. He met it successfully, Nina acknowledged; Wilson had shown himself to be as able as his father; he made more than enough money for them all, and she could buy her dresses from Ishtarre; but suddenly she doubted the desirability of what had

happened to Wilson. Personally. For example, his stomach. Wouldn't it have been better for him, for both of them, if he had remained handsomely thin? Hadn't he paid too much for his success? Hadn't it taken too much away from him?

Naturally, she liked it; in a purely selfish way. She loved it—the dress she had on and all the other luxurious circumstances of her life—but wouldn't it be better to love Wilson?

Nina was absolutely amazed at the form her question took. She did love Wilson, she told herself sharply. There was no answering assent. Nina remembered, instead, her early feeling for him. Another realization came to her—it was more than a year since she had, in the phrase and sense common to their world, slept with Wilson. But that, she argued, had little if anything to do with love. Love and passion were, or rather, they could be, totally different.

She met her own thoughts with an unassuring heaviness of heart. She must not, she reminded herself, lose all her gaiety before the night had even begun.

Wilson, in an India-silk dressing gown she had bought for him, his hair on end, came back into their room. She ignored that, unable to escape yet from the power of her thoughts. Probably if Wilson had been better in the early days of their marriage, so had she. In the days, the truth was, when she hadn't needed dresses by Ishtarre. Her mind was getting as dark as a thundercloud. "I wish you'd hurry," she said; "I want a cocktail. I have made up my mind, Wilson, to have a wonderful time tonight. I don't know how, if you ask me, or with whom, but I'm going to just the same. I hope you won't mind."

He replied promptly, busy with his studs and a stiff shirt. "Oh, no; why should I? Of course not. Fly to it. I wanted to ask you this, Nina—do you think Francis Ambler will stop in for a cocktail before dinner?"

"He said something about it," Nina replied. "If he had time. It depended on the golf. But why?"

Wilson Henry stood before her, his waistcoat in hand. "If he did," he explained, "I thought he could drive you over to the club. I saw Cora this afternoon, and she told me that darned car of hers had broken down again. She was going to get a hack to come to the dinner. I said that was nonsense. Someone we knew could bring her. Then I thought if Francis did stop here, and he was willing to take you, I mean if you didn't mind, why, I might go for Cora and Anna Louise. I hear there is a young dinner at the club too."

Yes, Nina said, there was a young dinner—the Baches were having it for Faith. "Acton and Cordelia are going. Of course, Wilson, you must take Cora and Anna Louise. It doesn't make a particle of difference if Francis can't stop. I'll drive myself in the roadster." That annoyed Wilson Henry.

"You will do nothing of the kind! I didn't say a word about your going to the club alone. I won't have that for a minute. I said if Francis did come, and you had a way to get there, it would be polite if I stopped for Cora." Wilson's face was flushed with the energy of his resentment.

"Don't get excited," Nina advised him lightly; "and do get your waistcoat on. I told you I wanted a drink. I often go to the club alone, and I can't think why you are suddenly so upset about it. That is a dreadful car Cora has—it would be nice if you'd buy her a new one."

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"Why, Nina!" he exclaimed. "That was a very generous thought. I would never have dreamed of such a thing. I wonder, darling, if it is possible. I mean if Cora would let me. No one needs to say we gave it to her. Cora could order it." He came up to her and kissed her on the hair above an ear.

Nina Henry barely succeeded in hiding her amazement. She had not been serious about Wilson's giving Cora Lisher an automobile. She had suggested it carelessly. "It would be quite easy," she said mechanically. So Wilson's affair with Cora was serious! It was complete. Wilson had admitted that. He didn't realize it, but he had given Cora completely away.

Nina was shocked at the absence of any strong feeling in her. She had hardly more than a curiosity, an interested surprise, at the discovery that Wilson and Cora were physically involved in each other. She couldn't honestly discover that she even objected to it. She had, naturally, more than the automobile to support her conclusions.

"It won't do," he said after a long silence.

"What won't do?" Nina asked.

He stared at her in a quick anger. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "I can't understand you at all. First you make what sounded like a pleasant suggestion and then you pretend to forget all about it. I don't mind telling you what won't do, if that's it. It is impossible for me to give Cora an automobile in this town. They'd find out overnight." His voice was bitter. "What they would say about her would be enough. I hope I've made it plain to you."

Nina said calmly: "Perfectly plain. I had forgotten all about the car. To be quite honest with you, I didn't think you'd be serious. I wasn't. I don't mind your giving Cora a car, don't misunderstand that; it simply hadn't occurred to me you might. Or that she would take it."

Wilson, whose back was toward her, busied himself with his tie. "My fingers are so stiff from golf I can't tie my tie," he asserted. When he turned he was entirely composed. "We'll forget about the automobile," he proceeded. "If we get one it will be for you and not the Lishers, mother and daughter. I'll telephone Cora I won't be able to get her."

Nina contradicted him flatly. "You will do nothing of the kind. You must get her. I'm certain Francis will stop, and if he doesn't, don't be silly. I've driven myself to the club a hundred times. It's just back of us, Wilson. You sound as if the country club were really in the country."

Putting on his coat, occupied with a handkerchief, he said that, since Nina insisted, he would let Francis take her. Everything, for Wilson, it was evident, was superbly settled. Nina wondered if, actually, it could be said that she had insisted on going with Francis Ambler. That conclusion was so like Wilson. No matter how doubtfully a conversation started for him it always ended with his complete contentment. He was logical to a point and then he invariably deserted logic for comfort. Peace. It was a marvelous ability, Nina told herself. Wilson must have been deeply moved to commit himself to Cora Lisher. Nina considered her exhaustively.

Cora—she had been a Cora Bellet—came from Cedartown, a place in Georgia about which Nina knew nothing; she had met Thomas Lisher there—he had gone South in a useless search for health—and promptly married him; anyhow, Thomas had brought her back to Eastlake, and there, after a very short time,

he died and left Cora with a daughter less than a year old.

That had happened—Nina measured it by Anna Louise's age—nearly twenty years ago. Cora, for, Nina Henry was certain, the most sensible reasons, practically never went back to Georgia; she stayed, with a very small annual sum of money indeed, in the North. In her husband's town. She was a tall woman, very straight, with uncomfortably bright eyes and absolutely black hair. Her cheeks held a high natural color, and it was said there was Indian blood in her. Certainly this, judged by her appearance, was not unreasonable.

Anna Louise, however, was as pale in color as her mother was dark; she was, except for her extreme prettiness, a Lisher, a family at once old to the town of Eastlake and inherently unimpressive. The Lishers were a part of Eastlake; that was their inalienable heritage, but it was privately agreed that they possessed nothing more. Even the house Thomas Lisher had left his wife, in the old but wrong end of the town, was both reputable and incurably commonplace.

Wilson Henry asked: "What are you thinking about?" She gazed up at him, confused, and then quickly gathered her thoughts. "My new dress," she told him. "Or perhaps it was a drink." He said impatiently: "Well, I am ready. What are we waiting for?" She smiled at him and rose, conscious of the tulle skirt settling and swinging about her knees. "For me, of course," she replied.

Both of their children, Nina was surprised to find, were still downstairs. "You'd better hurry," she said to them; "you'll be late for Faith's dinner."

How, Acton asked, would they be late? "We are not having drinks; it's a club dinner, and they won't serve it before the older ones get there."

Cordelia rose from the stool by the radio.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "I'm simply crushed with admiration! It's the dress from Paris that Mrs. Gow brought, of course." Nina admitted that her dress was the one Cordelia meant. "I'm so proud of you I can scarcely breathe," Cordelia went on. "Your figure, if you are supposed to speak of your mother's figure, is miraculous. Darling, what a sensation you are and will be."

She was, Acton said, making a great deal of noise. "Mother always looks well," he continued; "personally I don't think your excitement is too flattering." He gazed at Nina calmly. "No better than usual," he decided; "maybe not quite up to her very best." Cordelia implored him not to be an idiot. She was a vigorous girl, with a large but still unemphasized body, and a face bright and animated like her father's. "Don't be an idiot, Acton. Specially don't expose your ignorance. There are some things you haven't learned yet at Princeton."

Acton was unmoved. "I might even say I don't actually like it," he proceeded. "It makes Mother look a little too public. That comes pretty near to the wrong idea."

Cordelia was scornful. "You say it does! Well, that isn't what you mean at all, but you are so innocent you don't know it. What you mean is you want her to be only a mother. It upsets you when she steps out. There, in a word, is your trouble, Acton. I must say it is very like you."

Acton Henry looked at his sister slowly and carefully. He was nineteen and, Nina thought, wholly resembled her own family. He was slight and dark, and drew his reflections, his decisions, from a

deep inner being rather than from what he found around him. Acton's first year at Princeton University had been both a personal and an academic success.

"You are losing your girlish charm," he informed Cordelia; "soon all you will have left, except a ton or two of body, will be feminine arrogance."

Often Acton and Cordelia got what Nina called "beyond her"; there were moments when they got beyond Wilson, a more notable accomplishment; but she realized that, aside from a natural love, where their children were concerned she was fortunate. They were not only good, but sensible. They were so sensible that Nina was excessively careful about what she said to them. In a great many ways they knew more than she did.

Except in the interests of appearance, Nina recognized, she engaged in little supervision of Cordelia's life and activities. The truth was that Cordelia took care of herself better than Nina could perform that office for her. She was so normal, her body was so healthy and her understanding so good, that she was free from all danger of premature passion or physical curiosity.

Wilson Henry appeared with a glass cocktail shaker wrapped in a napkin in one hand and a tray with glasses, a plate of caviar sandwiches, in the other.

"I see Father brought three glasses," Acton said. "That ought to be a hint to you, Cordelia; I mean in the way of showing where you belong."

His father glanced at him briefly. "Probably Mr. Ambler will be here," he explained.

"Nonsense, Acton," Nina added; "your father's hands were full enough. Cordelia or you can have a cocktail if you want."

Acton Henry didn't want a cocktail and Cordelia explained that she would drink part of her mother's. She did that and made a slight grimace. "In my father's orchard there are many lemons," she half chanted. That, Wilson told her, would be enough.

Nina watched them, Wilson, Cordelia and Acton, with an objective attention. Suddenly she saw them, not as a part of herself, but impersonally—a correctly dressed positive man in the middle age of his life, a slight quiet boy in a dinner jacket and white flannel trousers, a girl with broad shoulders and a high color in a printed silk dress of cool greens.

Nina saw them against the familiar background of their sitting room. Her detachment from her family was absolute. They didn't explain or control or justify her. There was not, all at once, enough of them. If they were a part of her they were not a large enough part to contain her desires or possible accomplishment. They had not absorbed her. She still had an incalculable amount to give that Wilson and Cordelia and Acton did not need and could not take.

Half her life had gone and she had not begun to be satisfied. She wanted more sensation, more music and dancing, more passion, more birth. Yes, more birth with its great tearing agony. More everything! She grew conscious again of the soft fine texture and firm support of the dress Ishtar had made. It acted upon her like a reassurance. It was like a promising whisper.

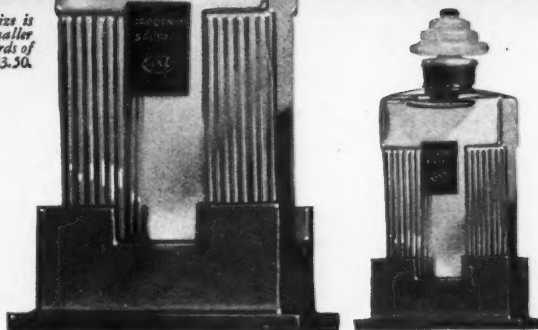
Wilson Henry said to his children: "I wish you would get off. The driveway is too narrow for a lot of cars."

Both Acton and Cordelia kissed Nina. "You will be a whirl," Cordelia asserted.

Nina saw Wilson glancing privately at the watch on his wrist. "You go, too, Wilson," she insisted. "I'll come along right away." Outside, a car departed and a car arrived. "Anyhow, there is



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Francis," she added. "Now everything is quite perfect."

"You are late," Nina said. That, Francis Ambler said, was silly when she remembered where he had to go to and come from. "We were the last to get off in the tournament, and when I left the club, Wilson was just driving away." It didn't matter, Nina added; now that he was here.

Francis kissed her on the mouth, an arm around her shoulders. "You knew I'd be here as soon as possible," he told her. "Nina, you look marvelous. What a dress that is!"

She walked slowly backward, so that he could see her better. "You are so satisfactory, Francis," she replied. He came up to her once more, quickly, and kissed her again, harder than before. "I spoke too soon," Nina added; "now I will have to do my face over. Why couldn't you wait?" He asked: "Did you expect me not to kiss you?" She smiled at him. "Of course not."

Francis Ambler was satisfactory, Nina repeated to herself. He was not good-looking, but his expression was warm and responsive; he had brown eyes, she thought, like the close texture of velvet; his lower lip drooped with more than a suggestion of sullenness. That quality, however, Nina didn't bother about. Francis naturally was spoiled. He was, as well, fifteen years younger than she; but Francis had the secure bearing common to all rich men, and he was in love with her.

Mrs. Mason Ambler and her son, Francis, were the richest people who had an essential part in the life of Eastlake. Mason Ambler had been dead more than twenty years; there were no other sons or daughters, no visible uncles and aunts; and Francis and his mother lived together in an impressive stone house, set within a whole woodland, three miles beyond the town. He had been in love with Nina, she counted, since some time before last May.

She asked herself how long she had been in love with Francis. Francis, she knew, would answer that by saying she wasn't in love with him at all. He often repeated that to her, in moods of varying intensity. Until now she had always contradicted it; she had told him again and again that she did love him; Nina insisted that she loved him devotedly. She pointed out to him and to herself that she saw no one else and she saw him all the time. As a matter of fact, every day when they were in Eastlake.

She was entirely happy with him. She did not want to be with anyone else. And those, she argued—with him and with herself—were the conditions of love. Against so much there was only one contrary fact—she had not been able to bring herself to live with him completely. Why she hadn't she didn't know, she couldn't think.

NINA was wholly candid about it, not only in her mind, but to Francis. She wasn't, she thought, a prude; she hoped she was not a coward; she said repeatedly that she loved him; but it remained that the final proof of her feeling she withheld.

Perhaps, she thought, I don't actually love Francis; it may be my love for him is a tender feeling and appreciation that isn't love. If that was so, she saw, something would have to be done about it. It was silly to keep talking about love, to demand the rewards and attentions of love from Francis, and give nothing in return.

It was different, apparently, with Cora Lisher and Wilson, and she envied them

—in her own phrase—from the bottom of her heart. She envied them an emotion that had been great enough to make them ignore so much.

"I suppose Wilson went to get Cora," Francis said.

"Her car has broken down again." Nina waited for him to say more about Wilson and Cora; he didn't, and she was disappointed. She did not want to talk about them; she wanted to hear about them. "We ought to go," she said. Francis contradicted her: "We oughtn't to go at all. We ought to stay right here. I'm getting to hate the rowdy parties at the club." That, Nina replied, was nonsense. "You like them enormously. Just think how much it charms you to dance with Anna Louise Lisher."

That didn't upset him. "I like Anna Louise a lot," he answered; "there is something very peaceful in the Lisher blood. You know that. I must have some peaceful moments, and it's clear I am never going to get them with you."

"That is like Wilson and Acton and every other boy or man I ever knew—you are all so certain and so impatient. Everything has to happen at once, on the same day, with you."

Francis Ambler was in a chair, smoking a cigaret, and he quickly laid the cigaret down and sat beside Nina on a small sofa. "That is the most you have ever said to me," he told her quietly. "If I want to I can think of it as a promise. Did you mean to say it just like that?"

Nina felt her heart hurry its beating. "I must have said a great deal," she still temporized with him. "You know what you said," Francis insisted. "I'm not trying to take advantage of you or get you in a corner."

It might have been better if he had taken advantage of her, Nina thought. Just not asked her. She almost said: "Well, why don't you?" She didn't. Instead, she fell silent. He put an arm around her and tilted up her chin. She didn't struggle or turn away from him. She shut her eyes and he kissed her harder and longer than ever before. She liked it enormously, but her head didn't swim, she knew exactly where she was, her senses showed no sign of being lost. Actually Francis held her head too far back and it hurt her neck. "That hurts," she murmured, her eyes still closed.

He rose sharply. "You are so confoundedly cold—" he began. Then evidently his sense of humor—it was very nice, Nina recognized—interrupted him. "I suppose every man who has no success says the woman he took a swing at is cold," Francis commented. "You're not cold, Nina; I know that. You just don't love me. In spite of what you said a few minutes ago. I haven't lost patience with you, but I am beginning to lose confidence in myself."

Nina said: "Don't; I can't tell you what is the matter with me, Francis. It will only make you mad again if I say I love you. But I must say it. I do love you. Men are impatient. You must realize that. I can tell you this much—I am different tonight from anything I have ever been before. I feel differently about you. I realize how patient you are." She rose and stood near him. "If you can wait a little longer, Francis, why, I think it will be all right."

"I believe you, Nina," he told her. "You have never said to me what you didn't mean. You can make your lips up now safely. I won't spoil them again, at least until after dinner."

In Francis Ambler's car she laid a hand on his knee. "You have been marvelous to me, Francis," she admitted. "I hope you don't mind loving me. I mean because I'm older. I hope I won't hurt

you." He smiled at her, his ugly sensitive face full of tenderness. "I'll ask you again, Nina," he proceeded; "will you marry me?" Her hand still rested on his knee and her fingers tightened over it. "No," she said in a clear firm voice; "I will never do that. You are too young. We will have to be happy, if we can be happy, this way. I mean," she added hastily, "without marrying. I told you not to ask me again, Francis. Well, I mean it."

"Just so I have you," Francis Ambler said; "I can be happy then. That's not particularly modest."

THE principal dinner-table, Nina found, was laid on the porch of the clubhouse; it was narrow and long; she was certain it held more than fifty places. Inside, in the main room used for dancing, there was a smaller table surrounded by a young and very polite Eastlake—Faith Bache's dinner.

There was a third, a round, table set in the small dining room and still empty. Nina saw Acton and Cordelia, and practically all the children she knew, from John Bache, who was fifteen at most, to Anna Louise Lisher, anyhow nineteen. People began to arrive more and more rapidly and gather on the porch. It was evident to Nina, from the clatter of voices, that as usual there had not been a general absence of cocktails. Evelyn Delaney, in a pale pink satin, was gayer even than ordinary. Her laugh sounded above all the voices and din. The pink satin was badly cut; it was full where it should have been tight, it was drawn where it should have been full. The result, Nina thought, was that Evelyn looked like a lot of round pink cabbages.

Evelyn Delaney, Nina recognized, was not very different from herself, except in the hang of their dresses. In reality Evelyn's state of mind was the same as practically every other woman's there. They were all glad that they were at the country club and not home with the endless problems created by husbands and children and servants. It was an amusing realization—every woman Nina could see was trying to escape, if only for a few hours, from her life and her responsibilities.

She saw women who, she knew, loved their husbands, faithful women; she saw unfaithful women who detested the men they were married to; women who were totally indifferent; but they were all, floating for the moment on a temporary romantic tide of gin and orange juice, relieved to be comparatively free. They said and looked things they didn't mean at men who knew they didn't mean them; yet the men generously, or hopefully, helped to sustain the wide illusion of gayety, of tremendous passionate possibilities, of improprieties soon to be realized.

Nina saw Wilson and Cora Lisher leaning with their backs at the porch rail. They were an exception to all that had been in her mind. They looked, she thought, calm and satisfied. Wilson was talking in a quiet voice; Cora was listening with her hands caught together and her gaze on his face. She, too, had on black, but her dress was obviously cheap. Her face was strong and clear and without a trace, a sign, of age. She was at least forty. Cora looked so quiet and moral among all the uproar of pretense and insinuation that Nina Henry was obliged to suppress what must appear to be an idiotic giggle. Cora Lisher and Wilson were the gravest people on the clubhouse porch.

Joel Bache, who was Faith Bache's father and lived beside the Henrys on North Avenue, stopped beside Nina.

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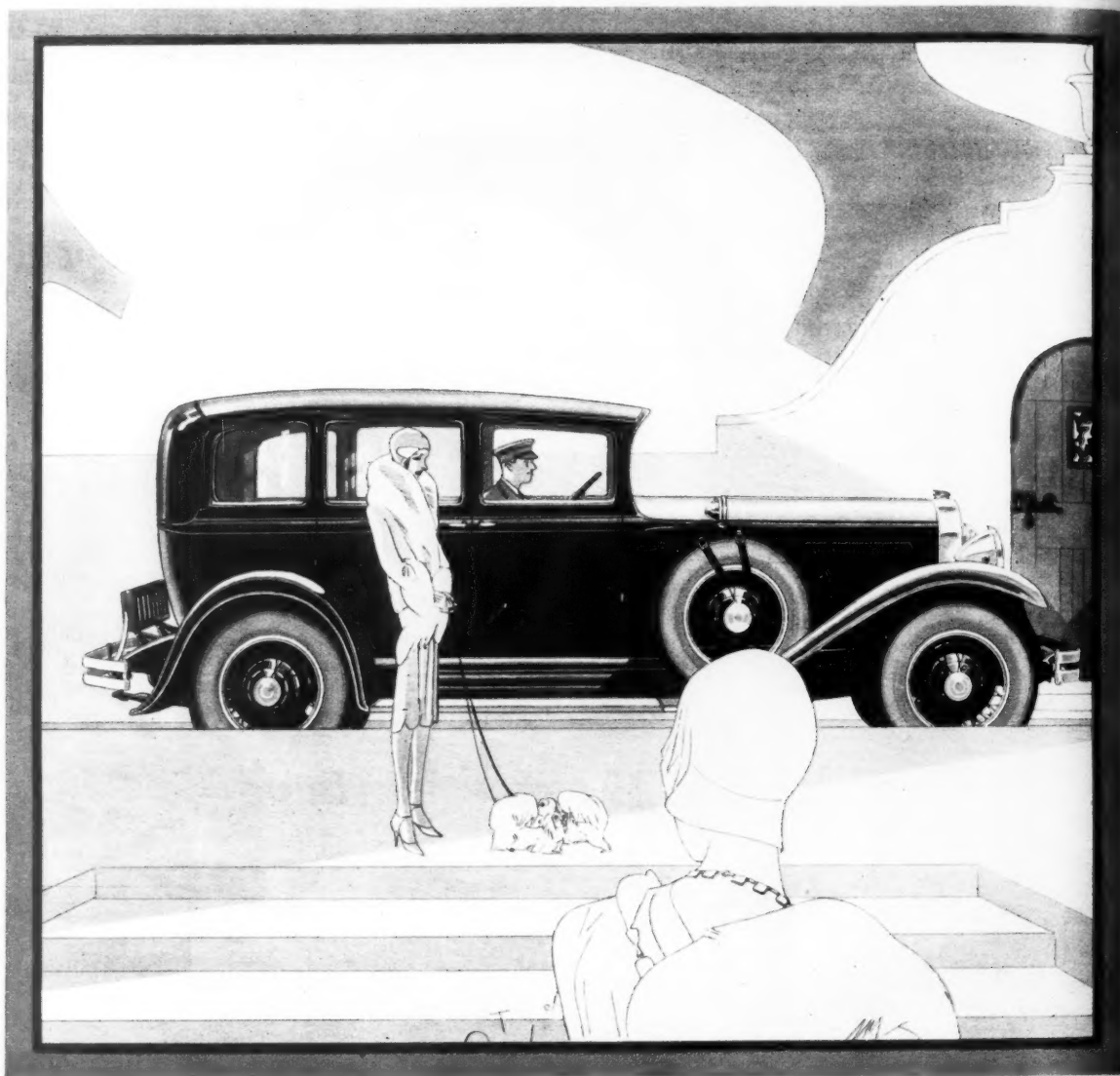
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"Did you go in to see Faith's dinner?" he inquired. "The dignity would kill you. I felt like apologizing for the noise out here or else going quietly home."

Nina replied: "They are charming, but I know just what you mean. I am often like that with Acton and Cordelia. Joel, they are so—so finished. I'm not sure I like it."

Joel said: "You look wonderful, Nina. I am certain it was only yesterday you married Wilson. But here we are with children grown up, anyhow in manner. It makes me mad. Nina, I don't feel old. I can't see that I look specially old. And I'm all but fifty. I am for a fact. In three months I'll be fifty. Fifty is half a hundred."

"I'd never believe it, Joel," she assured him. "You might have married Delia only yesterday. I am sure our children are just something in a charade. We'll go to supper in a minute and they will disappear."

Nina soon relapsed into the mood of her surroundings. She was actually both happy and excited. Even Joel Bache had noticed her dress. Evelyn Delaney sat across the table from Nina. She had a strange man beside her. Suddenly Evelyn said sharply: "Don't get so fresh. If there isn't room enough at one table for you, have two tables."

The strange man was not visibly concerned. This interested Nina enormously. They all—the women she had been thinking about—wanted sensation, but they wouldn't accept it, they would not allow it to touch them, when it was a possibility. They were afraid either of it or of the possibilities to themselves. Women were, secretly, always thinking about safety. That was because they were, after all, practical. They had to be. Heaven knew they didn't like it.

"What are you thinking about?" Francis Ambler asked her.

"You are too little to know," she told him cheerfully. "Where are Wilson and Cora? I can't see them."

"At the far end of the table," Francis answered. "You can't tell if they are having a good time or not because they always look serious."

Nina said that, of course, they were. "But so am I. Francis, we'll ask some people to the house after the dance. Wilson has four bottles of champagne, and this is as good as any time to have them. He'll bring Cora and won't mind."

A louder uproar than usual, a satirical cheer, really, came from the direction of the dining room. "You ought to be in there," Nina told Francis. "Why?" he demanded. "What have you got against me?" She explained that the young fathers and mothers—Joel Bache had called them that in a killing voice—were his own age. That didn't mean a thing, Francis Ambler insisted. "I wish you wouldn't talk about age. It isn't polite. You only succeed in making me uncomfortable."

She leaned for a second close to him. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Francis," she half whispered. "Really. You are so solid and relieving. I am dreadfully fortunate to have you like me. A little." His hand swiftly, secretly, touched her. It was gone. A wave of warmth swept up to her face. Francis stirred her more than ever before. Nina hadn't known that she was capable of so much emotion. There was, now, no necessity in her to suppress it. Her dress, like a whispered encouragement, filled her with a light and daring spirit. She was marvelously confident.

The strange man across the table, she felt, was regarding her with a hard and

accusing eye. "I hear music," he said; "bad music, but still music. Will you dance with me?" Before Francis Ambler could speak Nina said: "Yes. Why not?" She had to do something, she told herself defiantly, conscious of Francis' surprised and displeased gaze.

On the dancing floor the man with her said: "You are Mrs. Henry, I know. My name is Lea. I've never seen anyone whose looks I liked better than yours."

He danced very well indeed, Nina discovered. "I came to Eastlake to see the Gows, and then I came across Mrs. Delaney," he explained.

Nina spoke with a vague sense of disappointment. "I suppose Mary Gow is the best friend I have. Are you staying with them or are you just here for dinner?" Just for dinner, he replied.

The dance ended. "I have a car with drinks," he told her; "will you come out with me and have some?"

No, Nina said, more shortly than necessary, she wouldn't. She would return to the table. The table was more than half empty now, but Francis was sitting where she had left him. "Well?" he demanded. "It wasn't well at all," she answered. "He was a friend of Mary and Justin Gow's and danced about like Acton."

FRANCIS AMBLER danced with her. "I like to know that you are tremendously popular," he said, "but at the same time it would be nice to dance once around the room with you without someone cutting in." Nina was in a glow of triumph. It was nearly midnight and she had not, it seemed to her, stopped dancing for a moment.

Nina was certain that she had never, never had such a good time before. The successes of her girlhood were pale compared with this. She saw other women of her own age, far from unattractive, sitting through dance after dance, or moving with a largely assumed pleasure to the music in the arms of long-familiar men and husbands. Usually, Nina realized, she resembled them more than she did her present self—everyone, practically, complimented Nina on her appearance. What especially engaged her was the fact, uncommon to all her experience, that men rather than women spoke of her dress and praised it.

It was, of course, the dress that changed her; Nina was confident of that; it gave her what she described to herself as an air; yet she was unable to see how a mere dress, however perfect, could have affected her whole mind as well as her appearance.

The man with the Gows—his name, she recalled, was Lea—cut in on Francis. He said: "Against my better judgment I am obliged to tell you that you are a sweet affair. It's a mistake to say that, because no man ever has the slightest success with a woman he is polite to."

Nina contradicted him. "Some men think that, or rather, they say it, but it's not true at all. It simply isn't. Women always like to hear nice things about themselves. They like to be treated with consideration." Lea replied briefly: "They do like blazes."

Thomas Benn cut in on them. "What do you think," Nina began; "you are the president of a bank and terribly good-looking and sweet and women fall for you like nothing human—do they, I mean women, like to be treated badly?"

Acton Henry interrupted her inquiry. "Mother," he said coolly, "you are having what might be called a big time. I do think you ought to keep pretty

restrained about it. If you see what I mean."

Nina said that she didn't. "I do see, dearest, that you mean well," she added. "You can't upset me with that," he told her. "I don't mind it at all. For some reason or other you are very conspicuous tonight."

Nina replied: "Really, Acton, that is a little too much. I don't mind our being equals in a way, but I do object to being patronized." He grew very formal, rigid in manner; killingly masculine, Nina thought. "It's plain you want to misunderstand me," Acton proceeded. "I am sorry I spoke about any of it."

"Acton," she admitted, "you dance perfectly, and I love it, but the truth is I'm dead. I'll have to rest for a minute. Suppose we go out to the dining room and get some water."

Mary Gow stopped her. "Heavens, Nina!" she exclaimed. "Do sit down for a moment. You are beginning to look like a top. I want to talk to you. We're on the porch." Nina Henry nodded over her shoulder.

The porch was seductive with the perfection of a hot night in May; it was crowded, and Justin Gow had trouble finding Nina a chair.

She said at once: "Mary, I want you both to come to our house when this is over. Wilson is going to have his champagne."

Mary Gow said it would be impossible. "That's what I want to talk about. I have had really a dreadful evening. In a small way. Chalke, my brother, got here today from Cuba." She must bring her brother, Nina added. Oh, yes, and the Mr. Lea who was with them.

Mary repeated: "That is what I want to talk about. It's plain you don't remember Chalke or you wouldn't suggest bringing him to a party. I will send Charles Lea, though. My dear, Chalke Ewing—" Words apparently failed her.

"He comes to see us perhaps every ten years. I remember now you were away the last time. Just after the war began. Why he does it I can't think, for nothing in America pleases him. He is frightful. Of course, Justin loves it. Chalke always brings quantities of rum and cigars and they sit and drink and complain until I think I'll go mad."

Nina could see that Mary Gow was harassed. This was another side of the universal difficulty of men.

"Chalke usually stays a month," Mary was saying. "We want Wilson and you to come to dinner as soon as you can, naturally, but I warn you it will be terrible. Simply nothing is right. Religion—well! He can hardly even speak of the United States. Since the war and Prohibition. When he doesn't come here, he goes to the funniest places. Places you never heard of. Last summer he went to Crete. Justin is going back to the house now and, of course, I will go with him." Nina answered: "Why of course? You don't have to go. Stay and talk to me. Let Justin leave and come with us."

"I suppose that's what I should do," Mary agreed. "Justin wouldn't stop me for an instant. And yet I won't, Nina. You know I won't. But I can't tell you why. Can you tell me?"

NINA said it was habit. "Justin may not say much, but he expects a lot, Mary. I suppose, though, all men do. The thing is you're too good a wife. You make trouble for all the women around you."

Roderick Wade, who, appropriately, had been at the dinner with the young married world, stopped before Nina. "Mrs. Henry," he said with a slight bow,

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"I'd like to dance with you." Nina was so startled that she rose mechanically. Mary called after her: "I'll telephone what night."

Roderick danced carefully, so carefully that Nina knew he couldn't be sober. He had never asked her to dance before. He didn't speak and his face was drawn in a prodigious frown. Nina began to be enormously entertained. Roderick's shoulders and arms were like a metal cast. "I hope you won't mind if I get in trouble," he said at last. "Oh, no," Nina assured him sweetly; "only give me a chance to get out of it. If I want to." Roderick replied gloomily: "You will want to. You are like that. You are all like that."

Nina demanded: "Who do you mean are all like that and how do you know so much about me?" He lived in East-lake, he said briefly. "I can see it has occurred to Francis Ambler you ought to be saved," Roderick Wade proceeded. "If he does it I think I'll slam him in the jaw. I'm sorry," he said immediately after; "I forgot."

It was, curiously enough, the last part of Roderick Wade's speech that annoyed Nina. "Why did you say you were sorry?" she demanded. "And just what are you sorry about?"

He gazed at her somberly. "I suppose we have to be artificial," he continued. "No," Nina replied vigorously, "we do not."

He stopped abruptly at the door that led to the drive and cars. "Let's go out," he suggested unceremoniously. The space about them was filled with automobiles. Nina followed him, without quite knowing why, to a small dusty closed car. Roderick handed her a flask. "You didn't answer my question," Nina reminded him.

"I have decided to be artificial," he told her. Annoying was what he had decided to be, she corrected him.

"How is Constance?" Nina asked. "I intended to telephone. Did she really have influenza?" Roderick, in a voice that puzzled her, said that it really was influenza. "Now all three of the children are sick," he added; "not dangerous, just expensive. The cook has been nurse and I have been cook."

He came up to her and put an arm around her neck. Roderick Wade kissed her. Nina didn't mind; as a matter of fact it was rather a nice rough kiss.

"I don't suppose we'll get in the car?" he half inquired.

"No," she told him decidedly, "we won't get in the car."

She became thoroughly surprised at herself. "You know we won't, you little idiot!" she exclaimed.

"The woman tempted me," he replied. "You ought to be smacked yourself," Nina told him.

She no longer wondered about his noise and violence and drunkenness. She was thoroughly in sympathy with all those doubtful qualities. She understood his manner now, too—it was the recklessness of rebellion, of dissatisfaction with what life and nature forced him to be.

"If you don't mind," she said to Roderick Wade, with an inflection pointing toward the clubhouse. She knew that he was about to kiss her again, before they returned, and she met his mouth willingly.

"I liked you tonight," he explained, moving beside her toward the music. "because you were so ornamental. You were just expensive and not practical. You didn't make me think of spinach or babies wetting everything or of coughing in the middle of the night," he ended. Francis Ambler met her at the door.



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"I know," Nina said hastily; "I went out with Roderick Wade and he was drunk and we had a drink of some dreadful gin and you couldn't be more surprised. Now I've said it all first, I've answered every question, and we can dance while you tell me what I ought to think of it. Where is Wilson?"

Francis didn't know where Wilson was. "I haven't seen them for an hour. Mary Gow went long ago."

"Her brother, Chalke Ewing, is here from Cuba," Nina explained. "I can't remember him. He hasn't been in East-lake for ten years and Mary says I was away then. She says he is dreadful, Francis."

"I remember Chalke Ewing," said Francis. "He's thin and brown and supposed to have read everything. He's lived for years on a sugar estate in the blackest part of Cuba, Oriente, I think, and so he had to read when he wasn't drunk. He has done a great deal of drinking as well. You are right, Nina; he is a bitter man. You'll hate his humor. Wilson will detest him."

Nina saw Cordelia making motions at her from an entrance to the porch. "There is Cordelia," she said, surprised; "I thought she had gone long ago. I've got to speak to her, Francis."

"Why are you still here?" she demanded when she had reached her daughter.

"I'm not," Cordelia told her, "I'm at Miss Pryne's. James Angell walked over with me because I had to speak to you or Father. Mother, we're going to the quarry swimming. It's so fatally hot."

Nina looked at her watch. "It's after one," she said; "I don't like you to be up so late." Cordelia repeated: "We are all up and we were all going. Miss Pryne and Acton and James and Annabel Gow and Anna Louise and Faith and John and even Howell. He's only thirteen, Mother." Very well, Nina said. She really could think of no reasonable objection to Cordelia's swimming in such a large company. The night had grown unsupportable.

Wilson appeared. "I couldn't be hotter," he asserted. "I haven't seen you all night, and we might as well dance. What kind of a time have you had?"

She told him: "Perfect. I actually have danced my stockings in holes. I have scarcely seen Francis."

He, Wilson, could support that, he said. "You see enough of him. I don't like a man who is free in the afternoon. I don't care how much money he has. There is always certain to be something the matter with him. It's all right if he plays golf. Then it is different."

"What is it different from, Wilson?" she asked. "Besides, if you are talking about Francis, you know very well he plays golf. I don't think there is a bit of sense in what you said." She might easily, she reflected, ask where he had been with Cora for the last hour or two.

"The difference is between being with men and talking to women," he replied.

"Wilson, how can you be so absurd?" Nina demanded. "I simply won't allow you to get so bigoted. It's no better than common. Anyhow, Wilson, I wish you wouldn't always find fault with me."

Wilson Henry was genuinely amazed. "Nina," he asserted, "that's the worst nonsense I've heard yet. I don't find fault with you at all. Can't I make an occasional suggestion without upsetting you? Who, I ask you, dragged Francis Ambler into our discussion? Why, you. What I made was simply a general statement. I said I didn't like men who spent the afternoon with women. They ought to be doing something else. Francis Ambler plays golf exactly three times

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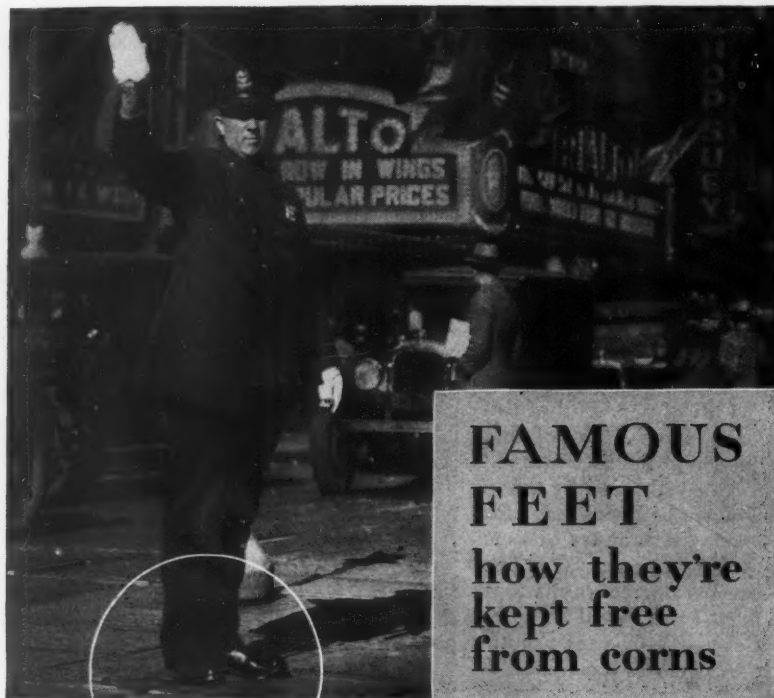
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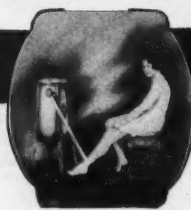


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Nina Henry thought hysterically that she could not even remember what they were arguing about. Wilson was breathing heavily from the heat and the exercise of dancing; his full cheeks, by each ear, showed a patch of purple.

"Don't you think we had better stop and get cool?" she suggested. "We'll have to go in a minute or two." He said suddenly: "Oh, yes. Nina, don't you think it would be nicer if you asked Cora yourself? She's out on the porch with that Lea and Evelyn."

It was, Nina realized, the first time she had spoken to Cora Lisher since she had been certain of Cora's intimate relation with Wilson. Her calmness, her feeling that it did not touch her, persisted.

Cora looked straight into her face. "Thank you, I'd like it," she said simply, replying to Nina's invitation. "It is too hot to get to sleep."

Wilson would take her, Nina continued; she would either find Francis Ambler or go with the Baches. "If you will bring Mr. Lea," she said to Evelyn Delaney, "it will all be perfect."

Nina could not, now, think why she had asked any of them. She knew them all so very well. She was already so familiar with what each would say.

The long windows of the Henry living room opened, on two sides, upon separate porches—an uncovered stone terrace at the front of the house and a square covered porch on the side. At the bottoms of the windows there were low paneled gates that opened in the middle. "We can either stay in the house and see what we are doing, or drinking, or go on the porch and have the men carry out whatever there is. I'm afraid it isn't much. Francis, will you help Wilson with the glasses and ice?"

Nina went directly out to the pantry and found Wilson flushed and angry. "There was no sense in Francis' getting ice," he declared. "You might have saved yourself the trouble of asking anyone to come."

What was the trouble now? Nina asked. Wilson pointed to the four bottles of champagne on the dresser. He waved an arm violently. "Dead!" he exclaimed. "All the champagne we own is spoiled." Nina said with a show of great cheerfulness: "Why do you think it's spoiled, Wilson? You haven't tried any yet. Open a bottle and see."

His anger increased. "I said it was no good. It can't be good. You or someone like you moved it, heaven knows when, and left it standing like that. If champagne stands up, the corks dry and all the gas escapes. The bottles must be put on their sides always. I can't imagine," Wilson Henry asserted, "I can't even imagine having a head like that. If I had I would shoot myself."

He cut the wire from a bottle and instantly there was a loud explosion; the cork hit the ceiling with a distinct smack and there was a miniature fountain of champagne and froth. Francis Ambler appeared from the kitchen with a large silver bowl of ice.

"You are losing most of it," he said casually to Wilson. Wilson glared at him. "Get a glass!" he cried to Nina.

"Don't stand there as if you were wood. "Nina was talking to me," he explained to Francis Ambler, "and the cork got out before I knew it." Nina gave him a hard bright look. "It wasn't very flat, Wilson," she said quietly.

Nina went out to the side porch, where she found the Baches. "Mr. Lea

and Evelyn are somewhere on the lawn," Della explained. "When does Ambrose Delaney come home, Nina?"

Nina replied that she hadn't heard. "There isn't any real need for him to hurry," she added. "Evelyn can take care of herself and Ambrose and Joel and this Mr. Lea too."

Joel put in: "You used to hear there was no smoke without fire, but that isn't true now."

His wife said: "I can't make up my mind. I wish I could. Sometimes I think pretty near everyone, as Wilson would say, is doing it, and then I agree with Joel. That it is all smoke. What do you think, Nina?"

Francis Ambler appeared with eight tall glasses of ice and champagne. "I can't tell you now," Nina replied, nodding at Francis; "he mustn't hear about such things." Francis told them that Wilson was following with the rest. "You can't put me off simply by using the plural," he said particularly to Della and Nina. "Where are Lea and Evelyn Delaney?" They appeared out of the darkness beyond the house.

"It ought to have some sprigs of mint in it," Lea said when he had had a drink. He sat with Evelyn on the edge of the porch. The night was cooler. Nina thought she could see a trace of dawn in the air. It was more in the air, a thing of space, than on any dark and arbitrary curtain of a sky. "I can see the morning," she said to Francis in a low voice. Wilson and Cora Lisher came from the house.

Nina felt increasingly restless. She got up abruptly and went out on the grass. She could feel that it was wet against her stockings. Francis followed her. "Suddenly I couldn't stand it," she acknowledged. "No. You must not kiss me. Anyone could see us from the house." That was not the truth—she didn't want Francis Ambler to kiss her. In spite of her—well, her love for him, she did not just then want him to touch her. Automatically she felt her dress with both hands where it held closely to her waist and the billowing tulle of the skirt began. It gave her, she imagined, an impatient kind of courage; a feeling that nothing around her mattered very much.

"I love being with you at these strange moments," Francis proceeded. "When it isn't day or actual night or even East-lake. I don't feel that you belong to someone else or to a scheme of things that hardly includes me at all. You float through the air like a dream and I can think what I like about us."

She wasn't in a mood for dreams, or words, but in search of some relieving reality. Francis didn't seem actual to her. He really was like one of the shadows he had spoken about. She wondered if he was a little negative. Probably at heart he was. The confidence a great deal of money gave him was a superficial quality. It would vanish if the money vanished.

Nina thought she had been a little unkind, and she slipped a hand under his arm. He loved her devotedly.

They reached the slight bank of sod from the lawn to the sidewalk on Grove Avenue. "We must go back to the house," Nina said. "I feel better." Francis pressed her hand, still caught in his arm, against his side.

Wilson went into the house and Nina followed him. "I don't know what to do about Cora," he admitted; "how will she get home? I guess I'll have to take her." Nina replied decidedly: "Certainly not. Let Francis take her. That would be the natural thing." Wilson agreed. "That is a very good idea. It

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will look much better than the other. Nina, I am glad you like Cora. She really is a splendid woman. She does so well with what she has. I have the greatest admiration for her. You ought to appreciate her attitude about Anna Louise."

Nina listened to him carefully. She was, all at once, very tired of the whole situation. "She does very well," Nina agreed in a precise voice. "You were quite right not to want all these people. It was a nuisance."

"If you listened to me oftener it would be better," he told her. "I happen to know what is good for you. You don't seem to think so now, but you did once. You have changed, Nina."

She said: "So have you. You always forget that. You think I'm totally different, but that you are just the same."

He asked at once, with a trace of sharpness: "How have I changed? Where do you see it? Has anyone else spoken about it?"

"No," she replied. "Everyone changes," Nina went on. "Acton and Cordelia and you and I. Acton has even reached the point when he tells me how to behave. I had to be cross with him to-night. Wilson, don't you think I have done well with the children?"

Suddenly it was important for her to be reassured about that; for Wilson Henry to see it. "Why, certainly," he answered, almost impatiently. She realized that, lately, all serious questions troubled and irritated him. He made it clear that he wished to avoid them. "We can't both stay here in the pantry," he told her; "we have people on the porch. They must go soon, another bottle or not. I'll get some more ice and come right out; you go now."

The night was almost at an end. She had looked forward to a tremendous lot, but, aside from her general success at the dance, nothing had occurred. Nothing particular. Nothing new. She felt cheated. She had felt certain that something would happen. Nina did not, naturally, know what. She had had a feeling. Probably it had just come from the fact of her new dress. It had a strange effect on her. Still, She was wide awake again. Restless. Rebellious.

Nina found Justin Gow on the porch. "I came to ask about our child. Good heavens, Nina, don't they ever go home? I must say you are more philosophical about it than I seem to be."

Nina had thought he knew. "A lot of them went to the quarry. It was so hot. The right ones, Justin. But they ought to be back now."

He agreed with her. "I suppose it would be no good for me to go after Annabel. I'll meet her with a few simple and well-chosen words when she does appear. She ought to be in bed."

Wilson appeared with the remaining bottle of champagne. "I heard your complaints and I brought you a glass," he said to Gow. Justin drank the champagne meditatively.

"Where is Mary?" Nina Henry asked. "Where Annabel ought to be," he replied.

"But not you," Nina answered quickly. "Certainly not," Justin said with decision. "I am an old man. It doesn't matter if I sleep or not. Chalke Ewing is an old man. He matters even less. Chalke hasn't even got a family. We are having a pleasant conversation."

He turned to Charles Lea. "Charles, will you stay with us for what part of the night is left?" Lea thanked him. "No, thank you, Judge Gow. I am going now. After I drop Mrs. Delaney."

Francis Ambler turned to Cora Lisher. "Wouldn't it be a good idea if I took

you?" he asked. It would, she replied.

The Baches hurriedly drank what remained in their glasses. In a very short while everyone had left but Justin Gow.

Nina said: "I don't feel like going to bed. I think I'll walk home with Justin. Since it's only across the street."

Wilson asserted that she was crazy. "Nina is twice as bad as Annabel or Cordelia," he insisted.

"I had to get away," Nina told Justin Gow. "If it's only for a minute. I'm practically dead, but I have never been wider awake."

The morning was definitely arriving; the maple trees, delicate with young greenery, were distinct from the sky; the squarely built consequential houses of North Avenue, set back on their lawns, had grown visible; there was a renewed pure sweetness in the air.

Nina and Justin went into the Gows' dwelling. She was, as she had just explained, at once immeasurably weary and vividly conscious of everything about her.

A man rose from a low chair in a small somber room where Justin had his books and mostly sat, and Justin Gow said: "Nina, you may remember Mary's brother, Chalke Ewing."

She didn't; he was without association, his face had no significance, for her. He was a small man—that disappointed Nina—with high narrow shoulders and a large nose; his skin was darkly brown for even the tropical sun—Nina realistically thought of his liver—and his hair was gray. Above the darkness of his face his close-cut hair was like a ruffled cap of silver. "Good morning," Ewing said in a voice that Nina Henry found unpleasantly and harshly aggressive.

There was a pitcher on a table beside him, glasses, and what she recognized as a Bacardi jug on the floor. Ewing gazed into the pitcher. "I am sorry," he said; "quite empty. And there is no more bitters."

Nina asked: "What was it?"

It had been a rum swizzle, Justin told her. "And more than once," he added. "We have been occupied with it ever since I left that cursed dance. Chalke has been telling me about Crete. He was at Cnossus for most of the excavations."

Chalke Ewing corrected him: "Justin thinks he has an exact mind, but it's no better than Annabel's. In reality we were talking about the Greeks, and Cnossus was an Aegean city." Nina displayed a polite interest in his explanation. "I'll only stay a moment," she told them, sinking into a chair. Chalke Ewing, she realized, was looking at her fixedly.

A sensation of deep comfort, of long-deferred and happy rest, invaded her. She grew remote from the immediate material world; the voices of the two men came to her with a thin clarity of distance.

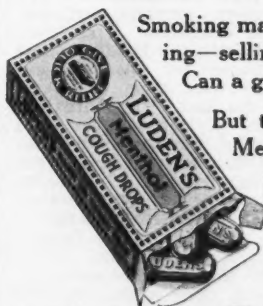
"The thing is," Chalke Ewing said, "that the Greeks were barbarians. If you don't realize that, you'll understand nothing. Nothing," he repeated firmly. "They had no towns, they had no houses, they had no writing; they were dressed in hides. Just out of the stone age. Well, they came down from their pastures and ruined a finely civilized world. The Aegean world. Cnossus. The Aegeans left—some of them for Palestine—and the Greeks settled all about their blue sea. But that isn't important. What you must see is that the Greeks began nothing. The idea that Greece was a civilized Garden of Eden, like Athena born complete from the brain of Zeus, is absurd. You'll be sure, Justin, to get some bitters?" Ewing paused.

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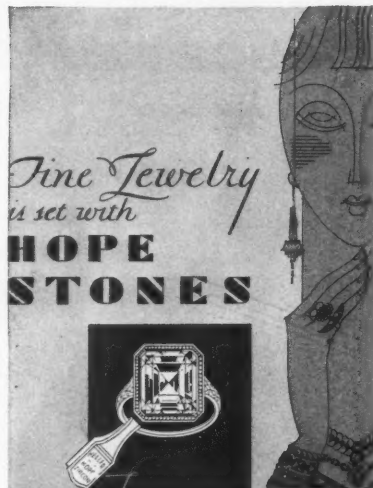
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Dr. Edwards **OLIVE TABLETS**

"There is some already," Gow told him; "I just can't find it now." Nina's sense of pleasure increased. It engaged her to realize that neither Chalke Ewing nor Justin paid a particle of attention to her.

"The Greek civilization," Ewing went on, "finally grew out of what the Ægeans left. The Ægeans took their civilization from the Egyptians. You can't possibly understand Egypt unless you remember that the Sahara Desert was once a splendid forest. The earlier hunters, maybe seven thousand years ago, began to leave the woods and settle along the Nile."

Justin Gow said: "You are putting Nina to sleep." Nina protested. "No, he isn't. It's frightfully interesting. I am listening to every word."

Chalke Ewing turned to her and asked: "What civilization did the Greeks destroy?" He had just explained that beautifully, she assured him: "The Egyptian."

He turned at least a shoulder on her. That amused Nina. Men really were wonderful. Everything they thought, men were certain, was as important as it could possibly be. Take what Justin and Chalke Ewing were talking about now—what did it matter, except at school, who came first? The Egyptians, she knew, made cigarets and a vile strong perfume and the Greeks lived in a sort of general marble yard where everyone, more or less, carved statues. That sufficient view of Egypt and Greece made Nina smile. She ought to go home. She didn't stir.

"The Greeks, like everyone else, borrowed all their best gods," Ewing continued; "Aphrodite came from Babylon, where she was called Ishtar."

"Why, that," Nina interrupted, "sounds like the name of my Paris dressmaker."

Justin Gow, with the faintly mocking air that widely disconcerted Eastlake, but didn't in the least disturb her, replied that he understood Ishtar was still active in business.

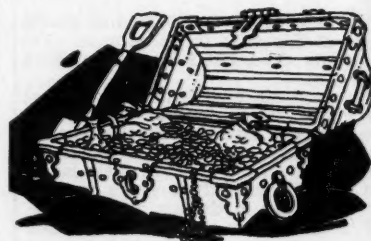
"In business still," Ewing corrected him, "but certainly not active. At least, not in the United States. In Oriente I believe she is still potent. But, then, Oriente is her own land. A tropical jungle. An ice age is gathering around America. Now I've seen the women here after ten years, I'm certain of it."

Nina Henry demanded: "Justin, what are you talking about?" Justin replied: "Good heavens, it isn't me, it's Chalke! He is being very impolite, and he's more than a little indecent, so we won't go on with it." They had, she insisted, mentioned dressmakers. "The Romans borrowed Aphrodite from the Greeks and called her Venus," Ewing continued.

"It is absolutely plain," he asserted; "there is nothing new, nothing isolated, and nothing finished. The Jews brought their religion from the Arabian desert. The old weather prophet perfumed and dressed in diamonds. They even got their noses from the Hittites! The Greeks, fortunately for them, missed Jehovah. They were done before he moved out of the East. The Christians swallowed him, though, Justin, and Michelangelo gave him respectable Roman features. The Assyrian beard went to the Italian hairdressers. The Greeks, you see, had vanished; don't neglect that; democracy accounted for them."

"Democracy and war ruined Greece. She had a large treasury, too, Justin. You'd think the United States would remember all that. The Athenians, who were democrats, brought it on themselves by treating all their supreme men badly—they ignored Euripides; Phidias was allowed to die in jail; Pericles was charged with dishonesty and was fined;

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Alcibiades, who had a genius for the navy, was exiled; the democrats murdered Socrates, and Plato had to take pupils. The State didn't want him."

A succession of lovely names, borne on Chalke Ewing's harsh dogmatic voice, flowed through Nina's half-conscious mind. Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato. Twelve little beats, she discovered, repeating them to herself, like the steps in a graceful dance. It was poetry. She suspected, however, that what Ewing said was disagreeable.

This became immediately apparent. "And that," he proceeded, "brings us to the inevitable conclusion that the United States is a passing and rather shoddy part of the world's history. It is strong for the moment, in a materialistic way; it's still a republic after a hundred and fifty years or so. That is nothing. The United States is simply the old Roman world without the Roman law."

Justin Gow interrupted him to say that the English common law was more suitable for the present in the United States.

"Don't be pedantic," Chalke Ewing said. "The Romans were inventive; they made drains—borrowing from the Egyptians—they had public waterworks, and they built the best roads in the world; but, like the United States, they had no native sense of beauty; they stole their beauty from the countries they invaded. First luxury and then the barbarians. What worries me about the present," he said, "is that there are no really good barbarians available. The western world will have to destroy itself."

Everything, now, seemed settled to Nina. She sat upright. "I am hungry," she asserted. The day, she saw, was everywhere bright about her. Nina looked at Justin and then at Chalke Ewing. Justin said: "Scrambled eggs and even bacon." They wouldn't, Ewing hoped, neglect to have coffee. She rose vigorously. Nina knew the Gow kitchen as well as she knew her own.

Busy at an electric stove with eggs and seasoning and a silver fork, Nina decided that it was ridiculous to let Chalke Ewing say the things he did about his own country. She was certain that his opinions resulted from the condition of his liver. If he cured that, the chances were he would be more pleasant. Everyone who was born in a country ought to be attached to it above everything else. He ought to be willing to sacrifice everything for it. His wife and children with the rest. She didn't think much of Justin, who was supposed to have the best mind in Eastlake, for not reproving Chalke Ewing. She turned from the eggs to a pan for the bacon and the coffeepot.

The night, as it wore on, had not improved, but grown steadily worse. Here she was cooking eggs for Justin Gow and Mary's brother. A feeling of discouragement now touched her. She might as well make toast.

Nina sat with Justin and Chalke Ewing at a table in the kitchen and ate. The scrambled eggs and round sweet pieces of Canadian bacon, the toast with butter—she usually denied herself any butter—were exactly what she needed.

She had never seen anyone eat so many eggs as Chalke Ewing. "You mustn't take any more," she said without premeditation.

"Why not?" he demanded, surprised.

Nina felt that her face was growing hot, but she would not, she determined, stop now. "I don't believe they are good for you," she explained. "The chances are that is what's the matter with your ideas now."

Justin laughed idiotically. "Nina is right!" he exclaimed.

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Chalke Ewing continued eating. "If it's eggs that save me from patriotism and hysteria and religions all at once," he said, "eggs are what I want."

"Don't you like any of the things everyone else is mad about?" Nina demanded. He replied that he hoped not. Nina began to be angry. "For example, you were born in the United States, but nothing about it is right for you."

He answered briefly: "I was and it isn't. Your exaggeration is so small we won't bother about it."

She asked acrimoniously: "Does Cuba suit you better?"

He exhibited an infuriating amazement. "Why," he exclaimed, "there isn't any comparison! I thought everyone understood that. In Cuba you are free, you have some individual dignity, there are still at least a few indispensable rights. You can, for example, decide what amount of alcohol is proper for your own physical temper. There is no long winter when everyone must live in boxes. The men are polite and the women who should be chaste are chaste. The women who should not be chaste, happily, are not. The tobacco, of course, is superlative. The foods and the cooks, at the right places, are superlative. And, you ought to appreciate this, no one ever goes to bed."

"It's just a little island," she protested; "it isn't anything really. The people on it are not even white people. At least they're not like Americans. If it wasn't for sugar no one would even hear of Cuba."

He said, still eating scrambled eggs: "If it were not for sugar no one would have heard of you. Sugar and life are inseparable. They are both heat. Heat, of course, is the heart of Cuba. Things grow like a green fire. And it is dangerous. It's always dangerous where men are free."

As she heard more about Cuba, Nina persisted, she liked it less. What, naturally, she meant was that as she saw more of Chalke Ewing she disliked him more. "You wouldn't care for it," Ewing told her. "You have been spoiled for Cuba. That is, for a Spanish civilization. The Cuban women are losing their historic charm." Ewing turned to Justin Gow. It was plain to Nina that he had dismissed her from his mind.

"You can't be sensible with women. At one time, I have been led to believe, they were lovely and tender and passionate. I read that once they had the courage of their emotions. Perhaps, I've seen one or two, at most two, to whom I was willing to give the benefit of the doubt. That is to say, divine creatures. They weren't American women. American women have found out a very valuable secret—you can get a great deal without giving anything. I mean where men are concerned. I suppose American men have been created by American women for their own particular purpose. Certainly such good creatures never existed anywhere else at any other time."

"Justin, for an American you are remarkable. I don't mind flattering you to that extent. You are remarkable and my sister is admirable. Yet I don't believe you hear the truth from her more than a couple of times a year. That is too much—once in a couple of years. All that you hear is like a child's book, carefully prepared for minds of six. With pretty colored pictures. No more."

Nina said unpleasantly: "It must be miraculous to know everything."

"A child's book in words of one syllable," Ewing repeated. At last he had finished with his plate; he lighted a long, pale cigar, and drank his coffee reflectively. "Anything else, Justin, would

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upset your mind; put low ideas into it. But look at the irony in this—American women have created you and now they don't like their own creation. The truth is they are sick of you. The truth is that women, charming women, are exceedingly low. In their natural and unhampered state. And so now, in addition to being tired of the men they took such pains with, they are tired of themselves too. Women are tired of being artificial, like valentines. Dressed up in Victorian paper lace. They don't want to be domestic and religious and moral. A religious woman is simply a woman who can't find anything better to do with her love; a domestic woman is a dull woman, and a moral woman, Justin, a moral woman is one who has an ugly body and an envious mind."

"You fill me with admiration," Justin Gow said lightly; "you do for a fact. There are still a lot of words left in you. I might even say burning words. What you say about my wife fills me with relief. I only hope she won't break down and ask me to read words of two syllables. Two-syllable facts, Chalke. They would be very hard on me now. I have grown used to being gently led by the hand. Nina, I am afraid Chalke isn't actually alive to the great privilege of being born a citizen of this great republic. My dear Nina, get him to tell you the instructive fable of the Mormon church and the beets—sugar beets—and sugar cane." She didn't, Nina thought, want Chalke Ewing to tell her anything. Suddenly, to her private confusion, she saw that he was regarding her intently.

"You have the greatest of all dress-makers," he assured Nina. "The only thing is, will her clothes fit the present? In America. They do, if you won't mind my saying so, fit you."

Justin Gow said: "I didn't actually believe Chalke could keep it up. He is failing—he was clearly complimentary." A flood of sunlight poured through the window. "Now," Ewing declared, "it is time for me to go to bed. I have no interest in the honest day. The hours of toil."

Nina realized that he was very tired. Shadows were perceptible even on the extreme darkness of his face. She had a feeling that his words, now, were a mere pretense. A screen to hide far different things within him. She couldn't guess what they were. Nina had no interest in guessing. Mary said that he usually stayed a month in America, but that part of the time he was in New York. She hoped he would spend a great deal of it there. Ewing's hands were very narrow, his fingers were nervous and thin. He made a slight bow, and then, without speaking, left the room.

"I think Mr. Ewing is sick," Nina said. "Perhaps you are right," Justin replied. "He has said nothing about it. I'll walk across the street with you." He was, Nina replied, as bad as Wilson, who hadn't wanted her to drive to the club, only round the corner, alone. "Besides, you would compromise me. It's just time for the servants to appear. The milkman has gone hours ago. Thank you, Justin, for letting me come and listen to you. I liked all that you said."

The day, she found, had already lost some of its early freshness. It was beginning to be hot.

A mere dress—though it is a dress made by the famous Ishtarre—has changed Nina Henry's nature, with surprising results for her husband, for Francis Ambler, who loves her, and for Chalke Ewing, whom she dislikes—in Joseph Hergesheimer's December Installment

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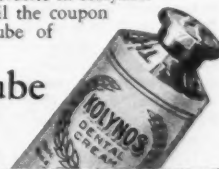
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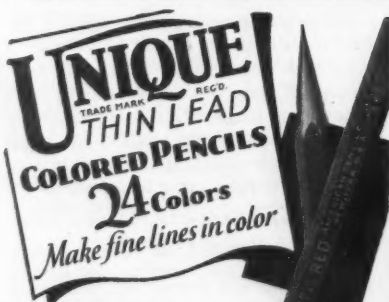
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These Folks Really Like Us

(Continued from page 63)

man the after rail, and if the women and children want to be first they'll have to hurry.

We slid over the equator and had the usual initiation of the novices, those who never had crossed the line before, with the usual horseplay. We had deck games. We had leisurely opportunity to get acquainted with our fellow travelers, finding them for the most part good company. There was an atmosphere of romance and drama to the adventure now: tales of strange places and strange peoples circulating; talk of curious customs and novel sights, such as llamas and live volcanoes, and of mysterious native products with fascinating names.

Later on we would have exciting events aboard—a wedding, with the captain officiating and a misguided wag pushing a commandeered baby carriage ahead of the embarrassed couple in the impromptu parade; and also a birth, or rather, a double birth.

We had with us a German couple returning from the Vaterland to their present home down the coast. The story was that they had timed their return to the end that the wife might have the services of our ship's doctor and nurse. So, while this lady was about it, she had twins. You have to give the Germans credit for being thorough.

Through long restful days while the nimble trade winds blow, and through cool pleasant nights, you go lazying down the latitudes. On a morning which afterward remains memorable, you come up on deck to find land crowding close upon either side of you.

On the left, the bleak Peruvian shore line lifts in a great naked palisade straight from the surf. On the right are barren islands, seemingly endless strings of them, streaked and mottled with white where the deposits of the precious guano lie. The sun casts soft lights—violet and blue in the shadows, cobalt and pink and brown in the clear—on every mounting pinnacle and every seamy cliff-face; and as the ship goes treading her narrowed route between the mainland just yonder and the shielding archipelago out beyond, her bows are crossed by swarming columns of sea birds—black, swift, streamy hordes of them which appear to have no beginnings and no endings.

I myself counted nine million, two hundred and seventy thousand, eight hundred and forty-one separate birds passing in front of us, and then I happened to look back and here came the main flock. Trying to take a bird census in the Pacific certainly is a discouraging job for an amateur.

From now on, the liner is rarely out of eyerach of that great mountainous parapet which, for the most part, rears up and up sheer from the water's edge.

As the generality of men reckon such things, it's not a friendly shore. It is appalling, frequently almost terrifying in its tremendousness and in its austerity; and it is hard to make oneself believe that on the farther side of that mighty mountain system of which this sierra is the skirmish line, a humid, fecund jungle hides the headwaters of the Amazon.

All the same, it gives the landlubber a vague sense of contact and comfort to have the earth always within view. Going ashore, there are one or two things he does well to remember. The Peruvians are most hospitable to visitors

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and most liberal in the matter of import taboos, but about matches they are fussy. Vending matches is a government monopoly and the transient who lands with a box of his own matches on him may get into a jam with the tariff regulations.

I can appreciate why the custom house people are strict about matches but why should patent lighters be included in the embargo? What I say about the average patent lighter is that it provides a form of healthful light exercise and cuts down the smoking habit.

Also, the tourist should be careful about slinging Peru's currency around carelessly. It has a solidity which leads to embarrassment if it is handled with recklessness. Two dollars in change, dropped suddenly into the pocket, will pull your pants right off. In Brazil you have to be even more careful. One dollar in change will do the trick there.

We briefly visited one town—a lovely little town in an oasis of greenery with sterile desert all about it—where they told us there were thirty churches. But they are building some more and soon there will be churches for all. In the dusty small plaza of another town I looked upon the first of the countless array of monuments and statues which thereafter would pass in review before these dazzled eyes.

South America leads the world in statues. For its population it has infinitely more statues than we have, or than Europe has, but the palm for rearing homely statues still belongs to the United States; there we beat 'em all.

At that, I insist this statue we saw in this small Peruvian town has its claims any time the committee is trying to pick out the homeliest statue on earth. It was done—I could tell that much at a glance—by a Teutonic sculptor, probably a graduate of the Krupp works, and it represented Liberty, with the drowsy and water on both knees, in the act of saving sundry symbolic groups from servitude or tyranny or something. But these parties seemed hardly worth saving—they were all in the last stages of elephantiasis anyhow.

From a third town—Trujillo is its name and Salaverry is its neighbor—we drove out to visit the ruins of the Inca stronghold of Chan-Chan.

These original dwellers of the coast were not the incomparable stonemasons who set up their marvelous citadels that will endure forever in the clefts and on the slopes of the higher Andes. The interior tribes build for all time; they were the Indelible Incas. Down here near the ocean their cousins fashioned the temples and the citadels and the houses from mud-dried bricks, and only a few years back there was a sort of cloudburst and much of Chan-Chan was melted right back into the landscape.

In this coastal country a sure-enough rain is a catastrophe and a calamity. Luckily for the citizens in the adobe villages it rains hard not once in a lifetime; but when it does, a *cholo* is liable to find his late place of residence running down the road.

I did not linger long among its crumbled walls. A member of a vanishing species is made melancholy when he looks upon the last stand of an extinct species. So I knew it was no place for an old-line Democrat to be tarrying about in; and I shed a few understanding tears and returned to Trujillo.

Here, as elsewhere along the line, our party of three created a distinct impression. Dean Palmer was thirty pounds heavier than Bill Hogg and Bill Hogg was fifteen pounds heavier than I was, and I was—and am—no tricky sprite myself. So these slender and frequently



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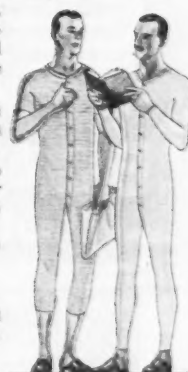
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undersized townspeople used to stand aside in a stricken silence to watch us single-filing along the narrow pavements. I guess they were wondering what had become of our mahout.

Even in so metropolitan a place as Lima we commanded the silent respect of the populace. In the noble old cathedral, our advent created a distinct effect.

We went there for a special reason: to see the bones of the great Pizarro. As a discoverer and a conqueror, Pizarro bulks among the impressive figures of the past but as a cadaver in a glass case, he is not particularly impressive.

If I was slightly disappointed in Pizarro's skeleton, I was disappointed in nothing else that I saw in the city which he founded. Lima in retrospect slides past the eyes of my mind as a vivid and altogether delightful panorama—the old commingled with the new in just such proportions as appeal to the visitor's imagination and yet provide him with the luxuries and the conveniences which modern taste demands.

You see, it was like this: Lima was one of the first of Latin-American settlements to attain the size and the dignity and the authenticity of a real capital; and it was one of the last of them to surrender the ancient traditions. The Inquisition flourished here after it languished in Spain. The old restful indifference to outside influences, the old respect for the backward, cumbersome institutions of a shadowy antiquity lingered on after a quickening spirit came to Santiago and Valparaiso, on the south of her, and to Buenos Aires and Rio, slantwise across the continent from her.

Traces of this ancient slothfulness, this veneration for what is gone and generally outlawed, still may be discerned in out-of-the-way corners. For instance, Lima is the only major city of South America that still supports the bullfight. Just about the time we arrived, the principal bullfighter of Lima was being disciplined. He bit an obnoxious critic who had written disparagingly of his art, and while he was trying to bite somebody else in order to take the taste out of his mouth—a perfectly natural desire which any playwright or any novelist who has had experience of professional reviewers will appreciate—the authorities took his sword and other playthings away from him.

But the bull ring is dying of dry-rot and for lack of patronage, and about once in so often the proletariat, disappointed by the indifferent sport provided there, tear up the benches and set fire to the wooden amphitheater. Sunday afternoons the crowds preferably go to a magnificent race course; and the numerous fields in and about the city where young athletes play at association football draw their thousands upon thousands of spectators also. Sport—the sort of sport in which youth takes part rather than sits to watch paid gladiators perform—has taken an enormous part in refashioning the habits and the modes of thought in South America.

The influence of sport first, and next the influence of the Yankee-made moving-picture film—these, I gather, have been the greatest factors for remaking sentiment and fashion among these Latin brethren of ours. Lima, though, refuses to become commonplace. Her underlying patterning is all her own.

Here the awakening may have come tardily but it came with a rush once it got under way. In this revivification the North American and the European capitalists who pioneered the development of the country's resources had a considerable hand, but from what dispassionate observers told me, I would

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say that a certain individual who weighs less than a hundred pounds and stands about five feet two in his high-heeled boots is the person deserving of the greatest measure of praise for the stabilizing of the government, the adornment and beautification of the city itself, and finally the creation of a most ambitious program for improved education, for sanitation and hygiene, for road-building and for the economic and intellectual emancipation of his people.

It is merely another indictment of Yankee insularity that while all of us have read about Mussolini and most of us can tell offhand who Lloyd George is or Cecil Rhodes was, the name of A. B. Leguia, President of Peru, remains unfamiliar to the masses of us. Here is one of the outstanding empire-builders of the age, a statesman whose personal history is astounding and fascinating, whose record of vision and of accomplishment in ten years has been stupendous—and even so, millions of us probably never heard of him.

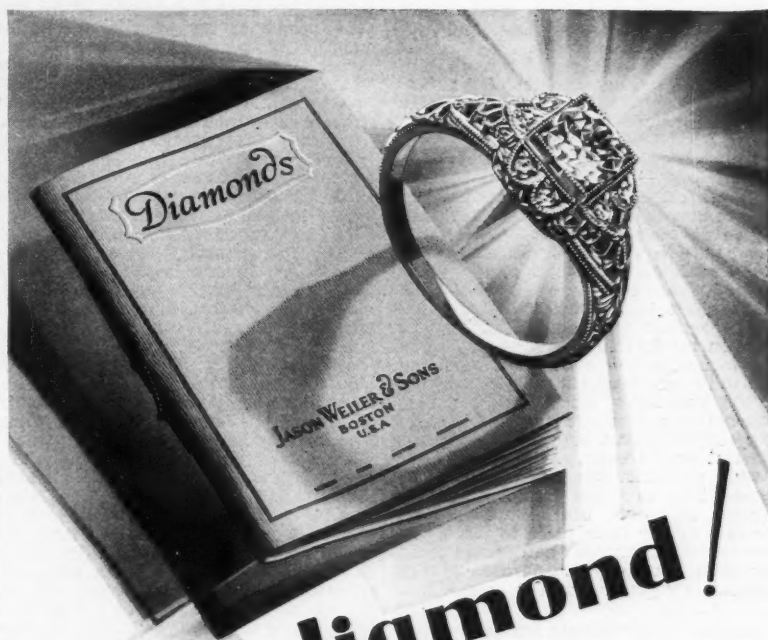
It was Leguia who secured United States naval officers to train his sailors, German military sharps to school his soldiers, and Spanish experts to drill his police forces. It was Leguia who, out of a meager treasury, found funds to inaugurate a plan of public highways which would do credit to a country ten times as rich as his, and which, being completed, is going to form an essential link in the continuous road that, as sure as you're alive, will one of these days bind southern Chile to northern Canada and make it possible to motor uninterruptedly the habitable length of the Western Hemisphere.

It was Leguia who dreamed dreams of railroads, of colonization of the empty interior, of proper drainage for the cities, of enlarged irrigation for the rainless coast, and, most of all, of the social and material rehabilitation of the Indian as a real factor in the national life by means of a more equitable distribution of the land—and he is making most of these dreams of his come true. Since his return to the presidency in 1919, he has crowded a lifetime of monumental achievement into the compass of a decade, always against strong political opposition and strong economic prejudices, plus, as he himself has said publicly, "the inertia of his temperament."

Naturally, I was anxious to meet this big little man of South America. That highly efficient and practical veteran of diplomats, Alexander Moore, arranged the meeting—arranged it by telephone in a couple of minutes. The interview took place on one of those frequent days when President Leguia sits to give personal audience to any of his constituents who have a grievance or think they have—the widow of a soldier whose pension has been delayed, the peon who complains of mistreatment—in short, anybody however humble or obscure who desires to ask for something or suggest something or demand something. But when Ambassador Moore and I informally were ushered into the Executive Palace, there was no suggestion that His Excellency might be pressed for time.

What there is of Leguia is all whipcord and drawn steel. He made me think of a dynamo packed inside the case of a wrist watch. Out of what Peru's ninety-odd-pound giant said, several utterances stood out in my memory as having particular significance.

He said this: "Our Indians always from the coming of the white man have been underfoot. They have become a broken people, a people without spirit. I want my administration to give them aspiration, courage, hope—but, most of



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"Not long ago we paved a road leading back into a district inhabited almost exclusively by an Indian populace. In the year before that road was rebuilt, one thousand bags of potatoes came over it to market. In the year since it was rebuilt, one hundred thousand bags of potatoes came over it—an increase in one community of a thousand percent.

"To do such things as this we could not count on the support of the collective conscience of the nation, for a truly collective conscience has not yet formed, although it is forming. We have had to go against the currents of popular opinion rather than with them. But in our campaigns for good roads we found aid in an unexpected quarter.

"Do you know what has helped to awaken our people to the imperative necessity of decent highways? It might interest you to know. All classes of our people patronize the cinema. On the screen they saw fine cars flitting over smooth highways, bearing well-dressed persons swiftly from place to place. In remote neighborhoods the demand arose for such North American roads as our citizens saw pictured in the theater."

AGAIN he said: "Certain atavistic superstitions inherent in our race have operated against us. With these fetishes, as with more tangible and definite oppositions, we have had to contend. We have had to give honor and dignity to work, to make men feel that honest labor honestly performed pays dividends where vain oratory and the music of fine meaningless words pay none. We have had to break down barriers that hedged in an almost feudalistic group, a land-owning aristocracy which feared the loss of its ancient privileges, without undermining the financial fabric of this country—and that has been no inconsiderable task, either."

And in conclusion he said:

"Here at least is one South American country which whole-heartedly is friendly to the United States. There may be others who are genuinely friendly to you. I know we are. We are grateful for the enormous aid in development of our resources which in the past has come to us from the North where you live. We need the money you are lending us and the constructive brains you are sending us. We welcome the investors and the organizers who come here. The bugaboo of 'Yankee Imperialism' does not frighten Peruvians.

"And let me add this: I am honestly convinced that the anti-American propaganda which flourishes in some of the geographical divisions of this continent is not a spontaneous propaganda but is inspired and financed by certain of your business rivals in other parts of the world—in short, by those who are jealous and resentful of your growing commercial relations with these republics down here below the equator.

"Here in Peru we are greedy to have better acquaintance with you North Americans. I hope that in turn North Americans increasingly may desire to know what we have to offer in entertainment for the visitor and in opportunities for development. There is a profound ignorance on both sides. In some ways we are very close together—North and South America—and in other ways we still seem so far apart. Well, we must cure all that."

I cannot put it too forcibly: If you are

seeking for what is engaging in the life of a people or for what is fecund in auguries of big things coming or yet bigger things to come afterward, or for what is heavy with promise for an infinitely richer development of artistic and creative impulses than that people heretofore has experienced, Lima, I'm sure, will satisfy you.

Yes, I'll use a stronger word: I'm sure Lima will enthrall you. You must come to realize here as you will come to realize almost anywhere else in Peru, or in South America, that the wealth of the land both on the cultural side and the material side hardly has been tapped.

You hear the breathing of only half-awakened giant forces, some still entombed in the earth, some already sharpening the creative faculties of the race. Mañana-land no longer is content to drowse in the sunshine. The old Land of Do-It-Tomorrow is transforming into the new Land of Start-It-Today.

I'm not trying to be epigrammatic. Here on the West Coast the chances for rich and previously untapped markets for Yankee-made goods are obvious even to a man who is himself not concerned with business affairs. So many elements contribute to the agreeable situation—the fact that the cultural influence of Europe is not so overwhelmingly strong as on the Atlantic side; the fact that, generally, the people are less suspicious of North American ideals than are some of their easterly neighbors; the fact that so much accessible territory still awaits the commercial developer; any number of lesser facts.

Here, for example, is one possibility for expansion which was outlined in my hearing by a distinguished international authority on industrial relations.

It has been claimed that in our own country the automobile market is nearing the point of saturation. The South American cities are crowded with Yankee-made automobiles also, but the countryside lacks good highways. Once you pass beyond the city suburbs, you encounter indifferent dirt roads. Increase the facilities for traveling and the demand for cars increases in proportion.

Out of a very high quarter, the suggestion has been advanced that if the automobile interests of the United States could see their way clear to financing bond issues for the building of adequate systems of linked-up highways in such a country as Peru, for instance, their underwriting activities would be welcomed by the government; the interest payments and the ultimate retirement of their bonds would be guaranteed, and the market for their products would be greatly enlarged.

That is merely one concrete and specific illustration as drawn from a great conglomerate of merchandising opportunities. Already we sell to South America nearly all its automobiles and many of its purely utilitarian appliances and structural supplies and manufacturing equipment. Some judges who are conversant with the needs of the South Americans think that we could sell the West Coast the bulk of their ready-made garments, their luxuries, their articles of convenience and adornment, provided our manufacturers in increasing number would send thither representatives endowed with the patience and the tact to study the prospective buyers' commercial ways and customs.

We bade the Peruvian mainland a reluctant adieu after we had seen Arequipa, down the shore line a short

two-days' run from Lima. On its own merits Arequipa is distinctly worth while. To reach it, you must go into the harbor of Mollendo, where you board a train, and for one hundred and seven miles until you come to Arequipa, seven thousand feet and more above sea level, you climb up, up the haunches of the mountains on a breath-taking journey.

Scenically, every inch of it has something to offer—plains as bleak as Sahara, cultivated valleys as green and rich as Eden's garden, yawning canyons most brilliantly mottled; snow-polled peaks, distant glistening glaciers, wide stretches like the Painted Desert; and at the last Arequipa, a quaint town, an old-fashioned town, a very Spanish town which is snuggled into a verdant dimple on the pocked cheek of the Andes, with the exquisitely symmetrical Mount Misti at its back, and almost equally beautiful and equally impressive mountains to right and to left, and, on beyond, still other mountains past counting.

Before you get there you meet the justly renowned walking and talking sand dunes of La Joya. This feature alone was worth the price of admission.

Here is a considerable plateau floored with a coarse brownish lava grit too heavy to be stirred by ordinary winds, and scattered over this surface are countless heaps of light, ash-colored sand. In size they vary from babies no more than five feet tall and perhaps thirty feet across, to big fellows that tower twenty feet aloft and measure one hundred feet from tip to tip. You must measure them from tip to tip because every dune is a perfect crescent.

It is so shaped for the reason that the breezes blow always from a given direction, with the result that the grains are constantly being stroked up the convex side and over the crest to drift down the hollowed side of the half-moon. And they travel, all of course in the same direction, at a rate of from forty to sixty feet per annum or a trifle faster than a Canal Zone bell-hop. Sometimes, especially at dawn, there is heard a sound like the noise of faraway drums, and that is the voice of billions of particles eddying along these *medanos*.

AT AREQUIPA we met the first llamas we'd ever seen outside a menagerie. You know—you must know—the marvelous fact about the llama? Put exactly a hundred pounds of weight upon him and he carries it all day without a murmur. Put one extra ounce—one puny, trifling ounce—more than that hundred pounds on his patient back and he lies right down in his tracks and hopes he may die if he'll move an inch until the load is lightened. There is only one drawback to this evidence of a poor dumb beast's incredibly accurate sagacity, and that is that there isn't a dog-goned word of truth in it.

Arequipa being so Spanish in practically all its outward aspects, Palmer thought we ought to show our familiarity with the customs of the motherland overseas. He said in southern Spain when you met some pretty girls it was regarded as the proper thing to address a flowery compliment to them; he said they expected it and were disappointed if you failed to utter it. He recalled one favorite remark: "Blessed be the mothers that bore you!" So we picked out a couple of handsome candidates and said it together in our best Spanish.

But the thing was a total failure. The young ladies' expressions showed that they were still being bored.

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Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for November, 1929

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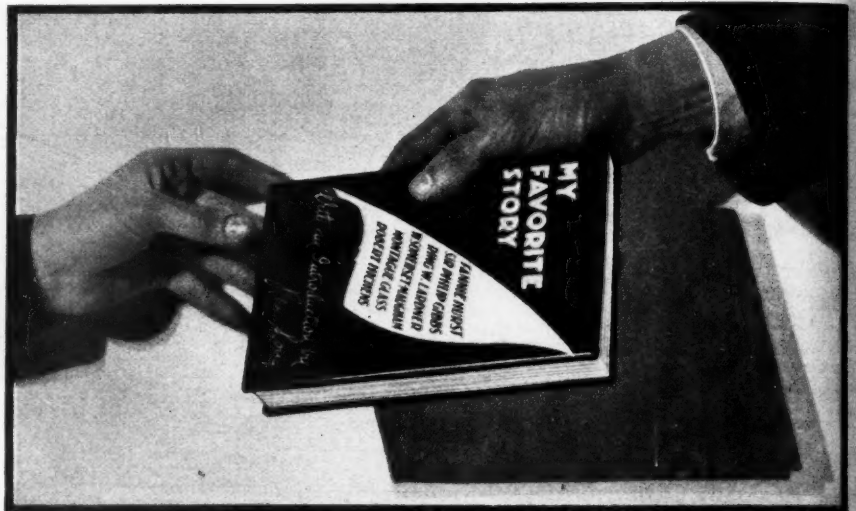
"There appeared suddenly in the wings the young violinist whose fame at twenty-five had already swung around the world. A row of figures followed him. A short, stout man carrying the silk-swathed violin; behind this man the pale, timid face of a woman; and then came in steps the curious, prideful faces of three young people, brothers and sisters, no doubt, of the young genius at the head of the group.

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Exerciser

Ladies' Man

(Continued from page 57)

know how to begin. He bowed himself
out and closed the door.

Sibyl looked after him with a sorrow-
ing admiration. After all, he was as
typical a New Yorker as Darricott, and
there were more of him; but his kind
did not often glitter. But Rachel cried:
"Wouldn't such a brother drive any
girl to the bow-wows? If he'd only en-
list in the Salvation Army and let me
alone!"

Darricott did not commit himself to
an estimate of Anthony, but he did say:
"He made one right good suggestion,
Rachel."

"What?"

"That you should get home as soon as
you can. I second the motion."

Rachel winced like a child smacked
across the mouth, but she brazened it
out as usual. "Gosh, but I win the
popularity contest by a million votes.
Well, I know how to take a hint. Just
kick me out and I realize I'm not
wanted. But I can't go out in your paja-
mas, can I?"

"I don't care what you go out in," said
Jamie, "but out you go, before any more
relief expeditions arrive."

Rachel sighed. "I'm on my way. But
what can I—I'll do what I've done
before when I've been caught out like
this. I'll put on my step-ins, fasten my
big coat over me and carry my evening
clothes in a bundle under my arm.
That's better than trailing along in a
ball gown. Pagine, you'd better do the
same. That Hawaiian petticoat of yours
would cause no end of a riot at this
hour. Jamie will lend you a box to
carry it in."

Darricott had an idea. "Telephone
your hotel, ask them to send a maid to
your room to pick out a day dress for
you and bring it here."

"Here?" gasped Sibyl. "What wouldn't
she think?"

"What do you care what a chamber-
maid thinks?"

Sibyl shook her head. "I'd rather not
drag you into what my chambermaid
is thinking about me now. She's prob-
ably in my room with the housekeeper
wondering if I'm in the morgue."

"All right," said Darricott; "do as lit-
tle Rachel always does and I'll go along
with you and tote the bundles."

Again Sibyl shook her head. "I'd
better roll up to my hotel alone. I don't
want to compromise you."

Darricott accepted the ironic tribute
with a smile, and said: "I'll get two
boxes from the office and pack your
dresses in them and send them along
by special messengers."

"You know my address," said Rachel,
with too much meaning.

She went to the bedroom with Sibyl
and while she squirmed out of Dar-
ricott's pajamas and into her own things,
Sibyl slipped out of her gown and made
as compact a bundle of it as she could.

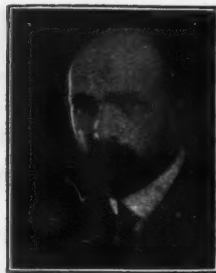
Both girls then put on their fur coats
and returned to the living room. Rachel
looked about anxiously.

"You haven't a couple of pot hats left
here by any lady visitors, have you?
It's a little early for bare hair."

Darricott shook his head. Rachel ex-
plained:

"I thought maybe some of your callers
might have left in a hurry by the fire
escape. Good Lord, there's no fire es-
cape. However do you get down in case
of fire?"

"You don't," said Darricott. "You go
on up."



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He went to the elevator with his guests and bade them a formal farewell, thanking them for a beautiful party.

The elevator man kept his eyes on his work and his thoughts to himself. So did the door man who put them in a taxicab. But the driver, one of the infinite variety of taxicab men, said: "Pretty early for a rehoisal of the Follies, ain't it?"

Rachel slammed the sliding glass shut in his face. Then she turned to Sibyl with the frankness of youth and her own character.

"Come clean, Pagie: are you in love with Jamie?"

Sibyl shook her head. Rachel went on:

"Of course, you are, but just how deep? Have you any idea of marrying him or anything like that?"

Sibyl shook her head again, smiling tolerantly, but Rachel was uneasy.

"Jamie is not the marrying kind and Lord help the woman that drags him to the chair. She couldn't hold him long. Too many others would be waiting to steal him and he's got no—no sales resistance. But, at that, with hardly anybody staying married long nowadays, it would be an experience. And that's about all you get out of life, isn't it? Experience—collecting souvenir experiences—something to mull over in your old age or when you get your leg broke taking a fence.

"What else has a girl got to live for?—unless she's bugs about a career, or something. That's my career: seeing life first. For we're a long time dead. Lord, but it would be something to remember—being married to Jamie, having a honeymoon with him on a yacht or somewhere—then settling down and fighting off other women as long as you could. You'd lose out sooner or later, but we always lose out in the long run.

"I'd love it. I'd love to have a baby for Jamie and watch the little devil grow. There ought to be quite a kick in that, what? Having a toy Jamie to play with and feed and raise and carry through the gantlet of little girls and on up through older and older girls till the little imp began to work on the *grandes dames*.

"Here's Jamie, still just a young feller, and he's already set fire to the Home for Aged and Indignant Females. Good Lord, why can't the old folks at home stay there and leave something for us youngsters?"

She fell silent and Sibyl found it easier to say nothing than to risk speech. She knew that Rachel was beginning the war that daughters wage with mothers and sons with fathers in their separate fields of selfishness.

She hoped that neither of the Fendleys would menace Darricott long, yet she wondered why she cared at all. She could not endure the thought that she herself was interested or entering into competition, but—Rachel seized her hand and crushed it in hers.

"Don't imagine for a moment, Pagie, that I don't appreciate what you did for me. I don't know what your plans are about Jamie—or what they were, but whatever you had in mind, you couldn't have planned to spend a night with a stranger in my state. I loathe and abominate other girls who drink too much.

"If I had been out alone with Jamie on a night cruise, I would have let the whole world die before I'd have given up the priceless evening with him. But you chased round and found me and took care of me and—whew, but I must have been a pest!—they tell me I'm simply odious when I'm blotto. But you—Lord, but you're an angel and if you really want Jamie—"

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"I don't want him," said Sibyl. "I never saw him before yesterday. I don't expect to see him again—ever. I hope I never see him again."

"You mean, you hope you hope," said Rachel. "I can't imagine any woman really hoping she'd never see Jamie again. It would be like hoping you'd never see roses again, never be warm any more, or excited—but, well, I'll take you at your word, and I'm going after Jamie, hell-bent for election."

"Good hunting, sister!" said Sibyl. "I'm taking the train tonight for the South and I'll not be back for months and months."

"Honestly? Lord, but you are a white woman. Jamie likes you, too. There's a certain something about the way he looks at you and speaks to you—something sort of sad and hungry. I wouldn't have a chance against you."

"I don't suppose I have a chance anyway, but I've got one thing Jamie likes; and that's money. If I can buy him—or rent him for a year or two—Well, here's my house. I ought to invite you in to meet the family and spend the week-end, but I fancy you have an engagement with the bathtub and the old beddo, what?"

Sibyl nodded and Rachel squeezed her hand hard, started to back out of the cab, lunged back in, caught Sibyl about the neck and kissed her.

"Good-by, Pagle, and God love you."

Sibyl gave the driver the name of her hotel and leaned back, closing her eyes. She was thinking what beautiful qualities had been squandered on Rachel and mixed with what ruinous traits. She was thinking of Anthony—what a heroic missionary he would have made in a savage world or in an earlier era, and how doomed he was to be driven fanatic and compelled to failure in his own household. She was thinking how wretched these rich and gorgeous New Yorkers were, how simple their desires, and how vain.

They were desperately chasing the old fox, Happiness, over fence and ditch and plowed field, risking their necks and their lives in the wild ride. And if they overtook it, ten to one it was only an aniseed bag, after all.

Suddenly the driver slid back the glass, thrust in an arm and opened the door. "End of the line; all out!"

Sibyl woke with a start, gathered her coat about her, paid the fare and added a tip.

She marched into the lobby, trying to conceal her embarrassment by pretending that her golden slippers were the natural footgear for this hour and that her cloak covered the ordinary morning frock. She sent a hall boy for her key and waited at the elevator for it.

When she reached her room, she began to fling off her things, fill her tub, brush her teeth, telephone the porter to make sure of her railroad tickets, and warn the central operator that she was to be called at four o'clock without fail and not before.

She fell asleep in her tub and woke chilled, ran it hot again, dozed off, rose, dried herself and slid like a lizard into her bed. It seemed that she had just closed her eyes when the telephone rang. She snatched it and raged drowsily:

"I thought I told you not to call me until four o'clock."

"It is four o'clock," answered the voice with a smile. "Will you take your other calls now?"

"No. Yes."

"I'll send up some messitches I have here."

A page brought her dress in a box and half a dozen envelopes, all of them from

READING TIME

3

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Darricott, leaving various numbers where he might be found for the next hour.

Hours had passed. The city had been conducting a billion-dollar business and she had been—where? It was already coming on dusk and she was in a surly humor and resolved not to see Darricott again. She ordered the telephone girl not to put through any calls.

At the train gate stood Jamie in his evening clothes again, his opera hat cocked at the same angle. He looked as fresh for another evening as if he had not lost an hour of sleep. It was this that enabled her to deny him her address when he asked for it after his first greeting.

"I want to send you a written testimonial of my admiration," he explained.

"It's better as a talkie," she said cockily. It was such an unusual privilege to be evaded that he was delighted.

"I'll find it out easily enough, and you'll hear from me soon. If I don't run down to see you, be sure to let me know when you come back, and I'll give you another of my personally conducted seeing-New York trips."

"Is there anything left to see?"

"Heaps. I'll pep up the next one with a murder or something really good."

And this was another grim prophecy that went by disguised as a flippancy.

Among the last people pouring through the gate Sibyl noted a man who seemed to have a grudge against life and everybody living it. With him was a woman whose beauty had somehow a commercial gloss. Her too-splendid costume suggested an effort to wrap up cheap goods in an ornate package to hasten their sale. She would have been ever so much more beautiful if she had been less beautified.

Apparently she knew Darricott, and this evidently did not reassure the man with her, whom she called "Charrlie Boy." Charlie Boy was plainly embarrassed by the cloying tone of her regret at his departure. When the gateman urged haste, the woman kissed the man lavishly, but kept her eyes on Jamie over-shoulder. Reluctantly her husband, uncle, or whatever he might be, left her and shuffled down the steep stairway.

As Sibyl started to follow, Jamie took her hand as if to kiss it, but instead touched a finger of his right hand to his lips and pressed it on the back of her hand, saying:

"If I didn't believe we'd meet again soon, I'd go along."

"It's a shame to leave you all alone on a desert island," Sibyl answered, with a glance at the other woman.

"I'll be lonelier than you think," he answered solemnly.

"You!" she laughed, trying to put raillery in her tone and frightened to hear the regret that clouded it, as if her voice were more honest than her brain. Her hand left his like the painter of a little boat slipping from a mooring ring, and she felt strangely lost and cast adrift.

She hurried down the steps, and while her redcaps beckoned anxiously, paused to send a last glance up the steep stairs. Behind the bars stood Darricott, staring at her and waving his opera hat. Entirely too close to him stood that woman, waving at her departing rhinoceros, but seeming to gloat over Sibyl, who took little comfort from thinking: "You may have him."

A voice at her side growled: "You know that—you know Darricott, don't you?"

"Yes; but I don't know you," Sibyl snapped.

"And you won't know Darricott long, if—"



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But Sibyl was hurrying along the wall of sleeping cars to her drawing-room. She pushed money into two russet palms and stepped in as the train moved out.

She recalled at once the gruff words she had heard and wondered whether she ought to telegraph or write Darricott about them and warn him that he had an enemy and had better keep away from that woman. She laughed at herself without amusement at the uselessness of advising Darricott to keep away from the women who would not keep away from him. As for an enemy, was not every male his natural enemy?

The long train slid down under the river and she felt a distress in her ears as it roared through the denser air. She could do as little about getting it up to the surface again as about guiding Jamie Darricott through his dark burrowings.

She had her dinner alone in her drawing-room and could not keep her mind off that woman. She imagined the creature's very words with canny accuracy, for as soon as she had seen the train carry off her Charlie Boy, she caught Darricott before he could escape, and said:

"I'll give you a lift uptown, Jamie."

"Thanks, Mrs. Poore, but—" Jamie called the name "Po-ah," but, as the grass widow clung to his arm, she pouted:

"Since when have I become Mrs. Poorrrre to you, Jamie?"

"Since Mr. Palmer took you away from Mr. Poore, Clara." There is no spelling the way he said "Cla'a."

She snickered in the pride of not being a one-man woman. "Well, anyway, Charllie Parmerr has just given me a swanky new town carr. Come along and I'll drop you wherrevrr you say."

He went along, but she didn't drop him. It was as hard for women to drop Jamie as it is to let go of the handles of an electric battery.

Clara had little delight in his company, however, for two women were disputing his thoughts: the one that got away and the one that would not let him get away. He realized with irritation that he would now have two nights off to explain to Mrs. Fendley. And he was in dire need of money again.

He was so tired of Helena that he was almost tempted to borrow from Clara what he needed to tide him over. He might have had it, too, for Clara was liberal with the money she extracted with such difficulty from the Mr. Palmer who had also a Mrs. Palmer and several Misses Palmer bleeding him. But Darricott was fastidious and Clara was unbearably middle-class—the middlest.

The way she gargled her R's was alone enough to torture his ears. When she called him "darrrrling" and "dearrie" he wanted to throttle her. The peacock's voice annulled the peacock's feathers and her perfume sickened him. She had a mass of pillageable jewelry about but he could imagine how she would fight for it, and he gave her up as a non-profitable investment.

She was not at all meek about letting him go. She valued her endearments at their market value and when they were refused as a gift she was in a mood to use her strength tyrannously.

He tried to escape politely, but she called him a "dirtty llarr" and other names more often heard than seen.

She served one good—or evil—purpose, however, for she convinced him that the gentle and mournful Mrs. Fendley had more charm than he had realized of late. Helena clung but she did not screech. She rolled her eyes but not her R's.



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Soon after he reached his lofty eyrie at last, Helena called him on his private telephone and her voice was so well-bred that when she pleaded with him to see her for a moment, he sped to her almost with eagerness. He liked her none the less for slipping into his pocket a handsome wallet she had bought for him. It was a trifle bulgy with contents that he could guess. He forgave her even that.

She knew how to woo her Jamie. She knew better than to waste his precious time with reproaches for the precious hours he had denied her, and if she suspected that he was thinking of that girl he had met at the luncheon table, she did not drag her in by name.

If she suspected that he was making love to that girl while he accepted her devotion, she did not quarrel even with that. Beggars must not complain of feasting at the second table.

On the train Sibyl had no realization of the vicarious tenderness she inspired in Darricott. She would have been enraged enough to kill him if she could have thought of such unimaginable turpitude.

She lost even the support of her contempt for the Fendley women, since it came upon her that it was not her righteousness that condemned them so much as her jealousy.

The proud and self-sufficient Miss Page, who had hunted lions successfully in Africa, cowered now in her flying cubby-hole, reduced to a mere old-fashioned female. Even the wheels beneath her, clicking across the rail joints, mocked her, recalling an old tune and repeating it till she was almost ready to leap off the train in the dark to escape it.

Little Sally Waters, sitting in the sand, sighing and crying for a young man. Little Sally Waters, little Sally Waters, Little Sally Waters sitting in the sand, Sighink and cryink for a young mand.

Through the reeling frenzy broke the maniac howls of the far-off engine. Towns went rattling by; other trains tore the night to pieces. Now and then the train stopped with an unearthly wail of the air brakes. After long delays it chugged on again, dragging her with it by the head, but never dragging her out of her perplexity, never failing to run her brain through the sewing machine of that intolerable imbecility of "Little Sally Waters."

It was noon when she woke and the train was navigating the doleful pine forests of North Carolina, shabby as the paintless and collapsing pine cabins of the shiftless populace that drifted by.

It was good to see her father and her mother and her brothers and sisters and relatives and friends, but when they asked her to tell them all about Africa, she could hardly remember that she had been there.

She took up fox-hunting and golf and tennis and dancing again, and her body grew strong and hale, but her heart seemed dead in her. Her neighbors treated her with distinction as a darling, far-traveled huntress of many trophies, but she was only a heartsick girl moping through the world.

Of all the praises she had, the only one that gave her heart a lift came from stupid old Aunt Fanny Blanton, whose adulation had sickened her before. For Fanny wrote, in the course of a long account of her own successes as a lion-chaser:

What do you suppose, my dear?
I met Jamie Darricott last week—and he simply raved about you,



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simply raved. Asked for your address—and said he was going to write to you!!!! I suppose you've had reams from him by now, but what an impression you must have made on him—and all in a few minutes at a luncheon table. You're wonderful, my dear. But, of course, you won't believe anything that beautiful deceiver writes to you, will you? I should hope not!

But Darricott did not write her anything to believe or disbelieve. He did not write to her at all.

And she hated him for that. All women hated him. And with such good reason. But loved him none the less—perhaps all the more.

Life in the Fendley home returned to the normal—the abnormal norm of the Fendley home. Horace Fendley was absorbed in another tremendous merger of already merged banks; he had hopes of being one of the richest men on earth; he was amiably emulous of certain far richer men whose names were world-words as billionaires.

He was glad to see that his wife was keeping up her end of the business, for social power was an auxiliary engine in his campaign. She was giving a grandiose ball for Rachel. It was one way of concealing her fear of Rachel as a reckless young woman-about-town and a rival for Jamie's love.

Mrs. Fendley knew that there was gossip about her. She had recognized herself in one or two gauzily concealed allusions in the periodicals that subjected the aristocrats to the same remorseless criticism visited on playwrights, painters, novelists and politicians. Friends of hers had warned her that she was in danger of a public scandal, but she would rather give up security than give up Jamie.

She had seen in the theater what they called a light-curtain: by turning dazzling lamps full in the spectators' eyes the things that went on behind the glare were concealed. She would give a reception and ball and open her house to a select multitude in order to blind the public to what was going on.

She was uneasy about Rachel because the girl had resumed her interest in liquor and apparently forgotten Darricott. She did not take a helpful interest in the big affair.

But Horace was behaving splendidly. He had promised to be present. Indeed, he hoped to appear as a personage of royal importance. He worked night and day to finish his consolidation in time to have his success dazzle the guests as much as his wife's diamonds would.

The servants wore themselves out making everything ready. Mrs. Fendley sent them to bed early the night before to be ready for a final day of frenzy. She said she would let herself in when she came home from the opera.

Her husband did not appear at her side in the Fendley box. He was in final council with a round table of plutocrats preparing a statement for the next morning's press, and a proper debut in Wall Street for the new amalgamation.

When all was done, and the last reporter had departed, and the last hand was shaken, Fendley climbed into his car and rode home exhausted. His limousine stole through the lonely gorges of lower Broadway, up through the deserted reaches of the wholesale zones and on north. The chariot carried the latest Caesar across the Rubicon.

When he reached his house, he found his wife just returned from the opera and talking to young Darricott, whom Fendley thanked for being kind enough

to escort her. Fendley was the toller home from the forge and he let himself brag a little. He was merely anticipating the headlines and he told his wife to go out on the morrow and buy herself anything she might want, for he was to be the Queen of the May in the early morning.

He was so tired out and so exultant that he did not wait for Helena to finish her adieux. He climbed the stairs as if they went up to a throne. In his room he sank into a chair, worn out with the battle. He must have dozed for a while, for he woke slowly and realized anew how splendid a success he had won. He wanted to talk it over with the little woman who had been his lifelong companion. He was quite rustic and bourgeois about it.

He went into her bedroom but she was not there. He went on to her sitting room. She was not there. Was it possible that that cub Darricott was still keeping her up?

He sat down to wait, but his impatience made him restless. He descended to the drawing-room. She was not there, nor was she in the library or the dining room. That was odd. Perhaps she had gone out to supper. He hoped not. He was lonely for her.

He went back up the stairs, pausing to regret her absence. He had usually kept his bad luck and his anxieties to himself, but his triumphs he loved to bring home to her.

As his eyes ran backward down the steps he saw in the hall near the door Darricott's hat and stick and overcoat. That puzzled him.

He stood at the top of the heroic staircase and felt lonely in the palace of his genius. He had planned to build his statelier soul a statelier mansion, but he was lost in this and puzzled by its magnitude, fretted by his wife's ability to hide from him, and her motive for deserting him on such a superb occasion.

Wondering where to look next, his eye fell on a door to the balcony that ran around the ballroom, which was also the music room and the art gallery, the home of the pipe organ, the concert-grand piano and the moving-picture machine and screen. The house was not a pretentious castle and all these devices had been crowded into one chapel.

He opened the door softly. His eye fell on the dreary forest of the organ pipes mounting in their differing lengths toward the ceiling imported from somebody's palace in—wherever it was. There was a light on the ballroom floor, one gilded cluster that poured a vague and slumbrous radiance on the console of the organ, on the piano decorated by—that expensive painter.

The servants who had been waxing the floor for the dance had probably forgotten to switch off the last light. He reached toward a control to blot it out. He heard a murmur.

Moving forward a step or two he could see beneath the jut of the balcony a sumptuous tapestried divan, and reclining there his Helena. Seated so close to her that her arms encircled his neck was Jamie Darricott, his head dragged down to her lips.

Horace could just hear her murmuring a phrase that had grown monotonous to Darricott: "Don't go—not yet."

While all the morning presses were rolling forth his name in great letters on hundreds of thousands of newspapers, pouring them forth from the turbines of publicity, Fendley was lifting his heavy hand to his lurching heart and wondering if he were to sink down dead—almost wishing that he might.

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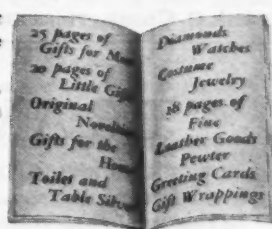
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But his heart withstood the cataclysm and his habit kept him silent while his brain swam and fought itself into equilibrium. He fell back into the upper hall and tottered to the banister, clinging there while his soul said to itself: "Steady! Steady, old man! Easy does it! Be Horace Fendley! Be big!"

He lived through the brief Gethsemane of the husband who realizes that the bitterest cup has been set to his lips and must be drained. He was meek about it for a while, and told himself that, after all, he deserved it; he had been a blind, deaf, trusting fool.

His old love even pleaded for Helena. It was still great enough to take her guilt on itself. He told himself platitudes about neglected wives pining away while their husbands heaped up wealth.

He absolved her and bowed his head to his degradation; almost smiled as he welcomed himself into the great lodge of deceived husbands. He had known how badly some of his friends were being fooled and had said nothing. They had done the same by him.

But that man—that snake in the grass—that sneaking, venomous Darricott!—he must not be allowed to go scot-free. It was his skill, his youth, his charm that had led Helena astray. He must not leave this ruined home unscathed.

He ought to be shot—but shooting was not in Fendley's line. The villain must not be killed, for that would bring public shame on the home. Especially he must not be killed just at this time when the morning's papers would be full of Horace Fendley's triumph in high finance and the following morning's papers would ring with Helena's triumph in her field.

A pretty place to sandwich in a story of a killing! The ballroom floor stained with blood—no, he must deny himself that all too dearly earned privilege of retribution.

But Darricott must not be permitted to steal out of the house unbeaten. Fendley hurried down the front stairway, never doubting that right made might and that only his self-restraint would save the reptile from death. With mounting fury, he dashed through the drawing-room, the library and aside into the ballroom, shoved back the paneled door and advanced across the floor to drive his fists into the face of the despoiler of his honor.

He would not say a word. Just send his left fist to the mouth, his right to the point of the jaw. Just where was the point of the jaw? which foot should be forward?

He lost momentum on the slippery floor and his shadow danced about him in multiple hilarity. His foot slipped and he almost fell, but he kept his eyes on his goal. He saw Darricott rise, dismayed. He saw Helena scramble to her feet aghast, her eyes mad with shame and fear.

But she was afraid for Darricott, it seemed, since she ran in front of him. That was the first blow in the fight, and it struck the old man under his heart.

He pressed forward none the less, lonely, but the more resolute. When he reached Helena, he seized her outstretched arm and swung her aside. She went to one knee with a moan of woe. On that glassy surface the gesture swung him aside too. Again he had to make an unseemly wriggle to regain his balance.

He forgot his strategy. He flailed at Darricott's face, but the coward simply swerved away from the left fist and dipped under the right, and made no counter-attack.

Recovering again with all awkwardness, panting in agony, Fendley struck now

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with a gorilla's uncouth fury. Darricott backed away and stepped aside, until he was driven against the wall, and ready for finishing.

Then he did something. He was suddenly alert, poised. With his left hand open, he took Fendley's blow in the palm of his hand and brought the right forward like a driving rod. It buried itself in the spot just below the gable of Fendley's ribs, and he went backward to the floor, where he slid and spun.

Gaping like a fish, with his head clamorous as a fire-house belfry, Fendley sprawled motionless, smothering for breath and paralyzed with stupefaction at the possibility of such an impossibility. That a husband charging on the invader of his home should be struck down by the thief—that the innocent should be humbled by the guilty—it was inconceivable, monstrous, diabolic nonsense!

But he could not breathe. Innumerable pains blazed in him. Gradually he could move a little. Turtlewise he righted himself to get to his hands and knees.

He began to see again, and to hear through the hurricane in his ears Darricott's voice saying something like:

"I'm sorry. I apologize. I'm terribly sorry."

Darricott was actually trying to lift him up. He found strength enough to strike away that polluting touch and to croak:

"At least not that!"

"Sorry!" mumbled Darricott and walked out of range of Fendley's eyes. The walls and chairs ceased to leap and swirl. The pipe organ ceased to blare. He realized that other hands were upon him. He made out bleakly that Helena was clinging to him with shivering arms and trying to get him up.

Again he mumbled thickly: "At least not that!"

It was as good a thing as anything to say. There was nothing to say, to think, to do. The only power left was the unwelcome ability to endure.

He supposed that Helena had left the room with Darricott; but he could not tell when. After a misty while he cast his dreary eyes about and saw that he was alone, unthinkable, eternally alone.

Drunk with shock and butchered pride he gaped about him. There was the pipe organ serene with hushed thunders of beauty. It cost him—oh, a lot. That French organist who christened it charged him a thousand. The piano—he had sent two thousand to an unpronounceable pianist for a private recital. Caruso had stood there once and sung—not for nothing—the laugh-clown-laugh song about the fellow who caught his wife with the other fellow and had to go on with the show.

The chairs sitting about like stupid zannies holding out their laps for people to sit on—the divans—tomorrow night they were to have been filled with the greatest people in town and they were all to have been proud to be asked to the home of the new power on earth, Horace Fendley.

They must not come to mock him. Yet they would. They knew all about his shame, anyway—all about all of it except this peculiar cruelty. He would have to kill Darricott now—or, at least, day after tomorrow.

There would be a mob dancing here tomorrow night. He'd better get out of the way before they jogged right over him. He tried to rise, but his muscles were sand. He rolled over on his face and wept.

Upstairs, his wife smothered her sobs in her salt-stained pillow.



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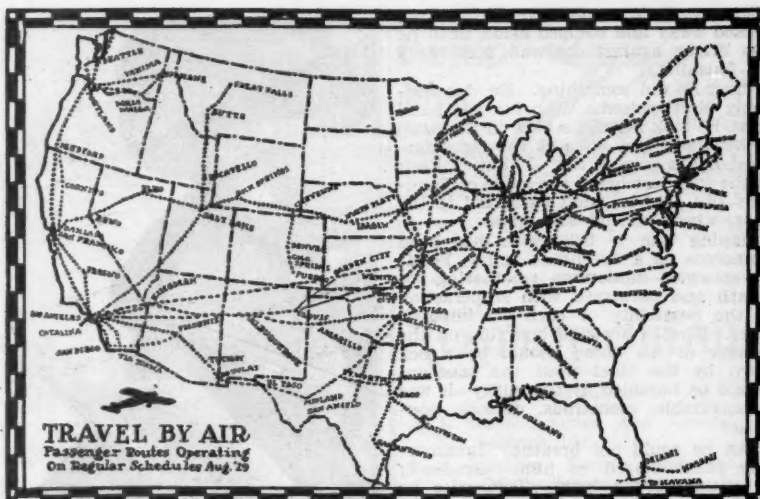
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A GROWING NET WORK

The air map changes almost daily. During the past summer two Transcontinental Air Routes and dozens of Intercity Routes began operating on regular schedules so that the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts are now only 48 hours apart and virtually every large city is on an air lane connecting it with its sister cities.

Air travel has taken its place alongside of rail, motor car and water travel—serving business as well as recreation.

Cosmopolitan has prepared a booklet, "Travel by Air," containing a map and schedules of all regular routes, which will be mailed upon receipt of 25¢.

Schedules and Rates

New York to Boston	twice daily	one way	\$34.85	Los Angeles to El Paso	once daily	Phoenix	one way	\$32.50
New York to Boston	once daily	round trip	64.70	via Phoenix, Tucson		round trip	58.50	
New York to Montreal	once daily	Albany	30.00	and Douglas		Tucson	one way	45.00
via Albany		Montreal	25.00			round trip	81.00	
New York to Washington	once daily		50.00			Douglas	one way	57.50
New York to Los Angeles	once daily		30.00			round trip	103.50	
(Air-Rail)			254.00			El Paso	one way	77.50
New York to Los Angeles	once daily		245.00			round trip	139.50	
New York to Los Angeles	once daily		351.00			Fresno	one way	25.00
Albany to Montreal	once daily		35.00	Los Angeles to San Fran.	twice daily	round trip	45.00	
Cleveland to Pittsburgh	once daily	one way	20.00	via Fresno and Bakers-		Bakersfield	one way	15.00
		round trip	35.00	field		round trip	25.00	
Cleveland to Detroit	twice daily	one way	14.00			San Francisco	one way	38.00
		round trip	25.00			round trip	75.00	
Chicago to Detroit	twice daily	one way	30.00	Los Angeles to Seattle	once daily	San Francisco	one way	45.00
		round trip	50.00	via San Francisco and		Portland	one way	113.00
Chicago to Cleveland	once daily	one way	37.50	Portland		Seattle	one way	125.00
		round trip	70.00			San Diego to round trip	19.00	
Chicago to San Francisco	twice daily	Omaha	47.00	San Diego to San Francisco	once daily	Los Angeles	one way	9.75
via Omaha, Salt Lake		Salt Lake City	146.00	via Los Angeles		San Diego to round trip	19.00	
City and Reno		Reno	191.00			San Francisco	one way	42.25
		San Francisco	200.00			San Diego to round trip	77.50	
Chicago to Twin Cities	once daily		30.00			Los Angeles	one way	32.50
Chicago to Cincinnati	thrice daily	Indianapolis	22.00			round trip	58.00	
via Indianapolis		Cincinnati	35.00			Los Angeles to Salt Lake	once daily	30.00
Toronto to Buffalo	twice daily	one way	17.50			via Las Vegas	once daily	60.00
		round trip	30.00			Akron to Detroit	twice daily	16.50
Cincinnati to Indianapolis	thrice daily		17.00			via Toledo	one way	33.00
Kansas City to Los Angeles	once daily		175.00			Detroit	one way	20.00
Miami to Havana	twice daily	one way	41.25			round trip	35.00	
Tulsa to Sweetwater	twice daily	Oklahoma City	11.00			Canton	one way	5.00
via Oklahoma City		Wichita Falls	23.00			round trip	10.00	
Wichita Falls		Sweetwater	38.00			Pittsburgh	one way	15.00
San Antonio to Brownsville	once daily	Corpus Christi	16.50			round trip	27.00	
via Corpus Christi		Brownsville	33.00					
Waterloo to Des Moines	once daily	one way	10.00					
		round trip	18.00					
Dallas to El Paso	once daily	Abilene	22.00					
via Abilene		El Paso	71.00					
Fort Worth to San Antonio	once daily	Dallas	5.00					
via Dallas, Waco and		Waco	14.00					
Austin		Austin	25.50					
Fort Worth to Galveston	once daily	San Antonio	34.50					
via Dallas, Waco and		Dallas	5.00					
Houston		Waco	14.00					
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Salt Lake City to Great Falls	once daily	Galveston	39.50					
via Pocatello, Butte		Pocatello	17.50					
and Helena		Butte	37.50					
		to Great Falls	44.00					
		twice daily	50.00					
		Pocatello to						
		Salt Lake City						

These schedules are furnished according to the latest available information, but changes are being made almost daily and we cannot guarantee accuracy.

COSMOPOLITAN TRAVEL SERVICE

57th Street at 8th Avenue

New York City

Even Jamie Darricott in the taxicab was not entirely satisfied.

Life is a hard cold ballroom floor to lie on and weep alone. By and by Horace Fendley, a broken-hearted young boy of sixty, with a broken-hearted girl wife of forty upstairs, discovered that boneaches can be borne better than heartaches. At least, one has some chance to relieve the bones.

He lifted himself with difficulty from the waxed floor, went cautiously across it to the balcony stairway and pulled himself up to the door. There he cast his eyes about the high-vaulted tomb of his delusion, and then, like Othello, "put out the light."

He made his way upstairs, thanking heaven for the exile long ago to a bedroom of his own. He took off the clothes his tailor had dignified him with, and the various other garments his wife had bought him. He stood for a moment as naked as he was born and as miserable; far more miserable since he had accumulated so many more ways of being miserable.

Then he put on the silken pajamas his wife had had made for him and crawled into his bed—said to have been one of the beds Napoleon had slept in. This gave him the first solace he had encountered.

Napoleon was one of the world's best successes—a self-made emperor built out of a young pauper, an immigrant at that. But at the top of his glory, he, too, had learned what Fendley had learned, that the wife he had crowned with a diadem had been false to him.

Napoleon had divorced his Creole and Fendley would have to divorce Helena, he supposed. But not just now. He could not face the courts now. In New York there were only two grounds: infidelity, hard to prove, and desertion for five years, hard to wait for. He would think it over tomorrow.

He woke early and remembered only the hideous fact that a man had knocked him down and walked away alive. So long as Darricott lived, Fendley could never lift his head again. He might seem to hold it high, but his spirit was in the dust.

There was a tap at the door and his valet stole in with the proper thievishness. In one hand he carried a silver tray with a glass of orange juice embedded in a silver bowl of ice. He had all the morning papers under one arm, and laid them neatly on a table with the tray until he had opened the curtains and disclosed the sick old lion lying in his lair.

"Quite a bit about you, sir, in the headlines this morning," said the valet.

Fendley cowered. Could the all-seeing press have learned already that the young man who had ruined the wife had nearly ruined the husband?

When the papers were spread across his lap he saw why they celebrated him. One of them dubbed him the new Samson in Wall Street. But there was nothing about young David laying him low.

For a while he found the draft of fame as sweet and antacid as the orange juice. One of the papers gave a lioness' share to his wife as his inspiration and, socially, an invaluable coadjutor.

He had said that himself. In his interview with the clustered reporters, he had said:

"Boys, don't forget to slip my little wife a word of praise. I owe everything to her. She's stood by me through thin and thick. Few men succeed largely without a lot of help from the American home."

One of the papers, quoting this, commented sarcastically on the eloquent fact

that Fendley had owed his latest elevation to the removal from competition of his leading rival, whose prolonged and noisome domestic wrangles with an unfaithful wife had finally compelled him to resign his lofty post.

This gave Fendley a scare. Bankers must avoid the publicity of the divorce court. He would have to conceal his shame somehow.

But to let Darricott get away with everything—to connive at his escape—that was unbearable at any price. Yet how could he destroy Darricott without wrecking himself?

He had always thought the old code of the duel sublimely farcical: "X steals Y's wife; therefore, Y must say to him: 'You wrecked my home, so I insist on standing still while you take a shot at me.'"

Yet unless he moved warily, he would be doing just that. Somehow, somewhere, sometime he must pay Darricott back with usury, but only he and Darricott must know. He must lay his plans carefully and endure everything until he could make the scene ready, and then—confound you, Darricott, you know what this is for!

Until that exact and perfect then, he must go about his other businesses on earth.

He did not see his wife before he left the house. He did not come home until after dark. Then he found his evening clothes all laid out, and his valet as obsequious as ever. Thank heaven, there was one family secret that the servants did not know.

The house was flooding with guests when he went down and took his place at the side of his wife. For his sardonic reward he had from her the strangest smile she had ever given him, and a surreptitious aside:

"This is the bravest thing you ever did, and I love you for it."

He could think of no answer except an odd puckering of the features. Perhaps it was the most cowardly thing he had ever done. It was not possible for him to believe what was all too true, and commonplace enough: that she really loved him better than she loved Darricott, only differently. The fact was that she loved Darricott worse than him, but helplessly.

He kept watching the growing crowd, making ready to face Darricott with all the courageous courtesies of a truce.

But Darricott did not come. Yet he did not stay at home, for there were other people left in town even after the Fendley list had combed the populace.

The great lady who had Darricott for dinner tried in vain to find out why he was not at the Fendleys', yet felt repaid for her baffled curiosity by the hope that she might keep him away from that family permanently. But in the bright lexicon of Darricott, there was no such word as "permanently."

At the Fendleys', many people looked for him and, not finding him, supposed that he was somewhere in the crush. But two women knew that he was not there, Helena and Rachel Fendley.

Peyton Weldon was at the party, of course. He was so relieved by the roominess of the place without Darricott that he worked out a plagiarized epigram:

"Darricott is one of those fellows who make it too crowded wherever they are. He is the sort of fellow whose absence makes any company select and complete."

He tried it out on Rachel, who answered:

"How different he is from you, darling. You make a vacuum wherever you go."



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What is the secret that each year brings throngs of new residents to California? Many of your friends and neighbors have come to live. First they came to visit. Thousands of others who have been here once or twice are even now waiting for the propitious moment for the move. That is how California has been settled, by travelers who found here the end of the road, the homeland they sought.

There are two chief reasons for California's lure. One is the Springtime that is in the air at every season. Winter is as summer, children playing in the sunshine and their parents living out of doors. The same sports summer and winter, plus the special gaiety of the winter social season. San Francisco, cosmopolitan and joyous. World port. The largest Chinatown outside of China. A definite personality that wins the hearts of those who have seen many cities.

Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, nearby, provide winter sports. They are deep in snow and never lovelier than in winter. Del Monte, bathed in sunlight, green and beautiful. Spectacular golf courses, two along the rocky coast, one cut through a virgin forest and the fourth beautifully landscaped on a rolling plain. Yes, these are reasons why so many choose to live in California.

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She was suffocating for Jamie, trying to breathe, trying to let her mother have him, or Sibyl, or anybody; trying to stifle the feeling that she would rather see him dead than let anyone else enjoy him.

Weldon was sick with wrath at Rachel's insult and the preference she implied for Darricott. His hate for the man was freezing him to death.

Horace and Helena Fendley, hoarse with acknowledging congratulations for their dual triumph, were thinking chiefly of Darricott. There were others present who had him in mind: women prowling for him in the hope of a dance with him; men scowling at the possibility of his subtle rivalry.

As Darricott had said about Mrs. Masters' reception, where also he was most missed among the missing: "I was there after all."

He spent part of the time leaning on the piano of his hostess, who insisted on singing to him and playing her own accompaniment. She had to accompany herself, for he was not with her, though she poured forth love songs to him.

Darricott was rubbing his right knuckles. They had been hurt. But the tingling was delightful, for it reminded him that he had punished a man for breaking in upon him during his office hours. It was an oldish man, but Darricott had enjoyed for the first time the majesty of beating off a male rival. There was a primeval rapture in it.

He had grown weary of the asphyxiating incense of women, but if it were going to bring with it the gambling chance of a bullfight with blindly charging men, it was not so bad. He would like a bit more of the game with the new and fascinating menace added.

Particularly he looked forward to a clash with Peyton Weldon and Anthony Fendley. Above all things, he must get rich somehow—anyhow.

In the hard-riding, hard-playing realm where Sibyl's parents spent the winter, people were usually in bed by nine o'clock. This was small wonder since they were up at dawn and at it hard all day. She fell in with their hours, but when she went to the stables with her mother and father to look over the horses in the early morning, she always recalled how she and Jamie Darricott had watched the sunrise from the top of the spire where he dwelt. When she rode to the hunt with her head bent low against the level rays, she thought of that breakfast in the sky where she sat in her ball gown and ate scrambled eggs while Rachel pleaded for brandy.

Soaring gloriously across a fence on a horse that was briefly an airplane, she felt homesick for a bone-racking taxicab. Hale and honorable young men paid court to her at the meets, on the tennis courts and the links and at the short and early dances, but she thought of Jamie Darricott, who had nothing to commend him except that he was apparently unshackled by any decent scruples.

She felt that her curiosities concerning him would be a lifelong torment unless she changed it to satiation. He was the only man that had ever frightened her, and she could not endure a phobia.

Even as a child she had cured herself of the normal graveyard dread only by walking through a cemetery slowly after dark. She had never believed in ghosts, yet she had never ceased to fear them until she had explored their breeding ground and given them their chance to demonstrate themselves. She had been afraid of lions and snakes in a zoo, and her dread had sent her to Africa.

The same habit of attacking her

terrors and crushing them impelled her to return to New York to overcome this peculiar bugaboo called Darricott. She rebuked the folly of the desire as scathingly as anyone else could have done if she had told anyone else about it; but calling oneself hard names is no more effective than the medieval way of driving out devils by reviling them.

Reining in runaway horses, spinning polo ponies about, gripping mallets, rackets and golf sticks and wielding them with mighty swings had turned her sinews to steel. Forcing unwilling horses to high jumps that they refused had not gentled her temper or weakened her natural will to have her own way. She had broken her parents to obedience in her early childhood, and they had never regretted her independence.

She had used up her own little income and the liberal allowance her father made her, and she wanted to borrow against the future. Even this whip hand did not enable her elders to persuade her against her whim.

"What's the handsome brute's name?" her mother asked anxiously.

"Don't you wish you knew?" she answered. And that left her mother in doubt that there was any man, especially as Sibyl sent only one message to New York: a request for rooms at the hotel where she had stopped before.

As Sibyl left the house for the train she remembered that she had nothing to read and swept into a bag the nearest magazines and books. In that random selection destiny fastened on many people, for her serious-minded mother had been reading up on the Russian empire and the books that Sibyl happened to collect concerned Catherine the Great.

While the train reeled in the weary miles of pine forests and collapsed shacks that it had unreeling on the southward journey, she began to skim a biography of the small-town German princess, Sophia, whom fate caught up to the clouds and changed to the Czarina Catherine of Russia, the timid little wife who spent the first nine years of her married life as a wife in name only and the rest of her years in catching up to the clouds so many lovers that she became an immortal byword of profligacy. In joyous parody of the numberless monarchs who had snatched poor women into shameful glory, Catherine made toys of men.

Suddenly Sibyl was startled to realize that Jamie Darricott was simply one of Catherine's favorites born in the wrong century and the wrong realm. His untimely genius and his belated ambitions made him a perfect Orloff, Zuboff, Potiemkin.

If he had fallen under Catherine's eye, she might have given him a throne, as she did Poniatowski, and taken it away again. She might have made him a general, as she made Potiemkin, and called him home from danger.

It amused Sibyl to think of Jamie as a great adventurer fallen on a barren time when there was no great adventure available for him. She wondered whether Jamie had ever heard of Potiemkin. She must ask him when she met him.

But how was she to meet him? She left her train at New York and went to her hotel again, half expecting that he would be at the gate to receive her as he had come uninvited to tell her goodbye. She half expected to see him in the crowded streets. He would surely be the next man who glanced in her taxicab or stopped to let it pass. He would surely be in the hotel lobby.

But he was not, and no lucky accident brought him into her presence.

She walked the Avenue. She lunched alone at the Ritz. She caught no glimpse of him.

At last, since she had come to town to see him, she mustered up the bravado to telephone him at his old address.

A telephone girl, with regret clouding her voice, almost sobbed: "Mr. Darricott moved away some weeks ago."

There was manifest reluctance in her voice, as if she begrudged his new telephone number. Sibyl called that. Her bad luck relented. He was in. The indifference, almost hostility, of his tone fell off like a husk when she told her name. He was so plainly rejoiced to have her within reach that she brazenly asked him if he had any engagements that evening.

"Yes, but if I had a hundred I'd break them all for thou. Put on your best bib and tucker again and we'll have another whack at seeing the town."

She laughed. "All right, Prince Potiemkin."

"Prince Pot-who-kin?"

"Don't you know Potiemkin?"

"Don't believe I ever met the blighter. But I don't want to see anybody but you tonight. Don't you have him there?"

"I'll promise that."

She went out at once to see if the shops had been up to any further mischief in her absence. They had, and it cost her more than she could afford to bring her wardrobe up to date. Yet she felt that this was one of those occasions when she couldn't afford not to buy what she couldn't afford.

On her way back to her hotel she heard a somber voice at her shoulder.

"Isn't this Miss Page?"

Under the shadow of a lifted hat was the somber face of Anthony Fendley. He fell into step at her side and when she asked about his sister, threw her into confusion by saying:

"Rachel's in a terrible state. You were so good to her before, may I come and talk to you about her sometime?"

"Of course. Any time."

He looked as if he would like to make that one immediate, but she was too deeply stirred by the problem of Jamie Darricott and Rachel had already ruined one evening for her. So she dismissed the morose young man with a kindly, "Call me soon, and we'll have a good long talk."

Anthony clung to her hand with a disturbing inability to let go and his eyes mourned into hers as he sighed: "A good long talk with you would be—very good."

He left her puzzled and perturbed, and his famished eyes haunted her throughout her feverish preparations for Jamie Darricott. With him it was to be a duel to the—life.

She was rehearsing before a jubilant mirror her exact manner of stepping from the elevator as if it were a sedan chair, when there was a tap at her door. Expecting a hallboy or a maid, she did not turn her head as she tossed over her shoulder a careless "Come in!"

Into the radiant window of her mirror, just back of where her image gleamed, slipped a figure in Satanic black with a Satanic smile on the white face beneath the opera hat cocked on one side.

The hat came off as she whirled and his delicious voice purred:

"I brought up my card myself—to save time—precious time."

In Rupert Hughes' December Installment—Sibyl Page, though she knows that the lightest affair with Darricott promises only disaster and that marriage will be assured ruin, decides to risk the hazard

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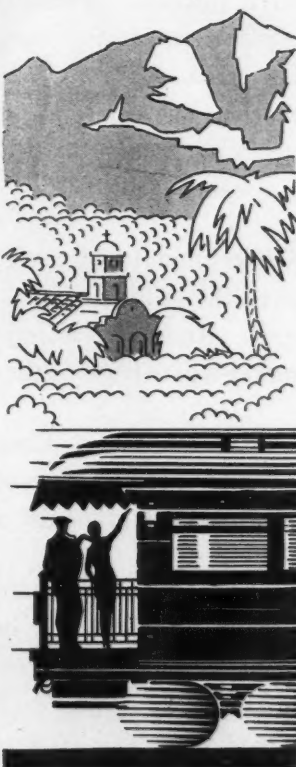
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